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THE NEW YORKER

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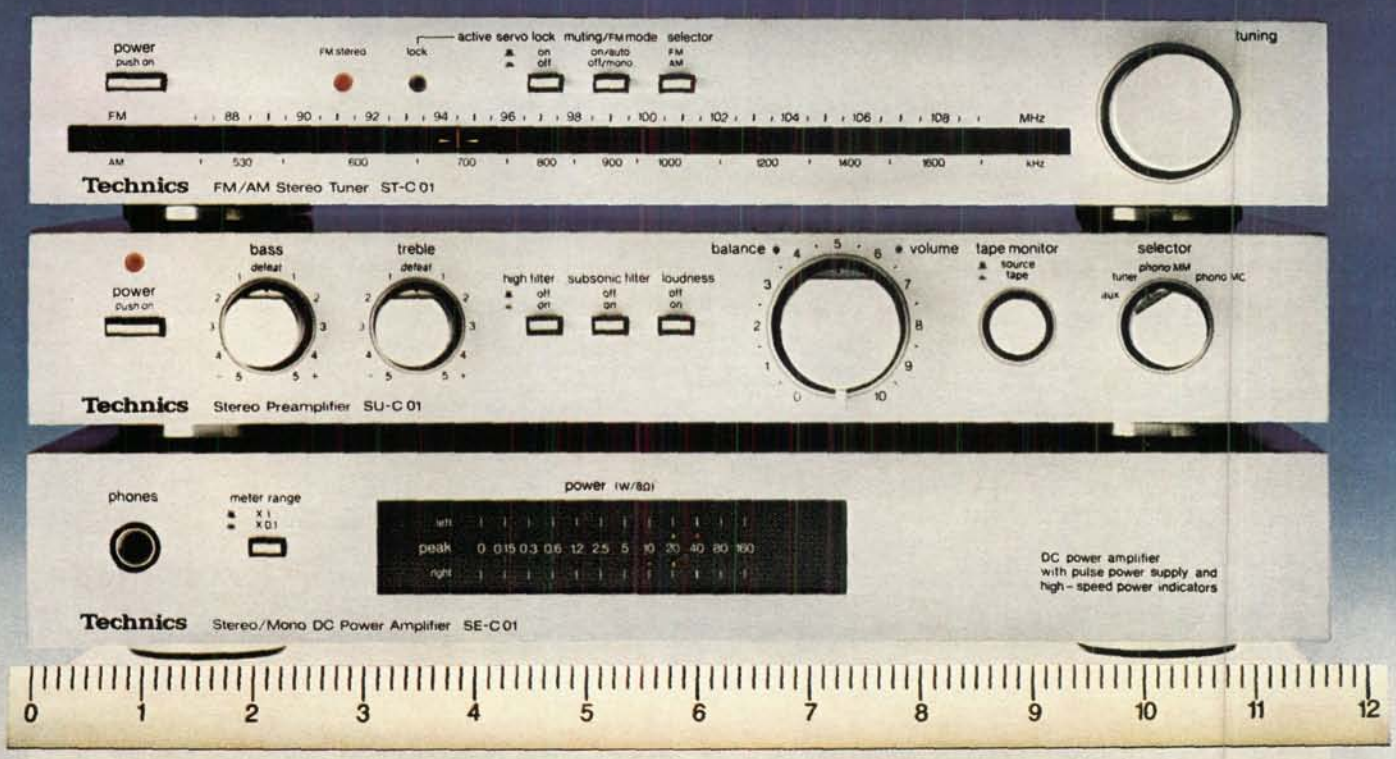

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

BENT—Richard Gere and David Dukes give superb performances in an exceptionally well-written play by Martin Sherman. The time is the nineteen-thirties, the setting is the concentration camp at Dachau, and the subject matter is homosexual love. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/17/79.) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BETRAYAL—Three adults who prove to be as selfish as so many spoiled six-year-olds bicker over their not very gratifying adulteries in this latest dark comedy by Harold Pinter. Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider are the principals. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Two plays in repertory through Sunday, Feb. 3. Friedrich Schiller's **MARY STUART**, with Stephanie Gordon and Tanya Berezin: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 16-17, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 20, and Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8; Friday, Jan. 25, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **HAMLET**, with William Hurt, Jacqueline Brookes, Douglass Watson, Lindsay Crouse, and Michael Ayr: Friday, Jan. 18, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2; Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24, and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

CLASS ENEMY—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

COMIN' UPTOWN—Some exuberant dancing by Gregory Hines; the rest of this musical, grossly plucked from Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," is piffle. (1/7/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS—A revival of William Inge's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

ENDGAME—Nobody finds more humor in the miseries of daily life than Samuel Beckett does, but "Endgame" is mostly tragic. Daniel Seltzer plays the lead, and Joseph Chaikin directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Shakespeare's **ROMEO AND JULIET** is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EVITA—A sung version of the life of Eva Perón. Three first-rate performances, by Patti LuPone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunton. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FRIENDS—A play by Crispin Larangeira. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

FUGUE IN A NURSERY—A comedy by Harvey Fierstein (who is also in the cast). (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HARD SELL—An improvisational revue conceived by Murray Horwitz and written by him and seven colleagues. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. Friday through Monday, Jan. 18-21, at 10. Free.)

A KURT WEILL CABARET—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30, and Sundays and Mondays at 8.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW** through Sunday, Jan. 27. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LOOSE ENDS—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of making good in a society they mostly dislike. With Christine Lahti and Kevin Kline. Directed by Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

DAS LUSITANIA SONGSPIEL—A musical cabaret that parodies the works of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill, written and performed by Christopher Durang and Sigourney Weaver. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 11.)

MARIE AND BRUCE—Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban in a play by Wallace Shawn. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MODIGLIANI—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Philip Bosco, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Dan Owens' **LAGRIMA**

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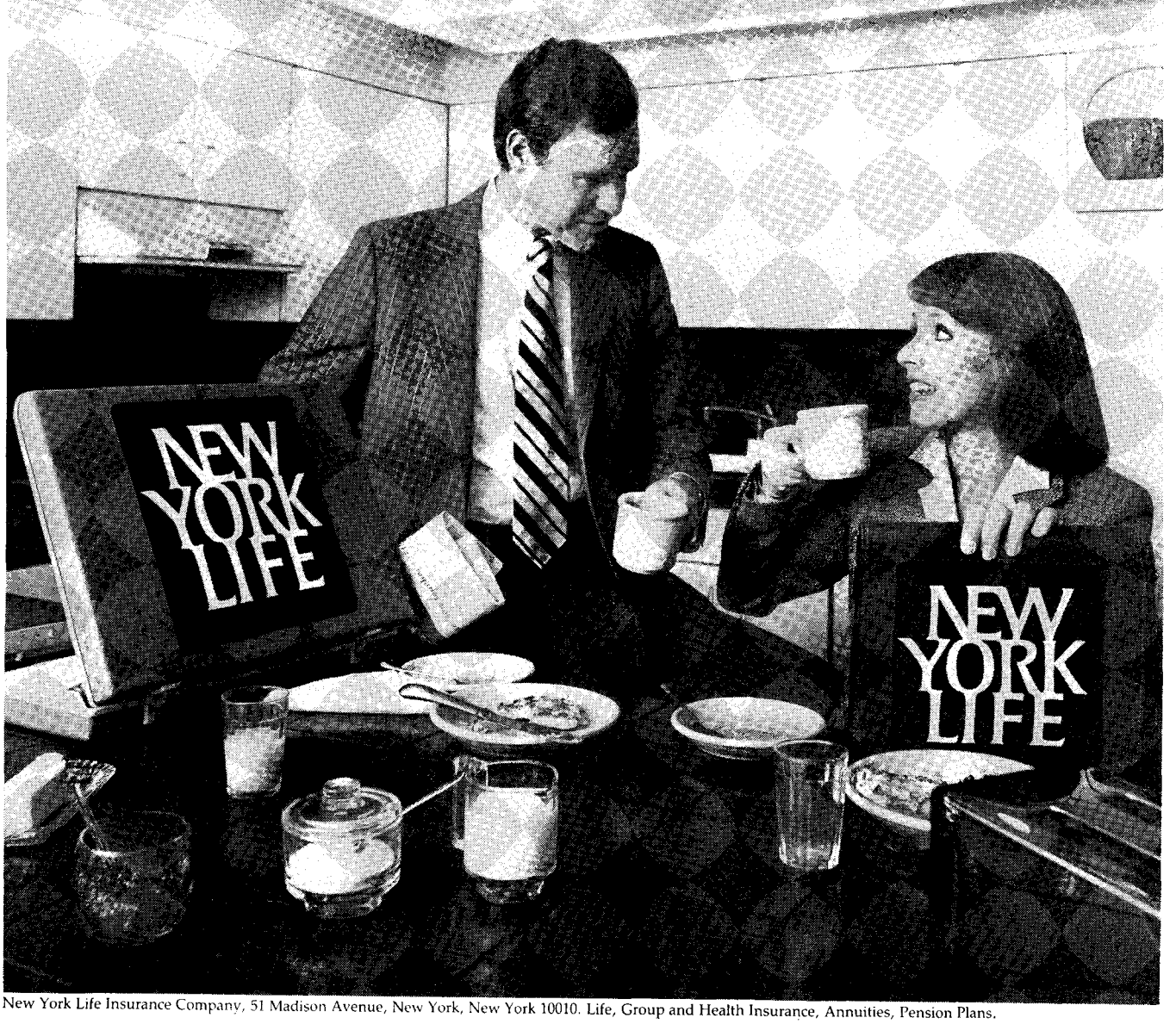

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DEL DIABLO (THE DEVIL'S TEAR) is the third in this season's series of four productions. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 3.)

NIGHT AND DAY—An uncharacteristically down-to-earth melodrama by Tom Stoppard. There are many humorous lines in the solemn presence of death. Maggie Smith is the star. (12/10/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OKLAHOMA!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ONE MO' TIME—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PARIS LIGHTS: THE ALL-STAR LITERARY GENIUS EXPATRIATE REVUE—A musical entertainment by William Russo (music) and Michael Zettler (book and lyrics), adapted from the works of Hemingway, Stein, Joyce, Kiki, and others. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PETER PAN—A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

ROMANTIC COMEDY—A lifeless exercise in sit-com, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's lively comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

SCRAMBLED FEET—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SHOUT ACROSS THE RIVER—A dreary, implausible play by the English dramatist Stephen Poliakoff. Barbara Eda-Young and Ellen Barkin make an unlikely mother and daughter, and nobody else matters. (1/14/80) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

SORROWS OF STEPHEN—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

STRIDER: THE STORY OF A HORSE—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
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Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SUGAR BABIES—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TABLE SETTINGS—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TONGUES—Joseph Chaikin in a sort of scrapbook of mysterious musings by Sam Shepard and himself, with musical accompaniment. (12/17/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Closes Monday, Jan. 21.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Lillian Hellman's eloquent study of European and American minds in conflict during the early years of the Second World War. George Hearn and Harris Yulin are splendid as the leaders of the debate. (1/14/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,200 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD**: A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A staged version of Disney's **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**. No Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth

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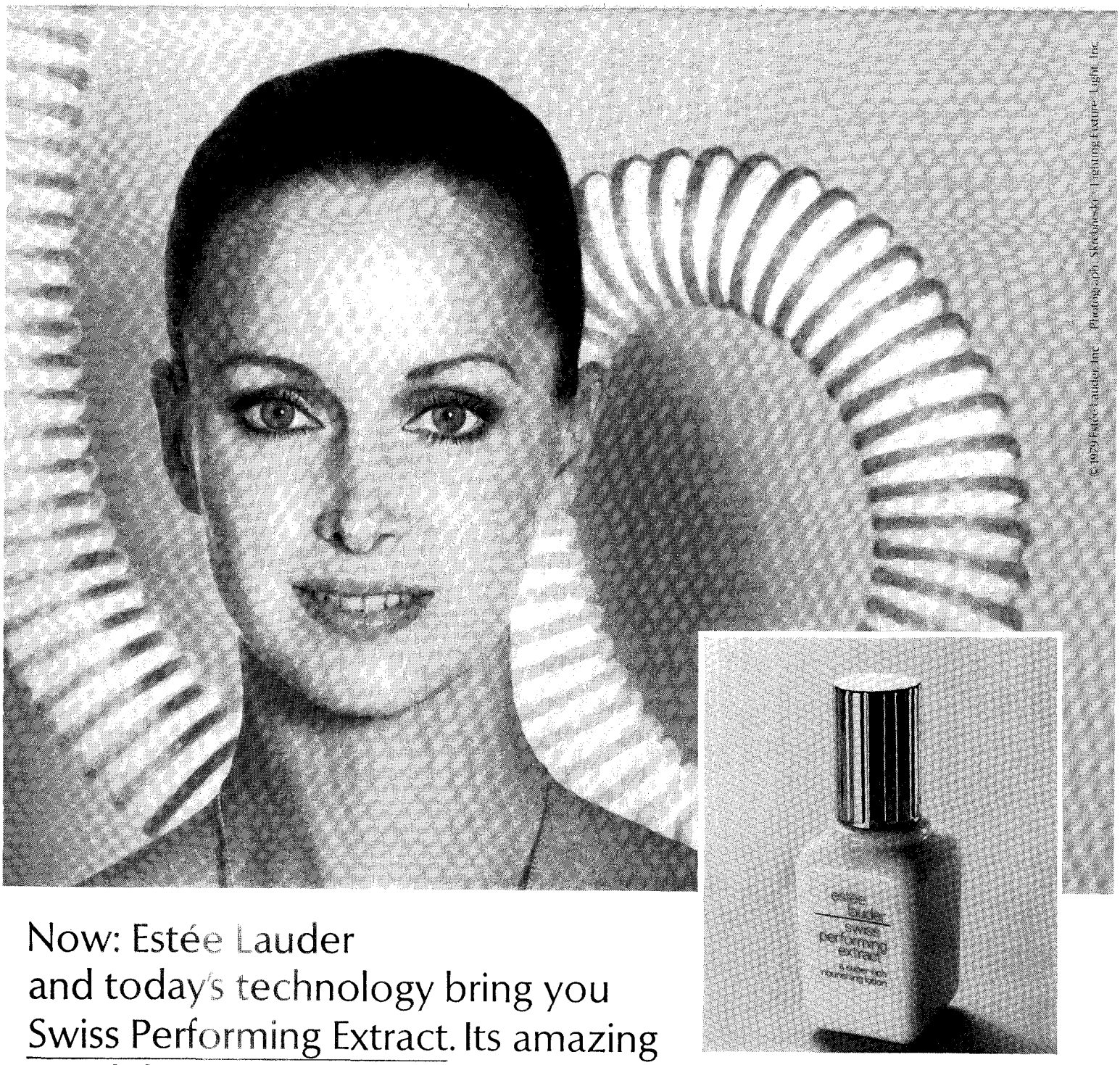

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 7:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill and Oleg and Ludmila Protopopov. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 23, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 3. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 16: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 17: "The Concert," "Suite of Dances" (première), and "La Valse."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 18: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 19: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 19: "Concerto Barocco," "Suite of Dances," and "Union Jack."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 20: "Swan Lake," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 20: "Swan Lake," "Kammermusik No. 2," "Duo Concertant," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Interplay."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 22: "Dances at a Gathering," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 23: "Swan Lake," "Suite of Dances," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan 24: "Walpurgisnacht" (company première), "Fancy Free" (preview), "Rossini Pas de Deux," and "Circus Polka." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635.)... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 25: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 26: "Divertimento No. 15," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 26: "Suite of Dances," "In the Night," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Jan. 16; Saturday evening, Jan. 19; Sunday matinée, Jan. 20; and Thursday evening, Jan. 24: "Holberg Suite," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Mirage," and "Four Temperaments."... ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 17-18; Saturday matinée, Jan. 19; Sunday evening, Jan. 20; and Wednesday evening, Jan. 23: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Greening," "Paquita," and "Four Temperaments."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 22; Saturday evening, Jan. 26; and Sunday matinée, Jan. 27: "Serenade," "Manifestations," "Paquita," and "Troy Game."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 25; Saturday matinée, Jan. 26; and Sunday evening, Jan. 27: Act II of "Swan Lake," "Greening," "Le Corsaire," and "Dougla." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Pauline Koner Dance Consort—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 23-26, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Mink DeVille, a rock sextet, will perform opposite Exuma the Obeah Man, a Bahamian musician, on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19. Thursday, Jan. 24, will be devoted to the music of **Sun Ra & his Solar Jet Set Arkestra**. And on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, the stage will be turned over to the **Mingus Dynasty Band**, which comprises trumpeter **Ted Curson**, saxophonists **Joe Farrell** and **John Handy**, trombonist **Jimmy Knepper**, pianist **Hugh Lawson**, drummer **Dannie Richmond**, and bassist **Mike Richmond**—all of whom (except Mike Richmond) worked with Charles Mingus at one time or another. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **Jimmy Rowles** and bassist **Red Mitchell** work together through Saturday, Jan. 19; beginning Monday, Jan. 21, pianist **Fred Hersch** will perform with bassist **George Mraz**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**Bucky Pizzarelli**, who plays hot, rhythmic solos on his full-sounding seven-string guitar, leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

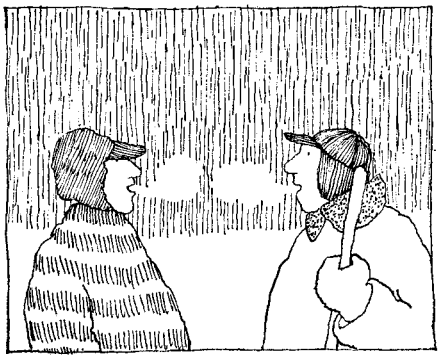
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, pianist **George Shearing**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is accompanied by bassist **Brian Torff**. They appear Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** romps over the keyboard and sings a little. She's on nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant mostly brown in color, clean-lined in design, and a stone's throw from a famous Russian restaurant, one of the best movie-revival houses in the city, and Carnegie Hall. Pianist **Ellis Larkins**, a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. Wednesday, Jan. 16, Wizeguy and Horace Johnson & the Tractors; Thursday, Jan. 17, VHF and Leisure Units; Friday, Jan. 18, DNA and the Dance; Saturday, Jan. 19, Levi & the Rockats. Music after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—Hootin', hollerin', chicken-fried steaks, chili, the Texas Two-Step, and designer jeans. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone **Ronny Whyte**, who knows ever so many tunes by just about every composer from Harry Ruby to Billy Joel, works in this corner bar with bassist **Jack Six** through Saturday, Jan. 19. Their hours are from nine to one.



Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—In a program that could easily be entitled the "Art of the Blues Lyric," **Alberta Hunter** hips audiences to such stock-in-trade laments as "I never loved but three men in my life./My father, my brother, and the man that wrecked my life." Miss Hunter performs at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen on Fridays and Saturdays. Singer Anne Marie Moss now claims the Sunday and Monday slot, and she appears at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The place comes very close to New Orleans authenticity, except that when one looks out the windows, one sees Vanderbilt Avenue, not the French Quarter, and occasional snow flurries instead of Spanish moss. **Warren Vaché**, a cornettist and a traditionalist, heads up a trio Mondays through Fridays from six until eleven.

Downey's, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—In the green-tartan-carpeted back room of this steakhouse, composer, pianist, and singer **Arthur Siegel** has set up his own charming version of Show Tunes 101. He is a warm, intelligent performer without being self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward. He's here nightly, except Sundays, at nine-thirty and eleven. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights. On Sunday, Jan. 20, **Scott Hamilton**, a young tenor saxophonist influenced by the swing era, will lead a quintet that features clarinettist **Bob Wilber**. They'll start about eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave. at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Pianist **Cecil Taylor**, whose sets are often strenuous, long-distance events, will lead his quintet through Saturday, Jan. 19. On Tuesday, Jan. 22, baritone and soprano saxophonist **Gerry Mulligan** will come in with his group. Sets begin after nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **Joe Puma** works with pianist **Hod O'Brien**, bassist Bob Bodley, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, from five to nine, **Brooks Kerr** sings and plays piano. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **Jimmy Raney** and pianist **Don Friedman**; and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **Chuck Wayne**. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished oaken bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that appears to be in the process of being refurbished itself. **Don Coates** plays the dining-room piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **Marty Napoleon** and his trio supply music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are now twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by the Clash, the Specials, or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The live-entertainment schedule: XTC and 8-Eyed Spy Wednesday, Jan. 16; XTC and Human Switchboard Thursday, Jan. 17; Fingerprints and Individuals Friday, Jan. 18;

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Eden
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fingerprints and Joey & the Pets Saturday, Jan. 19; and Offs and Panic Squad Tuesday, Jan. 22. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Dancing.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs, in the jazz living room, saxophonist and proprietor Mike Morgenstern will lead a quintet Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, pianist **MIKE ABENE** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will co-pilot a quintet. Sundays are reserved for altoist **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet. Music from nine-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **ROY ELDRIDGE** is supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant in which the dining room, where the piano is located, and the bar area are separated by a shoulder-high partition with café curtains. The management thoughtfully has these curtains opened when the music begins, so that everyone can see as well as hear the pianists and bassists. Right now, **ROLAND HANNA**, who is sometimes undulating and romantic, at other times clipped and percussive, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, is collaborating with bassist **SAM JONES**. They are here Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Mondays are given over to jazz harpist **CORKY HALE** and her bassist, **JAY LEONHART**. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, raucous, and, to some folks, downright homey. The music doesn't really fit into any slot—it can be country, rock-and-roll, blues, Chicago-blues, or folk, and it's often quite good. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**MAXINE BROWN** is currently singing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Levi & the Rockats and Justin Trouble Wednesday, Jan. 16; Passions and Addictions Thursday, Jan. 17; Suicide and Stimulators Friday, Jan. 18; Congress and Coma-teen Saturday, Jan. 19; Now, Lords, and Sliders Sunday, Jan. 20; and N.Y.N., Double Cross, and Hot Bodies Monday, Jan. 21. Rock nightly after ten-thirty. Closed Tuesday, Jan. 22.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **CARRIE SMITH** and a backing quintet headed by tenor saxophonist **BUDD JOHNSON** pay tribute to Bessie Smith by doing some of the less gloomy, more upbeat material associated with the blues singer. The music is enjoyable, and Carrie Smith is gussied up in white feathers and a white slinky dress to remind the

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audience of Bessie Smith's style, but as big, thick, and resounding as Carrie Smith's voice is, it just doesn't have the raunchiness that Bessie Smith's had. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. Starting Tuesday, Jan. 22, *another* tribute will be paid: this one to composer Harry Warren by singer **DAVID ALLYN** and his backing trio. Mr. Allyn will have songs such as "There Will Never Be Another You," "The More I See You," "I Found a Million Dollar Baby," and "Jeepers Creepers" to work with. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. Noel Pointer, who plays rhapsodic R. & B. on his electric violin, leads his quintet Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 17-19. Music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. **KENNY RANKIN**, the bossa-nova folkie, is here on Wednesday, Jan. 16; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** and his sextet will perform opposite guitarist **JIMMY PONDER'S** trio; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 24-26, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will be present with his band. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. **SY OLIVER** guides a bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**JOSHUA LOGAN**, the stage and movie director is here through Saturday, Jan. 19, for his own performing purposes: to "bring lyrics back—lyrics that fit music and music that fits lyrics." He does this by being a gravel-voiced vocalist and a raconteur, and he gets support from his wife, Nedda; his daughter, Harrigan; a couple of other singers; and a pianist. The Logan crew performs at eight-thirty on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 16-17, and at eight-thirty and eleven on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19. Singer Ann Jillian goes on at eleven-thirty on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 16-17; and on Tuesday, Jan. 22, Robby Benson, a young man who acts, writes, produces, composes, and sings, will begin a singing engagement here. Dining.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—A revue, "Make Someone Happy," featuring Orson Bean, Phyllis Newman, and Charles Repole, is under way in the polished King Cole Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 17-20, flutist Dave Valentin will head up a quintet; and, beginning Thursday, Jan. 24, the Fabulous Floyd Boys, a sextet led by singers Frank and Bobby Floyd, will be here for four nights. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTER, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Trumpeter **BILLY BUTTERFIELD** guides a quintet in a lounge entitled the French Quarter. Music nightly, except Sundays, after nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **CHARLES ROUSE** and trumpeter **LONNIE HILLYER** share a quintet through Saturday, Jan. 19; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 20-21, will be claimed by singer Fred Farrell and his backing trio; and on Tuesday, Jan. 22, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will bring in his quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and with good reason. Jazz of the highest order is usually presented every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room; the ambience is a lot looser, and the music a lot bluesier. The standout on the schedule right now is blues singer, guitarist, and acrobat **EDDIE KIRKLAND**, who sometimes does the splits while he's bending notes, and who will perform here Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19. The week is rounded out by other blues bands or rock-and-roll bands. Shows usually begin at ten and midnight, but not every band plays every show. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the large downstairs room, the **COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA**—blow power as a truly moving experience—will perform on Friday, Jan. 18; the following Friday (Jan. 25), drummer **BUDDY RICH** will lead his band. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Upstairs, at the Top of the Gate on Sunday, Jan. 20, pianist **WILLIAM BOLCOM** and singer **JOAN MORRIS** will perform in straightforward and unadorned fashion theatrical numbers from eighty years ago and more, piano rags, torch songs, and Berlin and Gershwin compositions. They'll go on at ten. Out on the Terrace on Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** goes to town from nine to one.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **BILL EVANS** and his trio perform through Sunday, Jan. 20; on Tuesday, Jan. 22, drummer **ELVIN JONES** will arrive with his quintet. Drummer and leader **MEL LEWIS** and his big band will reclaim Mon-

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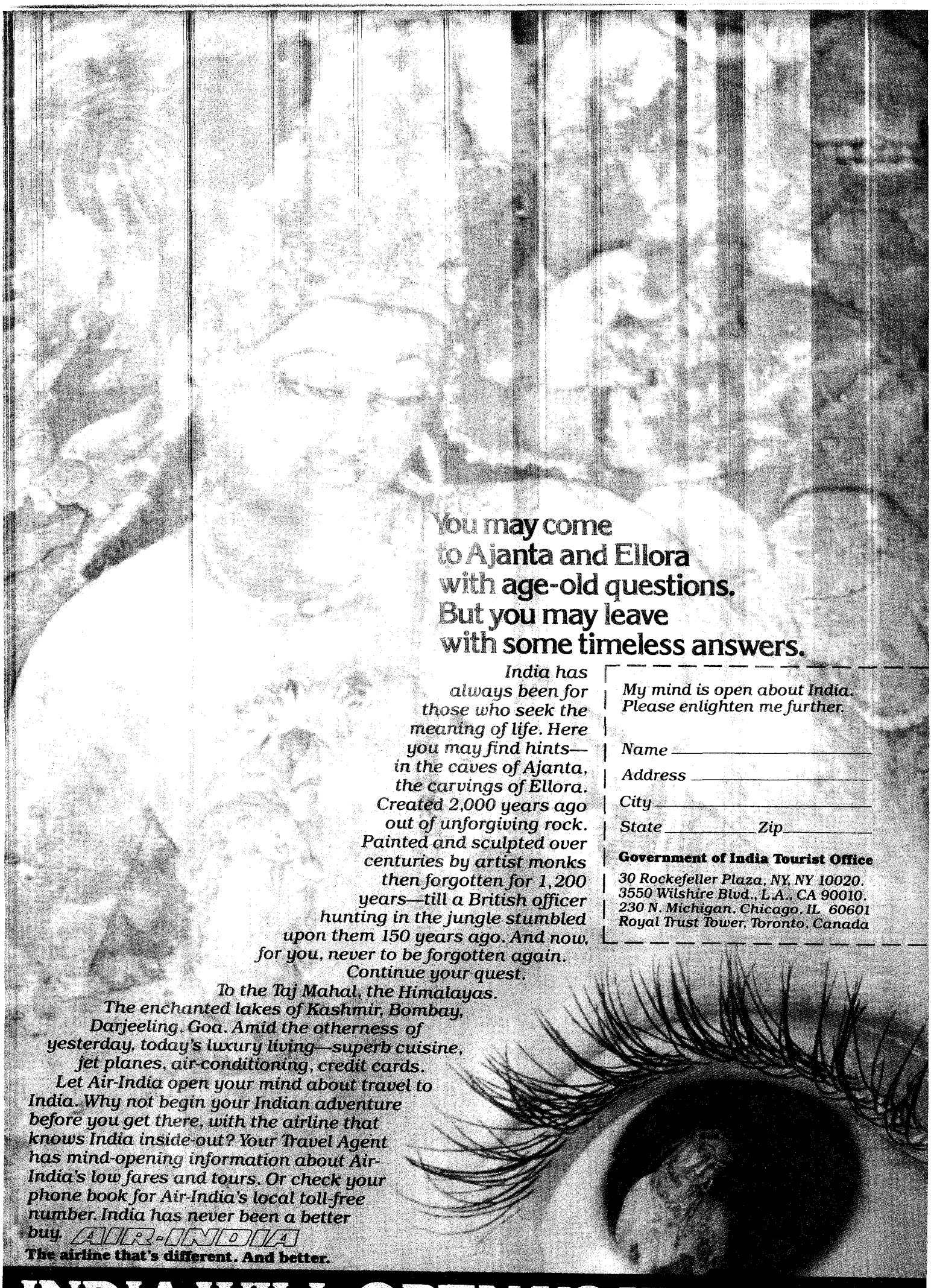
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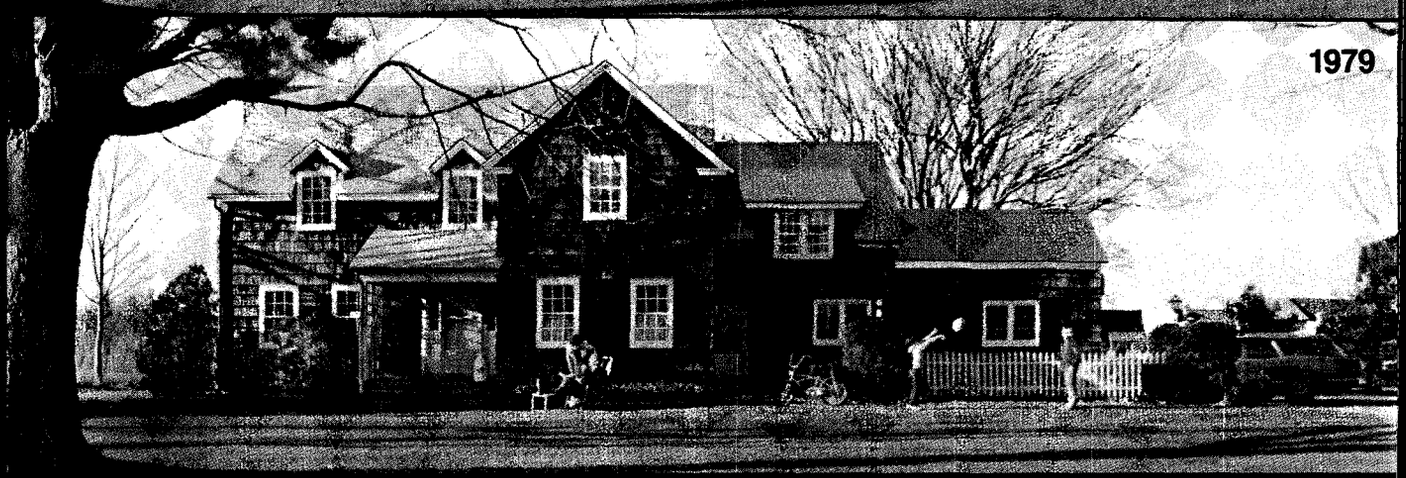

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day nights, beginning Monday, Jan. 21. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Harris Simon, who is on hand Thursdays through Sundays; pianist John Weiss works Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Stride pianist **Brooks Kerr**, a reliable *young* swing musician, works with eighty-year-old drummer **Sonny Greer** on Wednesday, Jan. 16; Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 17-20, the **Countsmen** will play Basie-flavored material; and on Monday, Jan. 21, pianist Joe Albany will begin a six-night visit with his combo. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Stanley Turrentine—With Dexter Wansel and Mars. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Sylvain Sylvain—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Joe Derise—With Joe Puma, Winston Welch, and Bill Popp. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 5:30.)

Emme Kemp Quartet—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8. For tickets, call 924-5026.

Sharon Freeman Quintet—Jazz Gallery. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.

Warne Marsh, Red Mitchell, and Peter Scattaretico—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2:30.

Squat Theatre—Friday, Jan. 18, at 11 and 1: Peter Gordon and the Love of Life Orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 11 and 1: Lounge Lizards. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Rudolf Baranik—Black-painted canvases on which the artist's musings about poetry have been written in crowded rows of white print and then smudged beyond recognition. Through Jan. 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Ilya Grigorevich Chashnik (1902-29)—Paintings, architectural drawings, and porcelain designs by one of the early theorists of the Suprematist group in Russia. Through March 15. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Colette—Photomontage record-album covers and "jewelry" installed in Plexiglas boxes by a conceptual artist who has festooned the gallery with filmy dresses for the occasion. Through Jan. 31. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

Christin Couture—Tiny oil paintings (six by eight inches) that tell little stories, some reflecting the artist's reading of Proust and some with a quirky eroticism all her own. . . . ¶ A group show of gallery artists is dominated by a heroic, early-American-looking quilt entitled "Dan'l Boone Kills a Bar," designed by Ed Larsen and pieced together by seamstresses in rural Missouri. Through Jan. 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

John Evans—Collages made of antique fabrics (taken from what must have been a lovely quilt) and mounted on paper edged at the bottom with an incongruous row of half-hidden, painted-on duck heads. Through Feb. 2. (Cordier & Eckstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Louis Finkelstein—Landscapes. Through Jan. 30. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Harriet Korman—Recent paintings in which this artist has shifted from acrylics to oils and has ventured away from her usually pure abstractions into something approaching figurative work. Through Jan. 30. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

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Joanna Krasner—Abstract oils based on a grid. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Bronze and terra-cotta figures. Through Feb. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Henry Moore—A benefit showing of nearly two hundred drawings from the past ten years, together with a few sculptures. Through Friday, Jan. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Alice Neel—An eightieth-birthday show of paintings, including her most recent portrait (of Jack Beeson). Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (The Sarah Institute, 42 E. 65th St. Opens at 1.)

William Ridenhour—Recent paintings. Through Feb. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

William Roberts—Hard-edge realist watercolors and a few oils by a Canadian artist who specializes in coastal scenes (lighthouses, foghorn installations, lonely clapboard houses). In addition, and improbably, a series on New York's Chinatown. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Auguste Rodin (1840-1917)—Several casts made during the artist's lifetime are included in a show of twenty-two sculptures. Through March 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Benno Schmidbaur—Thorny-looking sculptures in which skinlike sheets of hand-forged iron are pierced (and held together) by elongated iron spikes. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . ¶ Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) Both shows through Saturday, Jan. 26.

Toti Scialoja—Abstract oils. Through Feb. 8. (Italian Cultural Institute, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sandy Walker—New paintings in which this artist uses his slashing brushstrokes to portray the New Hampshire woods in autumn; there is also one Manhattan cityscape. Through Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Nat Werner—Sculptures assembled from typewriter and cash-register parts. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Women Artists at the Graham Gallery—Paintings and sculptures by twenty-six artists, a number of whom were given their first solo shows by the gallery's retiring director, Robert C. Graham. The artists include Elaine de Kooning, Anne Poor, Jane Wilson, and Becky Young. Through Feb. 20. (1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Ericson**, 23 E. 74th St.: Works on vertical sheets of paper by Richards Ruben, Yvonne Thomas, and four other artists. Through Jan. 31. . . . **Fourcade**, 36 E. 75th St.: Small-scale paintings, drawings, and sculptures by thirteen artists, including Louise Bourgeois, Joseph Cornell, Roy Lichtenstein, and H. C. Westermann. Through Feb. 23. . . . **Lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Small-scale paintings, mostly abstract, by Corneille, Folon, Wols, Hartung, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. . . . **McKee**, 140 E. 63rd St.: New paintings by Jake Berthot, Stuart Diamond, and Katherine Porter; Loren Madsen has sculpture. Through Wednesday, Jan. 23. . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Standouts in this new show of topflight artists are a life-size portrait done in 1919 by van Dongen of the Marquise de Baudry-d'Asson, a prototype "flapper," with her boyish figure, above-knee skirt, and laid-back sophistication; and a Pascin harem scene that takes on some of the qualities of Tiepolo. Through Feb. 16. . . . **Sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schiele, and others. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Jean Arp (1887-1966)—Painted-wood reliefs, and marble and bronze sculptures—forty-nine pieces in all. Through Feb. 16. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jack Beal—Two new large representational oils (both done on his upstate farm) and the studies for them. Through Feb. 9. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Stanley Boxer / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Abstract oils on linen. Through Wednesday, Jan. 23. / Small-scale, late paintings. Through Feb. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—Another set of paintings of robes. Through Feb. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—One still-life, done in 1908 and showing a marked Fauvist influence, and thirty-odd subsequent paintings, most of them unfamiliar, in his own brand of abstraction. Through Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528)—Fifteen engravings portraying the Virgin and Child. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract Expressionist paintings with flat, calm areas of scrubbed-in roseate coloration. Through Feb. 2. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Haas—Large, precise watercolor views of Manhattan (and San Francisco, Boston, and Albany) seen from a distance on a clear day. Through Jan. 29. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Maryann Harman—Abstract acrylic landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Don Hazlitt—Small, decorative, boxlike wall pieces made of a commercial papier-mâché painted in circus colors. Through Jan. 31. (Gladstone, 38 E. 57th St.)

Susan Hoffman / Gary Kulak—Semi-abstract landscapes and cityscapes worked out in king-size cotton quilts. / Small chairs made of welded steel in a variety of shapes and considered by the artist to be abstract art forms rather than simple representations. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Yasuo Kuniyoshi (1889-1953) / **Konrad Cramer** (1888-1963)—Pencil drawings of mining villages and ghost towns and Western mountain landscapes done with a quick, half-humorous touch that is in sharp contrast to his savage sketches, also on view, for Second World War posters. / Remote upstate single-pump gas stations are reduced to their basic elements in these paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Autobiographical reminiscences translated into works on paper using acrylics, pastels, pencil, and rubber stamps. Through Feb. 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Les Levine—Projected billboards in a blown-up photographic series in which the artist demonstrates that advertising techniques can be converted to purely artistic purposes. Through Feb. 9. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Doug Maguire—Realist and colorful oil paintings of the mountainous landscapes in the Catskills around Woodstock. Through Thursday, Jan. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Recent paintings of nocturnal scenes in which the heart of the composition is framed in trompe-l'oeil masking tape. Through Feb. 9. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Milnes—Ladderlike constructions of pol-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ished copper pipes with decorated porcelain rungs, some of them wall pieces and some freestanding. Through Feb. 2. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Muller—Abstract paintings in which a rich impasto of acrylic pigment and Rhoplex is scraped across the canvas and left to coagulate in random patterns. Through Thursday, Jan. 24. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jim Reed—Collages using sheet film and mixed mediums on paper. Through Feb. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67)—Fifty works, paintings mostly, dated from 1935 to the early sixties. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. A complementary exhibition is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

George Spaventa (1918-78)—Expressionist bronze figures (almost his entire oeuvre) by a sculptor whose reputation was far greater among his fellow-artists than with the public. Through Feb. 2. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Layered collages made of free-form pieces of cutout fibreboard painted in bright colors and mounted together on a foam-core backing. There are also models for huge outdoor sculptures and some cutout metal pieces. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Jay Wolff (1905-77)—Abstract paintings from the early seventies made up of severely formalistic arrangements of rectangles in carefully worked-out color combinations. Through Feb. 2. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Abby Zito—Monotypes in which an outline of the human heart serves as the background for a series of visual puns. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Pam Adler**, 50 W. 57th St.: David Sharpe introduces figures into his landscape made up of architectural and topographical survey symbols, and Cynthia Carlson contributes a whole wall densely decorated with geometrical and abstract figures in this show by five gallery artists. Through Feb. 2. . . . **Esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Glass, metal, and wood wall reliefs (and drawings) by Ferber, Judd, LeWitt, Nevelson, Rickey, and Wilmarth. Through Feb. 9. . . . **Galerie St. Etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings and other works, chiefly by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, and Kubin. Through Feb. 29. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays.). . . **Jacobson**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eight British artists. Through March 1. . . . **Midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: American landscapes by Coiner, Magafan, Mayhew, Moller, Palmer, and Thon. Through Feb. 2. . . . **Touchstone**, 29 W. 57th St.: Sixteen artists (Jake Berthot, Edgar Buonagurio, and Michelle Stuart among them) showing a single painting or work on paper apiece. Through Jan. 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Berg—A stark white labyrinthine walk-through environment. Through Feb. 5. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Mel Bochner—Five great big abstract designs that look like flattened out origami, painted directly on the otherwise bare white walls in arresting casein colors. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Postcard-size collages. Through Feb. 3. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Howard Buchwald—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 7. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Hanne Darboven—Two hundred and sixty-five sheets of paper (mounted in groups on the gallery wall) on which this German conceptual artist has written out a numerical system based on the year 1980. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—A wall sculpture of cherry wood. Through Feb. 9. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Sol LeWitt—A drawing on the gallery wall; plans for three books (seen here as photographs mounted on the wall); a scale model of a small park; fifty prints. Through Jan. 30. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Rohm / Richard Lutzke—Rudimentary boat-shape forms made of raw wood bolted

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and lashed together by an artist whose work has an open, innocent quality. / Large canvases slashed and folded within their frames, plus paper collages in which everyday print (phone listings, market quotations, a dollar bill) is cut into slivers and put back together not quite precisely the way it was. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Sean Scully / Martha Alf—Large new canvases made up of narrow horizontal strips of a color in its deepest register, done in his characteristic tape technique. / Unusually adept pencil drawings of pears, apples, a banana, and a rhododendron bud, by a West Coast artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Ned Smyth / Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt—Concrete-and-pigment reliefs. / Icons: tinfoil, Saran Wrap, and acrylic. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Joyce Stillman-Myers—Outsize superrealist still-lifes of Christmas ornaments in their honeycomb boxes, and of glittery egg-shaped pantyhose packaging. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Group Show—Paintings: romantic landscapes and a seascape (with two waterspouts) by April Gornik; wraithlike portraits (with cut-out eyes) by Michael Tetherow; fish by David True, and wooded landscapes by Alan Turner. Through Feb. 2. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Composers' Art—A collection of musical scores assembled by John Cage, in which various composers break out of the ordinary alphabet of music and resort to something close to illustrative drawing to get their purpose across. The result has both calligraphic and musical charm, and the show is augmented with unusual scorings, from other collections, by such giants as Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, as well as latter-day samplings from Gershwin, Sousa, Porter, and Jelly Roll Morton. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Jacqueline Gourevitch—Paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 8. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Pierre Jacquemon—Byzantine-looking patterns made up of the artist's own calligraphy, done in metallic-looking pigments and varnished over and over again. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Abreu, a recently opened gallery at 286 Eighth Ave., at 24th St.)

Joyce Rezendes—Twelve abstract paintings in a series called "A Hopi Creation Story." Through Sunday, Jan. 20. (Cathedral Museum of Religious Art, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Show—Nonobjective works by six contemporary artists; paintings by William Conlon, Fred Guyot, Nabil Nahas, Tony Robbin, and John Schnell, and sculptures by Richard Friedberg. Through Feb. 2. (Pratt Manhattan Center, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Rudy Burckhardt—Photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Mario Giacomelli—Abstract landscape photographs. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Louise Kruger—Sculptures of figures in carved wood, and photographs of people walking. Through Feb. 7. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Hiroji Kubota—Photographs of North Korea by an artist who says he has tried to show "as many non-political aspects as possible." Through Jan. 31. (New School-Parsons, fifth floor, 66 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Inge Morath and Ann Sager—Photographs of China. Through Feb. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Eliot Porter—An exhibition of his dye-transfer landscapes has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Ralph Steiner—Fifty photographs by an artist whose work dates back fifty years or more. Through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Photographs of Japan 1854-1905—Studio portraits (of tradesmen, geisha, samurai, wrestlers) and scenic views, principally by Felix Beato, Baron R. von Stillfried, Kusakabe Kimbei, and Ogawa Isshin, who recorded life in Japan at a time when that country's social order had previously gone undisturbed for two centuries. Through Feb. 10. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Group Shows—At the **Hastings**, 121 E. 24th St.: Sports photographs from the Underwood & Underwood Archive, and portraits by Philippe Halsman of star athletes. Through Feb. 23. (Open Mondays.). . . **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Architectural details and American landscapes dominate a show of a hundred and sixty prints by twenty contemporary photographers (Callahan, Erwitt, Groover, and Shore among them). Through Feb. 10. (Open Sundays.) . . . **Lubin House**, 11 E. 61st St.: Photographs and photograms that date from the mid-thirties to 1950, by Moholy-Nagy, Kepes, Jacobi, Callahan, and others influenced by Moholy-Nagy's Chicago Bauhaus. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **Witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: A survey of the nude in photography. Among the fifteen surveyors are Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Judy Dater, George Platt Lynes, and Jerry N. Uelsmann. Through Saturday, Jan. 19.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. The most substantial part of the display comes from the Hapsburg court of the nineteenth century, and includes a uniform of Emperor Franz Josef, four gowns of Empress Elizabeth, and a phaeton of their son Rudolf. . . . ¶ An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Jan. 27. . . . **Photography:** Dye transfers by Eliot Porter. Through Sunday, Jan. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has drawn on the contents of its own collections for a sweeping survey of the art of the twenties. Among the works: paintings by

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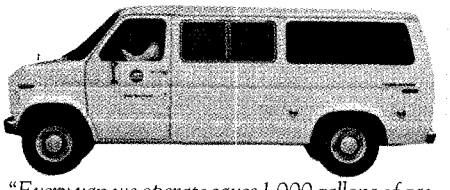

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"With 11 people to a van making an average daily round trip of about 50 miles, we figure that each van saves 1,000 gallons of gasoline every 38 working days.

"With 164 vans now operating at fourteen Gulf facilities, we save 4,164 gallons of gasoline every working day! Of course, van pooling isn't the only way Gulf conserves energy. We cut fuel consumption of our tank truck fleet almost 13%, and of our eight refineries by 20%, compared to 1972.

"Energy conservation is a tremendous challenge, but we have to meet it if this country is ever to become less dependent on expensive imported oil in the future. It's only reasonable that Gulf, as one of America's leading energy producers, should work just as hard at being one of America's energy savers.

"We put together a how-to-do-it booklet to make it easier for other companies to start van pooling. I'll be glad to send you a copy if you just write to me, Ken Sawicki, at P.O. Box 2001, Houston, Texas 77001."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Magritte and Hopper, architectural models and domestic designs by Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, sculptures by Brancusi and Moholy-Nagy, photographs by Rodchenko and Weston. Through Tuesday, Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Portrayals of women by printmakers who worked at the end of the last century. Toulouse-Lautrec, Villon, and Gauguin are included. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ A show of thirty etchings done by Marc Chagall for the book "Psaumes de David." They underscore the collaborative efforts of the artist and his printer and publisher. Through Jan. 28. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Forty-three portraits from the twenties, by Tina Modotti, August Sander, André Kertész, and others. Through Tuesday, Jan. 22. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of abstract paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary British artists relatively unknown in this country. Starts Friday, Jan. 18. . . . ¶ An Ad Reinhardt show that consists of thirty-four of the red and blue and black geometric abstractions he worked on from 1950 onward. Through March 9. A complementary show is at the Marlborough Gallery, 40 W. 57th St. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Andy Warhol: Portraits of the '70s": Two identical enlarged color photographs of David Hockney, Truman Capote, Liza Minnelli, and the like, worked over with acrylic paint to obliterate a feature here, accent one there, plus three immense portraits, similarly handled, of Chairman Mao, and eight smaller ones of the artist's mother. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of drawings by sculptor David Smith. Through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Fifteen paintings by the early American Impressionist Maurice Prendergast. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-one paintings and drawings by the Precisionist Preston Dickinson. Through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Jan Matulka. Through Feb. 24. . . . COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE: On Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 16-17, at 8, the Erick Hawkins Dance Company will perform "Aga Thlon" (New York première) and "Greek Dreams, with Flute." . . . ¶ On Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 7 and 9:30, the Philip Glass Ensemble will perform works by Glass. Tickets for all performances are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A two-part show on the art of engraving money. The first sets forth the various steps that lead to the printing of paper money, and the second surveys stocks, bonds, and money from the first federal bank notes to the present. Counterfeit bills, too. Through Wednesday, Jan. 23. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Approximately a hundred prints by the Optical artist Richard Anuszkiewicz, dated from 1964 to 1970. Starts Saturday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ A show called "Ukiyo-e School: Actor Prints and Paintings." Through Jan. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. Through March 18. Note: Mondays through Fridays, this exhibit opens at 11:45. For additional hours, see below. . . . ¶ A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of Chinese costumes from the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644 to 1911), on loan from the Royal Ontario Museum. Central to the exhibit are a selection of silk, embroidered dragon coats, designed to be worn only in the palace. Also, portraits of courtiers wearing the garments. Starts Thursday, Jan. 17. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of sixty-three Chinese bronzes, jades, ceramics, and textiles (dating from 1500 B.C. to the early nineteen hundreds), on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works, including drawings and maquettes, by Seymour Lipton, whose abstract sculptures of interwoven organic shapes combine nickel silver and Monel steel. Through Sunday, Jan. 20. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

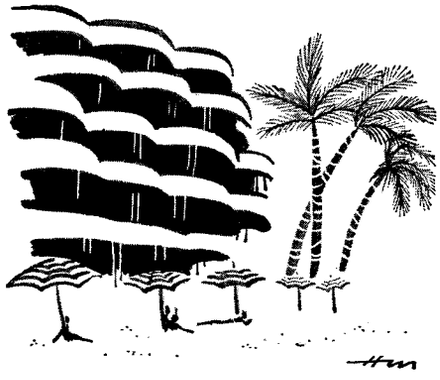
Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a hammered-copper Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A show of more than seventy nineteenth-century etchings and lithographs (by Daumier, Delacroix, Manet, Cassatt, Turner, Whistler, and others) from the library's S. P. Avery collection. Through April 15. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Diaghilev's influence on twentieth-century ballet is examined in a display of photographs (of Nijinsky, for example), original set and costume designs (by Benois, Picasso, and others), letters (from Balanchine, Debussy, Cole Porter), and scenario notes, all centering on twelve Ballets Russes productions. Starts Thursday, Jan. 17. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Painted clay objects by David MacDonald. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)



EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions of paintings, photographs, and other works by several artists, including Patricia Caire, who paints life-size silhouettes of figures on panels of translucent acetate. Through Feb. 9.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Douglas Davis (performance), Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 9:30; nearly fifty books designed by black and Hispanic artists, through Jan. 30.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Glenn Branca (music), Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; Leo Smith Ensemble (music), Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; Ad Hoc Rock, with Nigel Rollings & Bob Ostertag (music), Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 8:30; twenty videotapes from the Ithaca Video Festival, through Jan. 31.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main exhibit just now is the work of six sculptors: Terry Allen, Scott Burton, Michele Oka Doner, Michael Luchs, Dennis Oppenheim, and Jim Roche. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 20, from 2 to 6: Videotapes by Rii Kanzaki and Francis Lee.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Sherrill Milnes, and Carlo Bini; conducted by Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Tosca," with Galina Savova, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Paul Plishka, Catherine Malfitano, Jon Garrison, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 1:30: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Sherrill Milnes, and Carlo Bini; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mignon Dunn, Siegfried Jerusalem, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Allan Monk; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 21, at 8: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Paul Plishka, Catherine Malfitano, Jon Garrison, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Tosca," with Galina Savova, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Sherrill Milnes, and Carlo Bini; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mignon Dunn, Peter Hofmann, Vern Shinall, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Arthur Thompson; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Jon Vickers, Franz Ferdinand Nentwig, Paul Plishka, Catherine Malfitano, Jon Garrison, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Tosca," with Montserrat Caballé, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Patanè. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Sherrill Milnes, and Carlo Bini; David Stivender.

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Gounod's opera "The Doctor in Spite of Himself" (in an English translation), staged

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by David Shookhoff, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Chorus directed by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 265-4100.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8; Friday, Jan. 18, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8; and a nonsubscription concert on Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8 (all with Horacio Guitierrez, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8; Friday, Jan. 25, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8 (all with Silvia Marcovici, violin, and Philip Myers, horn).

Boston Pops Orchestra—John Williams conducting, with Emanuel Borok, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting—Dvořák's "Stabat Mater," with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 23-24, at 8.)...¶ A varied program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting, with Maurice André, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Greenwich Philharmonia—David Gilbert conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting a program that will include the première of a work by Alan Hovhaness, with David Taylor, bass trombone; Curtis Rayam, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the St. Thomas Choir of Men and Boys. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Mannes College Orchestra and Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Paul Dunkel conducting a program of works by Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and others, written by the composers while in their teens. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2.)

Orpheus—A chamber orchestra of twenty-five instrumentalists who perform without a conductor, with Richard Goode, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 5:30. All seats have been sold for the Sunday concert, and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Theatre Chamber Players of Kennedy Center—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

Eugene List—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The first in a series of three concerts of music of this century, this one devoted to compositions by Ives, Cage, Copland, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Pierre d'Archambeau—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

Barbara Held and Carles Santos—Flute and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2:30.)

Renata Scotto—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Ani Kavafian and Ida Kavafian—Violin and violin/viola. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program of music and dance of the Elizabethan stage. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

James Galway—Flute, in two identical programs. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3 and 8.)

Claude Frank—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Harold Jones—Flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano, in the first in a series of three recitals, this one with Martin Katz, piano, and Raymond Gniewek, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 4.)

Michael Limoli—Clarinet, with the Thouvenel String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 7.)

Edmund Battersby—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Daniel Heifetz—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

Beverly Hoch—Soprano, with Daniel Phillips, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

Ars Musica—The first in a series of three programs of baroque music played on original instruments. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8.)

Jerry Grossman—Cello. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Sergio and Odiar Assad—Classical guitar duo. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Vermeer Quartet—Chamber music, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)...¶ With Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2.)

Sea Cliff Chamber Players—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

Valter Despalj—Cello. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy, Itzhak Perlman, and Lynn Harrell—Piano, violin, and cello, in a Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Kyung-Wha Chung, Ida Kavafian, Daniel Phillips, and Dimitri Sitkovetsky, all violin; Walter Trampler and Toby Appel, viola; Leslie Parnas and Stephen Kates, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 5.)

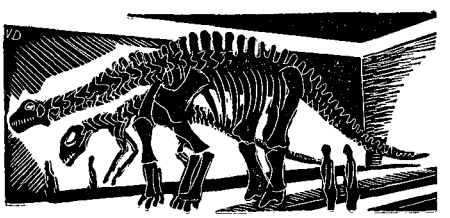
Waverly Consort—Presenting a program called "The Gothic Era." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Friday, Jan. 25, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Salvatore Accardo—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

"The Diaghilev Era"—A benefit concert for the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center. The performers will be Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo piano, playing works by composers associated with Diaghilev's Ballets Russes; and dancers from the New York City Ballet in a new set of dances "Cinq Pièces Faciles," choreographed by Peter Martins and set to music by Stravinsky. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7. For information about tickets, call 799-9600.)

Hear America First—A program of new works by Joseph Fennimore and Esta Blood, as well as works by Ives, Cage, and Josef Marx, performed by Renée Santer, soprano; Sanford Sylvan, baritone; Carole Friedman, David Breitman, and Dennis Helmrich, all piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8.)



Shostakovich—The Final Years—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Herbert Beattie, bass; Geoffrey Michaels, violin; Beverly Lauridsen, cello; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—Paul Plishka, bass, in a program of mostly operatic arias. The beneficiary is Encore Recitals. (St. Malachy's Church, 239 W. 49th St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 7. For information about tickets, call 489-1943 Wednesday through Friday, 9 to 5.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Seattle, Friday, Jan. 18, at 7:35.... **rutgers university athletic center** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Jan. 18....¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Jan. 23....¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, Jan. 25. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 7:35....¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Sunday, Jan. 20, at 7:35.... **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Jan. 17....¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Jan. 19....¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Jan. 22....¶ Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, Jan 26.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Aqueduct Handicap, Sunday, Jan. 20, and the Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 26.... **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 14.

Skating—The 1980 United States Olympic Figure Skating Team in a benefit exhibition. (Nassau Coliseum, Monday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Track—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Feb. 13.... **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Prose Readings—Maureen Howard and Stanley Elkin reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8.)

Discussions—"Titans in the Arts," the first of two programs, this one featuring Louise Nevelson and her interviewer Barbaralee Diamonstein. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

National Boat Show—The seventieth annual display of inboards, outboards, sailboats, dinghies, cruisers, and canoes, and everything that goes with them. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 16-18, from noon to 10; Saturday, Jan. 19, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, Jan. 20, from 11 to 8.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Jan. 16, at 2: Jewelry....¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures....¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century travel and documentary drawings and watercolors.... **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 17, at 10:30 and 2: Japanese works of art....¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 18.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 20: A program of Erich von Stroheim films, shown nightly at 8, along with a documentary about him, "The Man You Loved to Hate," directed by Patrick Montgomery. Jan. 16, "Foolish Wives;" Jan. 17, "Greed;" Jan. 18, at 6 and 10:30, "Queen Kelly," a unique print, owned by Gloria Swanson, who appears in it; Jan. 19, "The Wedding March;" Jan. 20, "The Merry Widow."
Jan. 21: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 22: "Mozart–A Childhood Chronicle."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Jan. 17: "Fedora."
From Jan. 18: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cousine."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 17: "The Muppet Movie" and "Allegro Non Troppo."
Jan. 18-21: "Luna" and "Lumière."
Jan. 22-24: "French Postcards" and "The Dance of Death."
From Jan. 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Breaking Away."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Hair."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Going in Style."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Jan. 17: ". . . And Justice for All."
From Jan. 18: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cousine."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Going in Style."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Jan. 17: "Roller Boogie."
From Jan. 18: "Starting Over."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Breaking Away."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Jan. 17: "Cuba."
From Jan. 18: "Gizmo!"

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"10."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Jan. 17: "Starting Over."
From Jan. 18: "Windows."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Being There."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"All That Jazz."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Silent Partner."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Jerk."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"1941."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Stay As You Are."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Electric Horseman."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Chapter Two."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 17: "Yanks."
Jan. 18-24: "Starting Over."
From Jan. 25: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Jan. 17: "Scavenger Hunt."
From Jan. 18: "In Search of Historic Jesus."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 17: "Cuba."
From Jan. 18: ". . . And Justice for All."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Black Hole."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Jan. 17: "Roller Boogie."
From Jan. 18: "Apocalypse Now."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 24: "1941." From Jan. 25: "Guyana, the Cult of the Damned."
Theatre 2: "The Jerk."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Harold and Maude."

Greenwich 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Jerk."

Greenwich 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Black Hole."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "10."
Theatre 2: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 17: "Rich Kids." From Jan. 18: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."
Theatre 4: "Yanks."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370: evening performances only, Tuesdays through Thursdays; after 4 on Fridays; and after 2 on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Jan. 24: "The Apple Game." (No performances on Monday, Jan. 21.)
From Jan. 25: "The Scarlet Letter."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Rose."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Apocalypse Now."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Robert et Robert."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Jan. 20: "The Europeans."
From Jan. 21: "Coup de Tête."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"All That Jazz."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Angi Vera."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Breaking Away."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: ". . . And Justice for All."
Theatre 2: "10."
Theatre 3: "Going in Style."
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 17: "Roller Boogie." From Jan. 18: "Starting Over."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Jan. 24: "Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front," "Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Jan. 25: To be announced.

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Apocalypse Now."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 17: "Animal House" and "The End."
Jan. 18-24: "In Search of Historic Jesus."
From Jan. 25: "Starting Over" and "Pretty Baby."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through Jan. 17: "Going in Style." (†)
From Jan. 18: "In Search of Historic Jesus."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Jan. 17: "Scavenger Hunt." (†)
From Jan. 18: "Going in Style." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 4: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Roller Boogie." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Electric Horseman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Star Trek–The Motion Picture." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Black Hole." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Jan. 24: "1941." (†)
From Jan. 25: "Guyana, the Cult of the Damned."

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Jan. 17: "Cuba." (†)
From Jan. 18: "Windows." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Jerk." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Jan. 17: "Baby Snakes."
From Jan. 18: "Starting Over." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 16: "God Told Me To" (1977; "Demon!"), directed by Larry Cohen, with Tony Lo Bianco, Sandy Dennis, Sylvia Sidney, and Sam Levene; and "Carrie" (1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt.
Jan. 17: "Before Hindsight" (1977), a documentary, directed by Jonathan Lewis; and "The Confessions of Winifred Wagner" (1977), in German, directed by Hans-Jürgen Syberberg.
Jan. 18: "The Stranger" (1967), in French, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina; and "Justine" (1969), directed by George Cukor, with Anouk Aimée, Dirk Bogarde, Anna Karina, and Severn Darden.
Jan. 19: "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm Mc-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dowell; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

Jan. 20: "1900." (†)

Jan. 21-22: "The Sounds of the Mountains" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Mikio Naruse; and "Snow Country" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda.

Jan. 23: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1959), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean-Louis Barrault; and "The Nutty Professor." (†)

Jan. 24: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Death Race 2000." (†)

Jan. 25: "Stolen Kisses" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "Bed and Board" (1971), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.

Jan. 26: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Jan. 16: "The Apartment" (1960), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "The Fortune Cookie" (1966), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau, and Ron Rich.

Jan. 17: "Despair" (1979), directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "The Immortal Story" (1968), directed by Orson Welles, with Jeanne Moreau.

Jan. 18: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "Madame Bovary" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Valentine Tessier, Pierre Renoir, Max Dearly, and Robert Le Vigan.

Jan. 19: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Monika" (1952), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson.

Jan. 20: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Tales of Hoffmann" (1951), directed by Michael Powell, with Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, and Robert Helpmann.

Jan. 21: "Lucia." (†)

Jan. 22: "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "Farewell, My Lovely" (1975), directed by Dick Richards, with Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling.

Jan. 23: "Augustine of Hippo" (1972), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini; and "The Miracle." (†)

Jan. 24: "The Sounds of the Mountains" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Mikio Naruse; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada.

Jan. 25: "Throne of Blood" (1957), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Hamlet" (1966), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintsev.

Jan. 26: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 17: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

Jan. 18-19: "Animal House" (†); and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" (1978), directed by Robert Zemeckis.

Jan. 20-21: "Day for Night" (†) and "Movie Movie." (†)

Jan. 22: "Escape from Alcatraz" (1979), directed by Don Siegel, with Clint Eastwood and Patrick McGoohan; and "Jackson County Jail" (1976), directed by Michael Miller, with Yvette Mimieux.

Jan. 23-24: "Orchestra Rehearsal" (1979), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Baldwin Baas; and "Allegro Non Troppo." (†)

Jan. 25-26: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Apocalypse Now." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 19: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Robert Walker, Farley Granger, Ruth Roman, Marion Lorne, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.

Jan. 20-22: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Jan. 23-26: "Henry V" (1944), directed by, and with, Laurence Olivier; and "The Private Life of Henry VIII." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 16: "The First Nudie Musical" (1977), directed by Bruce Kimmel and Mark Haggard, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Kimmel; and "It's Always Fair Weather" (1955), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse, Dolores Gray, and Michael Kidd.

Jan. 17: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (1938), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, David Niven, and Herman Bing; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

Jan. 18-19: "The Wages of Fear" (1953), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, Peter Van Eyck, and Vera Clouzot; and "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

Jan. 20: "1900." (†)

Jan. 21: "La Bête Humaine" (†) and "The Lower Depths." (†)

Jan. 22: "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Walls of Malapaga." (†)

Jan. 23: "Pépé le Moko" (†) and "Le Jour Se Lève." (†)

Jan. 24: "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Angel." (†)

Jan. 25-26: "Lenny" (1974), directed by Bob Fosse, with Dustin Hoffman and Valerie Perrine; and "Lenny Bruce Without Tears" (1972), a documentary, compiled by Fred Baker.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 16: "One Way Passage" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon; and "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell and Kay Francis.

Jan. 17: "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Celeste Holm, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas; and "People Will Talk" (1951), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, and Hume Cronyn.

Jan. 18-19: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "My Favorite Wife" (1940), directed by Garson Kanin, with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott.

Jan. 20-21: "That's Entertainment" (1974) and "That's Entertainment, Part 2" (1976), both films composed of excerpts from M-G-M musicals, dramas, and comedies.

Jan. 22: "The Horse's Mouth" (1958), directed by Ronald Neame, with Alec Guinness, Kay Walsh, Ernest Thesiger, and Renée Houston; and "Last Holiday." (†)

Jan. 23: "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "Gervaise." (†)

Jan. 24: "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural; and "The Great Gabbo." (†)

Jan. 25-26: "The Apartment" (1960), di-

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rected by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "One, Two, Three." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Metropolis" (1925), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Brigitte Helm, Alfred Abel, and Gustav Fröhlich; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 6: "A Page of Madness" (1926), a Japanese silent film, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Masao Inoue; no inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8:30: "Berlin, the Symphony of a Great City" (1927), a German silent film, directed by Walter Ruttmann; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2:30: "A Page of Madness." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at noon: "Conrack" (1974), directed by Martin Ritt, with Jon Voight and Paul Winfield. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2:30: "The Docks of New York" (1928), a silent film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Betty Compson. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 5: "Berlin, the Symphony of a Great City." . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at noon: "Conrack." . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2:30: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), a French silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Marie Falconetti and Antonin Artaud; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5: "First Man Into Space" (1959), directed by Robert Day, with Marshall Thompson and Marla Landi. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at noon: "The Life and Death of a Hollywood Extra" (1928), directed by Robert Florey; "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1928), directed by John Sibley Watson, Jr.; and "Les Mystères du Château du Dé" (1929), directed by Man Ray; all silent films. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2:30: "The Docks of New York." . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 6: "1988" (1978), directed by Richard Schmidt. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at noon: "The Life and Death of a Hollywood Extra," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "Les Mystères du Château du Dé." . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2:30: "First Man Into Space." . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 6: "Killer of Sheep" (1979), directed by Charles Burnett. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30: "The Passion of Joan of Arc." . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 6: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), a Russian silent film, directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin; Russian inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 8:30: "Man with a Movie Camera" (1929), a Russian silent film, directed by Dziga Vertov; Russian inter-titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Storm Over Asia." . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6: "The Wind" (1928), a silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at noon: "Casey's Shadow" (1978), directed by Martin Ritt, with Walter Matthau and Alexis Smith. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2:30: "Such Is Life" (1929), a Czech/German film, directed by Carl Junghans; no dialogue. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 5: "The Man with a Movie Camera." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 20: Two of five sections of "Magellan," a work-in-progress by Hollis Frampton—Jan. 16 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30: "Dec. 21, 27, and 31;" Jan. 17-18 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30: Fragments of "Epilogue;" Jan. 19-20, a continuous showing of all five sections, starting at noon. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 22: "Wanda" (1970), directed by Barbara Loden, with Loden and Michael Higgins. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Jan. 17-20: "The Drugstore" and "Behind the Scenes at the Peking Circus," both parts of the twelve-hour, twelve-part documentary "How Yukong Moved the Mountains" (1978), in Chinese and French, with English voice-over translations. Directed by Joris Ives and Marceline Loridan. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 24: "Tevye" (1939), in Yiddish, directed by Maurice Schwartz, with Schwartz, Rebecca Weintraub, and Miriam Riselle; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Our Hitler: A Film from Germany—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's seven-hour, four-part film. (Hunter College Auditorium, Park Ave. at 69th St. Jan. 19 and 26-27 at 2:30. There will be a ninety-minute dinner break at 6:15. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 550.)

Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. (874-1717)—A series of Spanish films, shown in Spanish, with English subtitles. Jan. 16 at 7: "Poachers," directed by José Luis Borau, with Borau and Ovidi Montilor. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 9:30: "The Long Vacation of '36," directed by Jaime Camino, with Francisco Rabal and Concha Velasco. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 7: "Blindfolded," directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and José Luis Gomez. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 9:30: "My Dearest Senorita," directed by Jaime de Arminan, with José Luis Lopez Vazquez. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 7: "Cría!," directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 9:30: "Black Brood," directed by Manuel Gutiérrez Aragon, with José Luis Alonso and Maria Luisa Ponte. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 4: "The Old Memory," a documentary, directed by Jaime Camino. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 8 and Jan. 20 at 4: "The Burnt City," directed by Antoni Ribas, with Angelo Molina. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 8: "The Old Memory." . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 7: "Sleepwalkers," directed by Manuel Guitérrez Aragon, with Ana Belen and Norman Briski. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 9:30: "Anguish," directed by Pedro Olea, with Paco Rabal and Ana Belen. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 7: "Spirit of the Beehive," directed by Victor Erice, with Ana Torrent and Isabel Telleria. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 9:30: "The New Spaniards," directed by Roberto Bodegas, with José Sacristan and Maria Luisa San José. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 7: "Elisa My Love," directed by Carlos Saura, with Fernando Rey and Geraldine Chaplin. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 9:30: "What Max Said," directed by Emilio Martinez Lazaro, with Ignacio Fernandez de Castro. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 7: "Anguish." . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 9:30: "Sleepwalkers." . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 7: "The New Spaniards." . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 9:30: "Spirit of the Beehive." . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 7: "What Max Said." . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 9:30: "Elisa My Love."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Allegro Non Troppo (1977)—A six-episode animated and live-action musical film, directed by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Jan. 23-24.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. There are rehearsal scenes right out of "42nd Street" and soft-lens metaphysics out of Fellini, and some open-heart surgery, too, but the story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Cinema 1, and Cinema 3.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ U A. East; starting Jan. 18.)

Angel (1937)—The only Marlene Dietrich movie directed by Ernst Lubitsch (though the year before he had produced "Desire"). One might expect them to bring out the scintillating best in each other, but the picture is lifeless. It's too prettily contrived, and the craftsmanship is right on the surface. Dietrich is the lonely foreign wife of an eminent, harassed English diplomat (Herbert Marshall); she skips off for a day to Paris and visits a house of assignation (euphemistically called a salon) presided over by Laura Hope Crews. There she meets Melvyn Douglas (another government official), and he falls passionately in love with her. Naturally, he turns up back at her London home. This is one of Dietrich's stiffest, most impassive performances; the role doesn't give her anything to do but look blankly frightened that her husband will discover her guilty secret. Boredom must have set in for her, because when she has to express emotional turmoil she rattles off her lines without conviction. For want of action and comedy, the movie keeps cutting to what's going on among the fleet of servants, which includes Ernest Cossart and also Edward Everett Horton, who playacts as if to an audience of deranged three-year-olds. (Couldn't Lubitsch, with his "Continental" style, see how tiresomely out of key Horton was here and in other Lubitsch pictures?) The movie isn't essentially different from the best of Lubitsch, but it's attenuated. This is the sort of cultivated triangular love affair in which all three have a turn at the piano, and Marshall and Douglas have the kind of affable man-of-the-world conversations that were a feature of "polished" thirties comedies—their acting is a matter of lifted eyebrows and the smallest shifts of inflection. With Herbert Mundin, Ivan Lebedeff, Dennie Moore, and Herbert Evans. The screenplay is by Samson Raphaelson, from a play by Melchior Lengyel. (Thalia; Jan. 24.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. Our unfamiliarity with the time and place, and with the film's small cast of fine actors, somehow contribute to a sense of intimate involvement with some distant and miserably straitened lives. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Animal House (1978)—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Olympia; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Jan. 18-19.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 16-21 and 23.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Festival, New Yorker 2, Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; starting Jan. 18.)

The Apple Game—With Jiří Menzel and Dagmar Blahova, directed by Věra Chytilová. In Czech. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Harold Clurman; through Jan. 24. No performances on Monday, Jan. 21.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 20-22 and 24.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Coronet.)

La Bête Humaine (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, with Jean Gabin driving the express train on the run from Le Havre to Paris. The train sequences, which are superb—realistic yet poetic—were shot on location and include views of the Gare St.-Lazare in Paris in 1938. The film has marvellous atmosphere and a fine cast (Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive. (Remade in Hollywood in 1954 as "Human Desire," directed by Fritz Lang with Glenn Ford and Gloria Grahame.) In French. (Thalia; Jan. 21.)

The Black Hole—The Walt Disney Productions' entry in the anybody-can-make-another-"Star Wars" sweepstakes is notable for some of the special effects but also for its unsurprising space characters, feeble plot, and brain-numbing dialogue. The film is rated PG, but the only danger to children is that it may make them begin to think that outer space isn't much fun anymore. With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, and Yvette Mimieux. (1/14/80) (Loews Orpheum 2, Greenwich 2, and National.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Bread and Chocolate (1974)—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, and Eastside Cinema; starting Jan. 18.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy, Plaza, and Embassy 72nd St.)

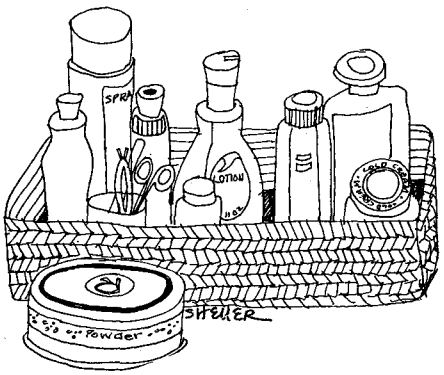
La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Chapter Two—Familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2.)

Coup de Tête—With Patrick Dewaere, directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud. In French. (Paris; starting Jan. 21.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Art, and Eastside Cinema; starting Jan. 18.)

Cuba—A lot of scenery and good chances are wasted in this unfortunate adventure story, in which Sean Connery looks fit (and properly worried) as a soldier of fortune trying to stand against history in the last days of the bad old Batista regime. The picture is notable for director Richard Lester's quick, energetic glimpses of the priests, gunmen, strippers, Fidelistas, corrupt generals, and wide-wing



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white Cadillacs, but it founders on its flabby politics (the Castro guerrillas resemble Outward Bound campers) and dim love story—something about a sugar-and-tobacco heiress (Brooke Adams) who foolishly prefers to stay in Havana instead of fleeing with Mr. Connery—and slips away into farce. Lost in the shambles are Jack Weston, Martin Balsam, Hector Elizondo, Denholm Elliott, and Chris Sarandon. (12/31/79) (Manhattan 1, U. A. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Jan. 17.)

The Dance of Death (1968)—This is a film of a British National Theatre production of August Strindberg's play, written in 1901. Laurence Olivier and Geraldine McEwan play the antagonists in a long, bitter marriage. Plot complications and stage mechanics make the second half seem a waste of time, but the first half is worth seeing to watch Olivier at work in a proper part, and maybe for a couple of vampire allusions. (7/30/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 22-24.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Cinema Village; Jan. 20-21.)

Death Race 2000 (1975)—Low-budget sci fi, from an often amusing suspense script by Robert Thom and Charles B. Griffith, directed by Paul Bartel in his ingratiatingly tacky, sophomoric manner. Bartel seems to have an instinctive kinky comic-book style; the picture zips along, and there's a flip craziness about it—it's an ideal drive-in movie. In the role of a legendary driver in this killer race—points are scored for every pedestrian run down—David Carradine has star presence, and his easy, confident manner gives the film some class; he's very elegant in his black leather clothes and black leather cape. Sylvester Stallone is rather funny as the slobbish, stupid villain, who's always expostulating in anger or disgust. With Louisa Moritz as the crude dumb blonde, and Simone Griffith. Produced by Roger Corman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 24.)

The Electric Horseman—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. If the story sounds familiar, it's because it's an almost perfectly preserved specimen of the nineteen-thirties Frank Capra populist-political comedy—a "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" in Frye boots and Las Vegas lights. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The End (1978)—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (Olympia; through Jan. 17.)

The Europeans—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Paris; through Jan. 20.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired take-off on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 16-19 and 22-23.)

Fedora—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) The thin-ice aspect comes up in the fact that Wilder uses show-biz name-dropping and apparent show-biz vulgarities of judgment to give us a witty farce about these very things. William Holden plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Art; through Jan. 17.)

French Postcards—A poorly observed and foolish comedy about some nice enough American students (Blanche Baker, Miles Chapin, and David Marshall Grant) studying for a year in France. (11/5/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 22-24.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 17, 20-21, and 23-24.)

Gervaise (1957)—A painstaking and rich creation of mid-nineteenth-century Paris, photographed to suggest Daguerre. René Clément's rather heavy-going film deals with the spiritual destruction of Gervaise (Maria Schell)—a destruction accomplished by her lover, who deserts her, and her gentle husband, who becomes an uncontrollable drunkard (a memorable performance by François Périer). Gervaise Macquart, for those who find Zola overpoweringly uninviting, is the heroine of "L'Assommoir," one of the twenty novels in the Rougon-Macquart series, and the mother of that corrupt little Nana who figures in a later volume (and many a movie). With Suzy Delair as Virginie, except for the scene in which Virginie gets paddled; at that moment, a dubber known as Rita Cadillac offers her bottom to the camera. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23.)

Gizmo!—A documentary, directed by Howard Smith. (Manhattan 1; starting Jan. 18.)

Going in Style—George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg are three old geezers in Brooklyn who decide to hold up a bank instead of dying of boredom and infirmity, and Burns and Carney then move along to Las Vegas to score a killing at the craps tables. Only the ending of this mild, sentimental little comedy is surprising, but the writing and direction (both by Martin Brest) keep things moving at the proper quiet pace, and the elegant old troupers provide us and themselves with a good deal of pleasure along the way. With Charles Hallahan and Anthony D. Call. (12/31/79) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Criterion; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Jan. 18.)

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The Great Gabbo (1929)—After the picture he was directing—"Queen Kelly"—was cancelled, Erich von Stroheim turned to acting and had a popular success as a megalomaniac ventriloquist who expresses his sensitive feelings only through his grotesque little dummy, Otto. Directed by James Cruze, from a Ben Hecht story, the film is effective only in a few bits; when the ventriloquist gets into the Follies, his story gets lost between mediocre musical-comedy numbers (which were originally in color). With the talented Betty Compson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 24.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Bay Cinema.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold falls in love with Maude, and he marries her on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly; maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. With Vivian Pickles, Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens. (Waverly.)

Interiors (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Jan. 16-21 and 23.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Le Jour Se Lève ("Daybreak;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty, and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 23.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to the intelligence and restraint of Mr. Benton. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Last Holiday (1950)—This lovely ironic comedy—an almost perfect little picture—stars Alec Guinness as an ordinary sort of fellow who is told that he has only six weeks to live; liberated from anxieties about the future, he finds in that time all the opportunities for wealth, fame, and happiness that he had never found before. The dexterity—the impeccable "rightness"—of J. B. Priestley's screenplay is close to infuriating: within the film's genteel, socialist-mystic limits, he is an unerring master, but he doesn't take risks. With Kay Walsh, Wilfred Hyde-White, Beatrice Campbell, Gregoire Aslan, David McCallum as the blind violinist, Sidney James, and that great asset of English comedy Ernest Thesiger. Henry Cass directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 22.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 16, 19-22, and 24.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse, and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan and Vladimir Sokoloff. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 21.)

Lucia (1974)—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred felt for the dictatorial President Machado, is intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironic fable about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 21.)

Lumière (1976)—Jeanne Moreau wrote, directed, and stars in this elevated daydream about the life of an actress. The picture is delicately dissociated; it nibbles around the edges of its subject. And it shares a weakness of many other high-flown junk movies: it is less interested in pace than in culture. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 18-21.)

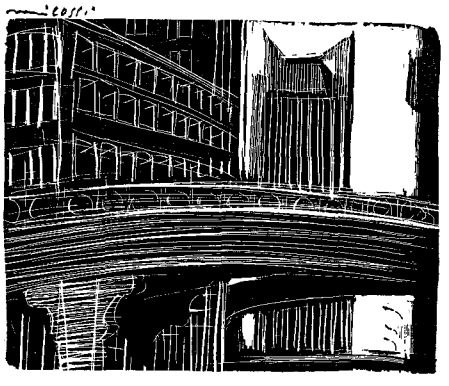
Luna—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (10/8/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 18-21.)

Manhattan—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Little Carnegie.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief (43 minutes), utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved—and most sensual—of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. The screenplay is by Tullio Pinelli and Rossellini; the cinematography is by Aldo Tonti. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 23.)

Movie Movie (1978)—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The two "features," which give chances to a lot of new people, have some of the zest that the brash, intrepid performers fresh from the stage brought to early talkies. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. As the night-school law student with the knockout punch, Harry Hamlin makes an agreeable début, and as the wriggling night-club performer who corrupts him, Ann Reinking out-Ann-Margrets Ann-Margret. In the second, Barry Bostwick, who plays the singer-composer hero, has that wonderful Dick Powell candied-yam cheerfulness, and there's six feet four of him falling all over himself; Rebecca York is his saucer-eyed true-blue Ruby Keeler. With Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere who has a tickling charm in the first but is totally miscast in the second. The film is too tame and too dependent on mismatched metaphors, and the second "feature" sags, but it's generally friendly and enjoyable. (12/4/78) (Cinema Village; Jan. 20-21.)



Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle—A film, nearly four hours in length, of the early life of Mozart (age seven, twelve, and twenty) taken from letters written by himself and his family. Directed by Klaus Kirschner. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Jan. 22.)

The Muppet Movie—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al., travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into show biz and become stars. (7/2/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 17.)

1900 (1977)—Bernardo Bertolucci's utopian folly. He tries to make a people's film by drawing on the mythology of movies, as if it were a collective memory. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (The belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants.) It has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs; one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Ennio Morricone. The European version ran over five hours; the version that Bertolucci (under duress) prepared for the U.S. runs four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (Bleecker St. Cinema, and Thalia; Jan. 20.)

1941—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor. It is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiro Mifune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (12/24/79) (Gemini 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; through Jan. 24.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

The Nutty Professor (1963)—Jerry Lewis in a Jekyll-and-Hyde story that provides him with one of the best gimmicks of his career: as Julius Kelp, he's a shy, clumsy chemistry professor, a simp with specs and rabbity teeth, but when he drinks his formula he turns into a brash, domineering hipster singer named Buddy Love—i.e., a cartoon of Dean Martin. Lewis has reconstituted his former team but now plays both halves, and working within this format he has some scenes that can hold their own with the classic silent comedies. The picture is very erratic, and it's too long and repetitive; Lewis, who also directed and wrote the script (with Bill Richmond), has always

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

had trouble knowing when to drop something. But he had the good taste to cast Stella Stevens as the heroine; with her just faintly infantile sexiness, she's a remarkably curvy and pert straight woman. Lewis plays the hapless Julius for childlike pathos, and Buddy for hollow-man Las Vegas loathsomeness; yet in his TV appearances in the years that followed he has moved ever closer to Buddy Love—even down to singing loudly and off key, and being aggressively maudlin as he milks the audience for approval. With Kathleen Freeman, Howard Morris, Henry Gibson, and Les Brown and his band. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 23.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—Machine-gun-paced topical satire of East-West relations, in which the characters shout variations of stale jokes at each other—people are described as sitting around on their assets, and we're invited to laugh at the Russians for rejecting a shipment of Swiss cheese because it is full of holes. The director, Billy Wilder, shot this example of an assembly-line approach to gags in Berlin and Munich (where the Brandenburg Gate was reconstructed). James Cagney expertly mugs his way through the role of an American Coca-Cola executive in Europe; he complains that the East Germans are hijacking his shipments, "and they don't even return the empties." When his wife (Arlene Francis) says that their marriage has gone flat, like a stale glass of beer, Cagney replies, "Why do you have to bring in a competing beverage?" The gags are almost all on this level, and the little sops to sentiment are even worse; the film was a huge success. With Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond wrote the script, based on a Ferenc Molnár one-act play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 25-26.)

Pépé le Moko (1937)—Superb entertainment. A classic romantic tragedy of the thirties, and one of the most compelling of all fatalistic French screen romances, yet seen by few Americans because it was remade in Hollywood two years later as "Algiers," starring Charles Boyer and "introducing" Hedy Lamarr. "Algiers" was so closely copied from "Pépé le Moko" that look-alikes were cast in many of the roles, and some sequences were followed shot by shot, but "Algiers" is glamorous pop that doesn't compare to the original, directed by Julien Duvivier and starring Jean Gabin as the gangster who finds love but can't find his freedom. No one who saw "Pépé" is likely to forget the scene in which the homesick-for-Paris Gabin looks at a Métro ticket and recites the names of the stations. Ironically, Duvivier had hoped to make an American-style gangster film and had drawn some of his characters from "Scarface." With Mireille Balin, Marcel Dalio, Gaston Modot, Gabriel Gabrio, and Charpin. The script, by Henri Jeanson, is based on a novel by Ashelbé (Henri La Barthe), at one time commissioner of the Paris police. (The American version was remade as the musical, "Casbah," in 1948.) In French. (Thalia; Jan. 23.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 16-19 and 22-24.)

Pretty Baby (1978)—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. A jazz musician—based mainly on Jelly Roll Morton (Antonio Fargas)—is playing the piano. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). The film is astute in its understanding of the familiarity between blacks and whites that existed in the South. Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Olympia; starting Jan. 25.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this war-horse of the movie repertory, which is

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still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Regency; Jan. 23-26.)

Rich Kids—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 17.)

Robert et Robert—Claude Lelouch directed this self-defeating comedy, which follows two Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonelyhearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch is more interested in pathos than in humor. In French. (12/10/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Roller Boogie—With Linda Blair, directed by Mark L. Lester. (Forum. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 17.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan (1970)—Mid-nineteenth-century Japan, and not a bit scandalous, though the picture—directed by Masahiro Shinoda—has a bright sense of mischief. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

The Scarlet Letter (1973)—With Senta Berger, directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Harold Clurman; starting Jan. 25.)

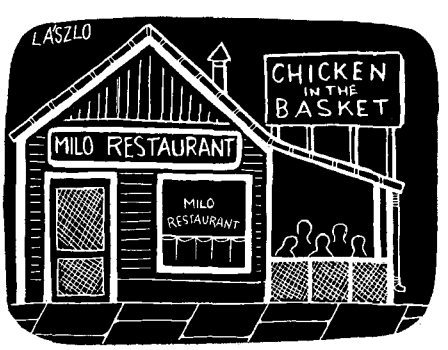
Scavenger Hunt—With Richard Benjamin, James Coco, Ruth Gordon, Cloris Leachman, and Tony Randall; directed by Michael Schultz. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 1; through Jan. 17.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema.)

The Silent Partner—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Cinema II.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 16, 18, 20-22, and 24.)

Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen,



as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Baronet; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria; starting Jan. 18. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Jan. 18-24. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 25.)

Star Trek—The Motion Picture—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise. (12/17/79) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, Paramount, and Loews State 1.)

Stay As You Are—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this vapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (12/24/79) (Beekman.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 17-19 and 22-24.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Manhattan 2, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 18.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1949)—Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda are the restless, lonely lovers in this Franco-Italian production, directed by René Clément. Gabin plays a no longer young Frenchman, wanted for homicide, who has fled to Genoa; there he spends a few days with the troubled Miranda and her impressionable daughter (Vera Talchi) before the police close in on him. Though the film won international recognition (the Best Director and Best Actress Awards at Cannes, and the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film), it's a rather uneasy mixture of the harsh, poetic postwar Italian style (especially in the semi-documentary use of the Genoa-waterfront locations and in the attempt at a fresh approach to character) and the romantic, melodramatic prewar French style. This may have been the result of the rewriting of Cesare Zavattini's and Suso Cecchi d'Amico's neo-realist script by the French team of Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, who had worked on some of Gabin's fatalistic, atmospheric prewar successes. Whatever the reasons, Clément seems to be pulled in different directions; his "sensitivity" is like a glue holding the picture together. Music by Roman Vlad. In French and Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 22.)

Windows—With Talia Shire, Elizabeth Ashley, and Joseph Cortese; directed by Gordon Willis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Baronet, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Jan. 18.)

Yanks—An invasion of England by American troops in the early days of the Second World War. Director John Schlesinger masses his G.I.s in great numbers, and essays three love stories between visitors and hosts, but it's all soft and false—tepid, in fact. Vanessa Redgrave and the talented Lisa Eichhorn are involved. (10/1/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Jan. 17.)

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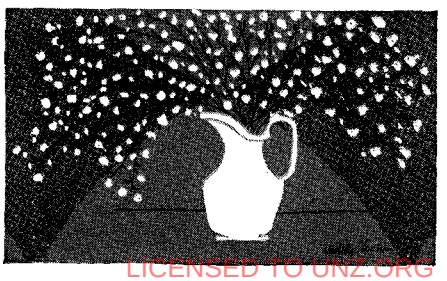
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE movement of Soviet troops into Afghanistan will produce considerable harmony in the foreign-policy rhetoric of our political campaign. That means that the rhetoric will avoid the question so directly posed by this latest blow to prospects for somewhat less irrational and unstable political relations between East and West. The question is, What is our policy toward our adversary? The measures announced by the President constitute, in the main, reprisal—justifiable reprisal—rather than policy. There is under way a reflexive acceptance of some dubious but far-reaching propositions—especially of the notion that this deplorable action by the Russians points up the futility of trying to take self-limiting steps in tandem with them, as in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. Some are saying that even if the Senate had by now approved SALT the Russians would nonetheless have lodged themselves in Afghanistan, since doing so might have been the only way to avoid dislodgment of a Marxist government in Kabul. There may be truth in that reflection, but to cite it as evidence that SALT was, and is, a misguided venture is to confuse one thing, Soviet behavior in the so-called Third World, with another, the continuing and deep interest of this country and its allies in reaching a SALT II agreement and in sustaining the SALT process.

Recent shocks such as the seizure of American citizens as hostages in Teheran and, now, the Afghanistan affair are the more upsetting for being so intractable—cut off from our ability to affect them. Thus, the pressure builds here to take action for its own sake: to do something, whatever that might be, to secure the release of the hostages; or to respond to the situation in Afghanistan by setting aside the SALT II treaty, as the President has done. But before it is agreed on all sides that the SALT agreement was, as many people in Washington like to say, overtaken by events, we had better think about where the simple act of discarding it—a deceptively simple one in the circumstances—will lead. The answer is, Probably a long way—all the way back into the environment of the Cold War. There may be little, if anything, other than SALT which can check the decline in the relationship between the nuclear superpowers—a trend that has been under way for about five years, reversing an earlier trend. Starting in the 1962-63 period, we had been moving in small steps, and with occasional setbacks, away from the harshest aspects of the Cold War. That was the time of the Cuban missile trauma, which was followed by—and which doubtless contributed to—the limited-test-ban treaty and some easing of the Berlin situation. It was also a time in which the United States had an overwhelming advantage in nuclear weapons. There is no longer any such American advantage. So we confront the prospect of a renewal of the Cold War in an era of nuclear parity and with the possibility, in addition, of an unprecedented competition in Europe in the area of modern nuclear weapons. It is an unattractive—indeed, a strikingly dangerous—alternative to what we had told ourselves for some time that we were trying to do: narrow the risk of nuclear war by using SALT to restrain the competition in strategic arms and so reducing uncertainties and stabilizing the nuclear balance. We in this country may be prepared to take our chances with the riskier alternative, but our European allies may in most, or all, cases be far less prepared to maintain that course, particularly in view of NATO's recent decision to deploy intermediate-range American missiles—a new generation of longer-range Pershing missiles, and even longer-range cruise missiles—in Continental Europe. Most of the governments concerned with that decision were explicitly relying on SALT III to impose limits on these kinds of weapons—American and Russian—before matters got out of hand. Now those governments must consider the unavoidably destabilizing consequences that would flow from an unconstrained nuclear-arms buildup in Europe itself, where the distances between adversary blocs are shorter than the distance between America and Russia, and the political tinder is historically drier. It is just as true now as it was before Russia's Afghanistan folly that if we insist, as we have been insisting, that NATO upgrade its defenses, nuclear and non-nuclear, Allied governments will require domestic support for those efforts; some combination of arms control and movement away from East-West confrontation has been judged by all Allied governments to be essential to securing the political underpinning for more defense. Probably the largest risks are faced by West Germany, which is at the leading edge of the confrontation. We have no more important relationship than the one with that country; nor, probably, has the Soviet Union, its adversary, which regards the Germans as a long-term threat and responds viscerally to whatever they do. The collapse of SALT and of the remnants of détente places Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, the ablest of the Western European leaders, in an extremely awkward position at a time when he, too, is entering a national political campaign. Among the other effects is a perception by much of the world of deepening danger and instability, which, in turn, will adversely affect the already strained system whereby we, the Germans, and the other members of the North Atlantic community



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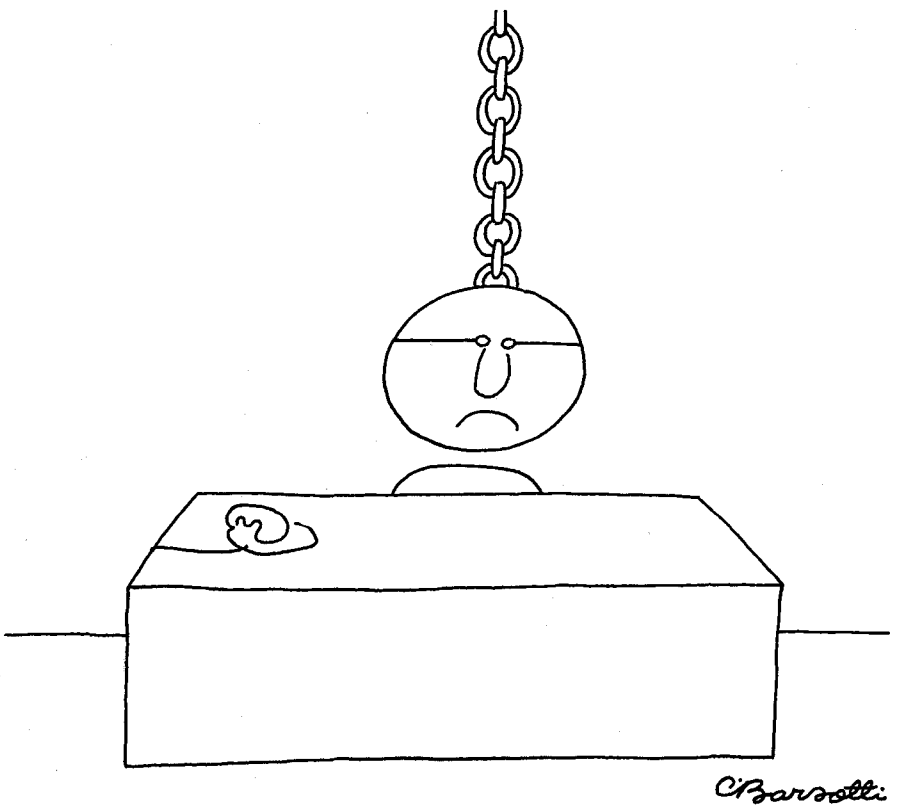
sort out our monetary and commercial arrangements as well as our joint defenses. A major new cycle in the strategic-arms competition, combined with predictably greater efforts of the kind in Europe, will be inflationary. Moreover, any such trend is likely to be accompanied by the unrelated but continuing turmoil in the Persian Gulf and by oil prices pegged at relentlessly inflationary levels. Persistent inflation of the kind we have now is itself a source of political instability: potentially ruinous to the health of any society and capable of inflaming relations between societies that, for important reasons, normally rely on one another.

The latest Soviet move is inherently destabilizing and will send ripples throughout Central Asia and the Indian subcontinent; its exact consequences cannot be predicted. However, the implications of Afghanistan's plight should not be permitted to generate other problems, of a possibly longer-lasting and even more serious nature. Some argue that shelving SALT II will not necessarily produce an end to the process but, rather, an intermission, an opportune time in which to decide whether it is safe to negotiate with the Soviet Union on matters important to our security. It is a fact that the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 forced the Johnson Administration to cancel arrangements to start SALT a month later in Moscow. But, of course, a new Administration got matters back on track, and SALT began in November, 1969. Hence, the current discussion will raise the question of whether, after the dust has settled next November, Mr. Carter or a successor will or will not decide that as a matter of supreme national interest we should again seek to curb the arms competition and also avoid the risks of extending it to Europe. But the question may not be relevant either then or at any time in the foreseeable future. We may discover a difference between 1969 and 1981—the difference between inaugurating a process in which both sides had an awakening interest and resuming a process that one side may have written off as nonproductive. The Russians thought that they had made a SALT II deal with President Ford when he and they reached an understanding in November, 1974. But it never came to anything. And they must have assumed that the SALT II treaty signed by Presidents Carter and Brezhnev last June would by now have taken effect or have been close to that stage. Briefly, the Soviet leadership may prove to be unwilling—or, conceivably, unable, for its own internal political reasons—to go along in 1981 with the formalization of the SALT II treaty or with a resumption of the SALT negotiating process, or both. By then, the limits imposed by the SALT I interim agreement, which has expired, but which both sides have been informally abiding by, may have been exceeded by the Russians, whose military establishment may also have set in motion projects that will go beyond the restrictions contained in the SALT II treaty. For all these reasons, and perhaps others, we have entered an exceptionally dangerous period. Outrage at Soviet behavior, fortified by the view that the Soviets can be counted on to behave like Soviets, is not an adequate intellectual base from which to develop a response to that behavior or to take critically important decisions. Such decisions, along with the response, need to be based on a rational assessment of our interests, as distinct from a declared intention to sally forth into an action-reaction cycle. Essentially the same hardheaded assessment of our interests has been made by the past four Administrations—two Republican and two Democratic—and has been supported by the larger part of our society. Mr. Carter, in his letter of January 3rd asking Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd to delay consideration of the SALT treaty, suggested waiting until he and Congress could "assess Soviet actions and intentions." The reference to Soviet intentions will haunt Mr. Carter if he should ever return to SALT—a process whose critics have always said that it must founder on Russian untrustworthiness, but one that actually does not rely on trust or benign intentions, and went forward as much because of our adversary relationship with the Soviet Union as in spite of it.

If we are to accept a basic shift in our government's policy toward our principal adversary, we require at a minimum some sense of what that shift represents—what, if anything, we shall have in the way of a sensible alternative. It is hard to imagine that we will return to the simpler policy of the nineteen-fifties and early sixties, when we simply built bulwarks (occasionally, as it turned out, on the sands of weak and unreliable governments) with which to contain the Soviets and rhetorically roll them back. We may, if we can, decide to provide the Afghan resistance forces with weapons—a step that would appear to be more relevant to the situation than restrictions on movements of grain and technology, but one that is probably limited by practical difficulties. In the larger policy sense, probably there is no sensible alternative to what, with varying degrees of consistency, we've been trying to do over the past ten years.



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Repertory

THE Brooklyn Academy of Music is about to launch its first season of repertory theatre, and since repertory theatre is a rare bird in this city, the project has been attracting a good

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deal of attention. The other day, the entire BAM Theatre Company got together for the first time, and we went out to BAM to observe the proceedings. It was a cold winter morning, and the members of the company—which totals thirty-two actors and actresses, five directors, eight designers, and about a dozen staff members—assembled in the large room on the building's third floor known as the Lepercq Space, which is generally used for things like experimental theatre, music, and dance, and which this morning was equipped with a couple of hundred folding chairs and looked like an auditorium.

"Purvis is a purveyor of the printed word."

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The artistic director of the new company is David Jones, who has been for fourteen years an associate director of the Royal Shakespeare Company and has also been the producer of the BBC's "Play of the Month" series. His work was seen here in 1975, when his productions of "Love's Labour's Lost" and Maxim Gorky's "Summerfolk" were included in the Royal Shakespeare Company's engagement at BAM. Jones is a tall, imposing-looking man of forty-five with a long face, its length accentuated by a high forehead, and he was wearing a navy turtleneck, bluejeans, and brown shoes. While the other members of the company strolled about, talking to each other, we talked to Jones. He told us that the associate director of the company is Arthur Penn, and that the other directors are Edward Cornell, André Ernotte, and Emily Mann. He went on to explain that he had been willing to give up many of his commitments in England—he will remain a director of the Royal Shakespeare Company, though—because he found the idea of establishing a permanent repertory company in New York both important and challenging.

"We feel very strongly that this is the right thing to do at this time," he said. "What we're trying to do is fill a scandalous gap in New York City. If you go to any other major city and ask 'What's the best repertory company in town?' you'll almost certainly get an answer. That isn't the case here, and that's the gap we want to fill. And by 'repertory company,' of course, we mean a company of people who work together for a long period of time on a continuing basis—not a semipermanent group whose star performers come and go with each production."

Over the past few months, Jones has been travelling around the United States and Canada observing and interviewing about four hundred people. In deciding on his thirty-two actors, he told us, he had to consider such factors as their training and previous experience, their ability to play a great variety of roles, their age and appearance, the likelihood of their fitting in with the other performers, and their willingness to become part of a resident company—since many actors who might otherwise have been selected did not want to tie themselves down.

When most of the company had taken seats (a few people remained standing, looking rather happily nervous), Jones stepped behind a lectern near one of the room's high windows and said, "Let me reassure the actors that at no point today will you be required to speak in other than your own voices—no words of William Shakespeare. This is a day to ask and answer questions, a day when we can get to know each other. There will also be measurements for the actors, and we'll take some group photographs, since this may be the last time we'll all be together in the same room. I see that Harvey Lichtenstein is over there—the Academy's president. Would you raise your hand, Harvey? Harvey and Arthur Penn and everyone else involved in this venture have had the nerve—dare I say the vision?—to put this show on the road. And the opportunities for all of us are enormous. In terms of broadening ourselves, the advantages of playing in repertory are almost incalculable. But it's not going to be a bed of roses. Before the season starts, we'll be rehearsing eight hours a day. During the season, we'll be rehearsing five hours a day. Each season, we expect to do one Shakespeare play, one European classic, and at least one American classic. And we're going to do them all with a sense of adventure, a sense of excitement, a sense of humanity, and a sense of humor."

A woman raised her hand to ask how the staff had arrived at its choice of plays for the first season, and Jones smiled and said, "I believe, like Brecht, that the only proper approach to a serious subject is one of disrespect. And I do *not* believe in museum pieces. That's why, whereas we might have chosen something like 'The Man Who Came to Dinner' for our first season, we chose instead Charles MacArthur's 'Johnny on a Spot'—a play, about Southern politics, that ran on Broadway for only four performances, in 1942. Rachel Crothers' 'He and She,' which dates from 1911, deals with women's independence. 'The Winter's Tale' is not one of Shakespeare's best-known works. And, as for Gorky's

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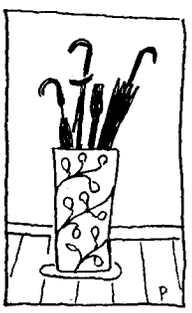
'Barbarians,' we will be giving it its American première. The great advantage of putting on an unknown play, you see, is that nobody knows how it's going to end."

Dairy

THE modest gabled structure—looking like a cross between an abandoned wayside inn and a disused country church—that stands about a hundred yards west of the Central Park Zoo has for years been a rather mysterious landmark for strollers in the Park, who have seldom known what it was or what its function might be. The structure is called the Dairy, and it opened in 1870 as a place where children and adults could obtain fresh milk and other light refreshments. (A cow or two used to be kept outside in order to suggest rusticity, but most of the milk was brought in from real dairies.) The Dairy's role as a refreshment center ended in the early part of this century, and in the nineteen-thirties the building—solidly constructed of granite—was converted into a warehouse for Parks Department equipment. In 1973, plans for its restoration got under way; last summer, a four-and-a-half-month renovation project—financed by the Central Park Community Fund with contributions from Revlon, Inc., Avon Products, the Sheldon Solow Foundation, and others—was begun; and now the Dairy has reopened, as a visitors' information center, which will serve as a starting point for tours and as a distribution point for maps, brochures, and other material relating to the Park.



The renovated building's dedication day turned out to be bright and chilly. Alongside the entrance, which faces south, a large yellow-and-white tent had been erected, and at each end of this was a sign reading "WELCOME TO THE DAIRY." People began gathering before noon, and at about twelve-thirty Mayor Koch turned up, petted a couple of calves that were tethered outside, accepted an old-fashioned bottle of milk from a young woman costumed as a milkmaid, unveiled a plaque, and left. Soon afterward, ceremonies began inside the building, and we joined about two hundred other people to listen to speeches by a number of dignitaries, including Alexander W. Allport, the executive director of the Central Park Community Fund; Elizabeth Barlow, the Central Park Administrator; Michel Bergerac, the chairman of Revlon, Inc.; and Algernon D. Black, the leader emeritus of the Ethical Culture Society.

During the speeches, we had a chance to observe the restored interior. The original Dairy was designed by Calvert Vaux, who, together with Frederick Law Olmsted, designed and laid out Central Park. Its first décor is said to have been attractive—few illustrations of it exist—but during the building's years as a warehouse a wooden mezzanine was put up and the whole thing became a dreary-looking storage area for things like shovels, rakes, brooms, wheelbarrows, bathing suits, towels, basketballs, Monopoly boards, and croquet mallets. Now—after the realization of a design originated by the architect James Lamantia and elaborated and carried out by the firm of Weisberg, Castro Associates—the Dairy has again become a thing of beauty. The mezzanine has been removed and the building's original elegant proportions reëstablished. The main room, where the speechmaking was going on, is fifty-nine feet long and twenty-one feet wide, and it has a vaulted ceiling that rises to twenty feet. The walls are mostly beige, but there are reds, grays, and browns in some simple Gothic detailwork on the ceiling, the wainscoting, and the window frames. Against the north wall are two large oval photographs, in sepia tones, of Olmsted (bearded and benign-looking) and Vaux (bearded and pensive-looking). A smaller room, also mostly beige, opens off the north side of the main room, and there a slide show having to do with the history of Central Park will be presented every half hour between 11 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.

After the speeches were over, we ran into Parks Commissioner Gordon J. Davis, who was looking sporty in a brown tweed jacket and yellow corduroy trousers, and was wearing a lapel button that read "HI HO THE DAIRY OH!" He told us that the restoration project had cost two hundred thousand dollars so far, and that a loggia that formerly extended along the building's south façade would be rebuilt next year. He added that a number of other restoration projects were being undertaken for Central Park—including work on the Belvedere, the Bethesda Fountain, the fountain on Cherry Hill, a cast-iron bridge northwest of the Reservoir and a cast-iron bridge on its southwest side, and the Maine Monument—with funds from both private and governmental sources. We also spoke with Mr. Allport, who was wearing a gray plaid suit and a lapel button that read "WELCOME, I'M SANDY." He said he believed that it would not be long before people became familiar with the fact that they could come to the Dairy in order to take tours—historical, botanical, and so forth—which were already being conducted in the Park by the recently organized New York City Urban Park Rangers.

Wine, cheese, crackers, and peanuts were being served, and at about two o'clock, in the east end of the main room, four young people known as the Thalia String Quartet began to play Mozart. Later, when we left the building, we found a man in an Army jacket holding the ropes tied to the necks of the two calves—a Jersey and a Guernsey—that Mayor Koch had petted earlier that day. The man told us that his name was Jim Martyn and that the calves belonged to the company he worked for, Interboro Pony Rides. "Most of the time, Elsie and Daisy are on loan to the Children's Zoo, but today we were asked to bring them over here," he said. "I guess they're pretty good at lending atmosphere." He smiled, and led the calves away.

Island Report

AN acquaintance of ours has a daughter who has spent the last couple of years working as a mason on Cape Cod with her friend Jim. Two months ago, they decided to avoid another desolate winter on the Cape by seeking work on some warm, beautiful tropical island. Following a long silence, our friend received this report from the Virgin Islands:

Jim got a job working for a big contractor, and, after a difficult week, we finally found cheap housing. We are living in a trailer near the top of one of the highest mountains, with a panoramic view of the distant sea. The trailer sits in a slimy swamp made by water coming down the mountain; it's been raining torrents for about a week. The place is a jungle. (When I said tropics, I didn't mean TROPICS.) There are two abandoned greenhouses—with the glass missing—about fifteen yards from our trailer, filled with old orchid plants (no blooms). They are very ugly, with tuberous roots that crawl like snakes all over the pots. The greenhouses are now made entirely of iron mesh, so it rains through the roofs, and there is plenty of heat naturally. It reminds me of "The Big Sleep"—that crotchety old man sweating in his sun-

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"It's hard to believe that just a few weeks ago we were a unified nation that had closed ranks and was speaking with one voice."

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room, with Bogart admiring his orchids, his death plants. Fancy fungus, I call them. The first time I looked in, I was excited, because I saw palm fans five feet tall and flowering vines, and I thought I could make our trailer living room beautiful with tree-height plants. Then I discovered that all those plants were actually growing in tangles up through the dirt floor. Our laundry line is strung between one greenhouse and a tree clump that is like a jade tree grown to enormous proportions, with leaves a foot long. It grows over a foot a day. I think it's coming for us. Plant life here takes on a sinister aspect. This "tree" is fifteen feet high and it is growing out of four small tin pots. Where are the roots? To get to the laundry line, I wade through the muck, checking for slugs, poisonous spiders, etc.; hang up the laundry; wade back; tiptoe over our lemon-yellow wall-to-wall mildewed rug to the sink, where I wash my feet off, if there's any water; and trot back to our couch (it is covered with a Woolworth's sheet to stem the tide of "no-see-ums," tiny, almost invisible bugs that bite you hard, but you don't know it till later). By 8 A.M., it is boiling hot, and a paralyzing lethargy creeps over you. It takes an hour to do a ten-minute chore. When we moved in, the trailer had been unoccupied for a year. Down here, the animals and the elements take over the minute you leave. There was a lizard looking down from a curtain rod, another lizard climbing up the wall, and one on each of the window screens. A rat was on the outside ledge of the bathroom window; his eyes—bright and beady—were level with mine. I proceeded into the bedroom and found that the window shelf was lined with piled-up frogs. They are sort of colorless, almost incandescent-looking, with large suction-cup feet. We have windows that crank open in sections of glass, and the frogs press themselves against the nearly horizontal surfaces when the windows are open, using them for a sundeck. The frogs glow red when bright light shines through them. At night, there is often a sudden huge noise and a great blue-white flash on the power-line pole outside, and we lose electricity. Then we sit around by candlelight, which makes you paranoid in a place like this.

We get our water from a pump higher up the mountain, except every day we lose the prime, so we don't have any. Re-priming involves a long hike up the mountain to turn on a pump at some guy's house. This takes place at dusk, when Jim gets home—usually in the pouring rain. It's a two-man operation. I have to stand ready to turn on various pipes when Jim gives the signal from above. As the darkness closes in, Jim and I yell back and forth up and down the mountain. I'm standing in slime and guinea grass (local coarse grass that grows as high as six feet and houses every sort of biting insect), and when I turn on the water next to the trailer it usually dies, because of air in the line. I yell to Jim, but I can't be heard over the rain, and anyway he's yelling directions to me at the same time. Tempers shorten in direct proportion to the rate of loss of visibility. If the water doesn't die, I have to quickly wade over to another faucet, clapping my hands loudly and saying, "All right, boys—let's clear it out!" (I am speaking to the rats, lizards, etc., in the vicinity.) The water's ON: We quickly take showers, flush the toilet, wash dishes, do laundry. By morning, we have no water again, and at 5:30 P.M. we start the whole process once more. There is a frog sitting right now in the vent of the fan over the stove. I have begun to talk to the lizards—a grudging acceptance. Anyway, don't think things are terrible. It all evens out. We just need to get settled.

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REPORT FROM YOUR CONGRESSMAN

DEAR CONSTITUENT:

As 1980 is evidently under way, I am completing nearly a decade of striving-packed years as your full-time Representative in Washington, D.C. I want you to know how firmly I have urged you to support me, and how deeply I appreciate the opportunity to exceed the authority you have vested in me. As your Representative, I played a cameo role in last year's Legislative Session, during which a substantial number of new laws were enacted under or near my sponsorship or with my vigorous opposition. Here are some highlights:

- toughened penalties against juveniles who escape from Mitchell-Lama housing
- outlawed lethal incentives
- streamlined "Saturday Night Special" judicial-selection procedures
- mandated pending evaluation
- simulated energy

As your full-time Representative, I have been fully concerned with expanding my priority concerns. Here are some focal points:

- teen-age grand juries
- costly and inefficient urban coalitions
- "head shops" at consulates and missions to U.N.
- subhuman conditions in Off-Track Betting parlors
- no-fault gang warfare
- abuse addiction
- fiasco control
- clearinghouse habitability
- ombudsman repatriation
- transportation bootlegging
- turnstile preservation
- addiction abuse

UGLY PROBLEM

Until recent years, the ugly problem of absentee housing has been virtually ignored. Now a full-page report prepared by my staff shows that "ugly problem" is merely one of those pretty sociological euphemisms.

My full-time family has been a source of great strength to me during my eleven years in the House. L. to r.: My family.

TRIGGER LEVELS OF UNEMPLOYMENT: ALBATROSS OR SAFETY NET?

Amid some unemployment, from men to women, such problems are offset by a situation that is serious but not critical, yet nonetheless stops short of complete success. Not only have unemployment figures belied employment but also employment has not prevented unemployment. It is imperative that we note that the battle seems to go on without end. Recent events would indicate that it does.

On December 3, 1979, I telephoned the Bureau des Élections in Paris to ask whether the French government intended to hold full, free, and democratic elections in the near future, as promised. Seated next to me are full-time executives of the Bell Telephone Company, which placed the long-distance call.

A SENSATIONAL PLACE

Individual efforts directed against the spectre of federal takeover of private businesses *can* succeed. On December 15th, district resident John Occupant tasted victory when John's Restaurant opened to the public after a series of meetings with accountants and wholesalers from the area. On a full-time study of the location, I saw the fine comments which informed and articulate local spokespersons inscribed on photographs decorating the walls of this community project:

- Dear Johnny, You've been fabulous. Thank you for your hospitality.
- John's has the BEST Italian food!
- To Johnny, with love and appreciation.
- To John, Mucho aloha!
- John: And to think I weighed 90 pounds when I met you!
- To John: What a fun dinner. Kindest regards always.

TV APPEARANCE

On Sunday, December 23rd, I gave an interview on the NBC program "NewsNewsNews." Following is a brief excerpt from the transcript ("A" is the voice of your Congressman):

Q: A lot of people are against it.

A: Well, I must say, Bill, particularly as a Congressman, people can be for or against a lot of things—

Q: Are you for or are you saying you're against it?

A: —and some of their reasons, you know, some of them have some merit.

Q: Now, what is your position?

A: Yeah, I mean, not only that but I want to emphasize repeatedly, Bill, that we frankly just don't have the answer, though, to that, as yet. And we wouldn't in Red China be able to have this full, free, and open discussion, by the way. And Bill, I want to congratulate you for asking me. The questions have been just brilliant.

Q: Well, it is certainly no secret that you have been a guest in our studio today. Thank you.

EFFORT PAYS OFF

I am pleased to announce that U.S. Customs officials at J.F.K. International Airport recently confiscated a quantity of Genoese bobbin lace found concealed between the pages of a copy of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," by George Gordon, Lord Byron.

QUESTIONNAIRE

This month's question relates to rumor dispelment. Which of the following strategies would you support?

- ☐ fire into the air
- ☐ fire over the heads of the crowd
- ☐ fire in the neighborhood of the core group
- ☐ bomb only those using provocative extemporaneous remarks
- ☐ pump five bullets into the rumor itself

LATIN AMERICA

Earlier this month I visited the southern cone of Latin America, where I enjoyed touring the Avalanche of Smut. I also renewed contact with the many fine full-time Latin-American contacts I maintain through an unofficial instrumentality in corporate form. While we cannot expect to find a complete solution at the federal level, I was heartened by the response from a Chilean general. Under my questioning, he admitted, "You see, there are no guns here. We are throwing them all into the desert."

In a spontaneous gesture of concern, I visited my personal family in the hospital.

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THE 1980 ELECTION

Whoever my opponents will be, their records as legislators and as persons who were active during the Nixon Administration will raise questions. There is already a growing and, I believe, dangerous tendency. A lack of leadership is no substitute for inaction. That's why I challenged all of my opponents *last* year—in head-to-head debate, singlehandly.

WHAT kinds of things worry you? Probably the same things that worry me. Hopes. Dreams. Major thrusts. The night after I first took the oath of office, in 1971, I dreamed that someone suggested I go somewhere or buy some tickets to something. By 1979, I had learned how to meet tough positions head on. That's why I want full-time to continue to serve you in the House of Representatives. There is much more to be said. Please vote for me so that I can say it.

RECYCLED ON PRINTED PAPER

—VERONICA GENG

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THE SCENT OF LIME TREES

ALL Friday morning Annie Goldner cooked chicken, cooled it, tore the meat off the bones. As she worked, she counted over and over in her mind the number of hours until seven, when the guests would come.

On Monday she had made a pot roast and frozen it. As the week passed, her terror increasing, she continued to cook: on Tuesday, sweet-and-sour meatballs, rolled the size of large marbles; on Wednesday, ratatouille and applesauce homemade from greenings; on Thursday, twenty pots of crème brûlée and an ovular chocolate cake with cooked mocha frosting; plus shopping in the afternoon for cheese and fruit and salad—three kinds of greens (romaine, spinach, chicory) and tomatoes she probably would not use because they were not lush.

She had dreamed of food, badly cooked, for two weeks, ever since she and Franklin decided, because they felt Professor Vukevitch might need more people in his life, to have him and others to dinner. She had slept badly because of the dreams, and woke this morning, the Friday of the party, fully terrified. What if the pot roast looked so revolting that no one could eat it? What if someone had a beef allergy? What if all the guests were off red meat? So chicken. Chickens. Vukevitch had eaten chicken at her house one of the times he visited before, in the summer. Chickens. To be safe.

"You've got too much goddam food," said Franklin when he came home from psychoanalytic school at eleven on Thursday night and looked for his dinner in the refrigerator.

"I can't help it," said Annie. "I dream of people laughing at the color of the meat. I'm O.K. about the dessert. It's the meat that bothers me the most."

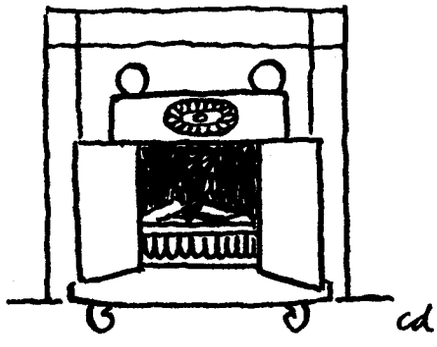
"What does Steinmann say?" asked Franklin between bites of carrots and cold rice, exhausted, having to be up at six-thirty for a seven-thirty patient the next morning.

"I don't think I mentioned it," said Annie. "The dream, I mean. I just keep reciting the menu with alternatives, and he just says 'Hmm' and 'How did your mother feel before she gave a party?' "

Franklin finished and washed his dishes while Annie crawled on the floor to pick up rice. She wondered if Franklin complained a lot about her to Muskie, his training analyst. They turned out the lights as they walked through the apartment, hearing the traffic zoom below them on Lexington Avenue. They stopped in Frog's room and touched him as he slept, and then touched each other.

ANNIE and Franklin always had a problem with company. Annie thought of entertaining as work. It took a whole week to do the food and make the apartment acceptable. She never really got to talk to anybody at a party, and the food never looked or tasted as she thought it should. And there was the problem of Frog. Some children disappeared into their own rooms and stayed there when company came. But Frog was thrilled by company. He never left the guests without incident, and since his bedroom was directly off the living room, it was hard to get him into it unobtrusively. Annie felt all this to be a bad advertisement for the mothering techniques of a psychiatrist's wife. Also, Frog never napped. He stayed up late, and got up at five-thirty every morning. When he slept, he was a terrible sleeper, and Annie was always tired. Sometimes when she woke in the morning after five nighttime visits to him, she could think only of the number of hours until she would be back in bed again.

"I can't do one extra thing," she told Steinmann over and over. "Some people can, but I can't," she said with shame. Maybe it meant something that her parents had never entertained for dinner, as Steinmann had suggested. Once a year they had a catered party, in that small Ohio town—catered for $3.75 a person by a black woman named Clover Cook. Clover did everything. Annie's mother, in a taffeta hostess gown ordered by mail from Saks, brought sautéed chicken wings with orange sauce to her and her sister as they watched the party from the stairs. Then Clover cleaned the kitchen and the guests played poker and canasta and Clover's husband served more drinks. Annie tried to make entertaining easier for herself by inviting people for Sunday brunch and buying



cold cuts and lox and bagels. But she still couldn't talk to anybody until after dessert, and, anyway, she felt she was cheating.

Usually, Annie liked to have enough people so they could talk to each other while she was running around being hostess. Franklin liked to have two people at a time, so he could talk to them with no distractions. It was true that things were much quieter and easier to handle Franklin's way. Then she could do all the things she had to do, and take care of Frog, and not have to worry too much about conversation until after dessert, because Franklin did most of it. But Annie always thought that the two guests looked discouraged when they arrived at the door and saw they would have to spend the whole evening talking to just Annie and Franklin, without the pleasant, confused buzz of others talking, without the relief of turning away from one person and finding another. People were accustomed to adult commotion when they were invited out, and they felt a flatness, Annie was sure, when they came and found only the Goldners.

Franklin had met Professor Vukevitch at the New School when he'd taken a course in Russian literature, before he'd been accepted for analytic training and after he'd begun private practice. Franklin was sad then. No more official learning. And a sudden, ardent wish for literature after all those years of chemistry and . . .

"All of a sudden he wants to be literary," Annie had said to Steinmann in a Jewish accent. "All of a sudden Walt Whitman aloud over coffee, and translator's problems, and—"

"Well, don't you think that might have something to do with you?" asked Steinmann.

"What?" she said. "What? No, I never think anything anybody does has anything to do with me. Anything good. I'm invisible in other lives. And I was just an English major in college, and a crummy college, too."

"You taught at City before Frog came, didn't you? And you tell me all you do is read."

So Franklin took his literature course and Professor Vukevitch invited him to "bring your lady one evening to class, Doctor, please." Annie went to hear a lecture on "Anna Karenina," and, as Franklin had, she loved Vukevitch right away.

Vukevitch was old, short, muscular. The night Annie came, he told them, as background for some point or other, how in Russia, when he was a

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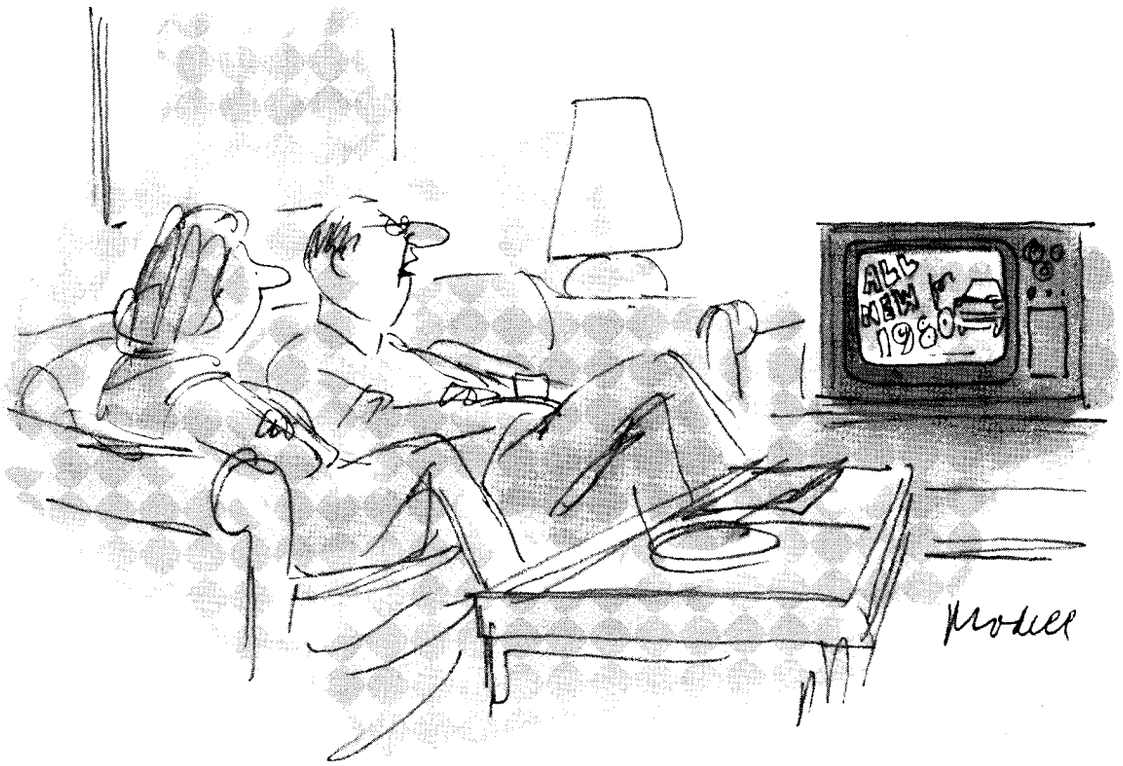
boy, his family, when they had to travel away from home, always left the door to the kitchen open and food on the table, so that any stranger could come and eat if he felt hungry. He told this without melancholy, with warmth for another time.

After the lecture Annie and Franklin courageously asked Vukevitch to dinner, and he came, three nights later, looking more frail than he had looked in class, wearing a white wash-and-wear shirt that had grayed. That first time, Vukevitch sat with them and Frog at the Formica table in the kitchen and ate four helpings of pot roast and drank a whole bottle of red wine, his age evaporating as he drank. Frog talked to him with pleasure, but Vukevitch understood none of it. Frog couldn't understand Vukevitch's questions, either, so after a while he went away, took most of the books off the shelves, and made a train from the kitchen doorsill to his bedroom door.



"You know something? I'm already tired of the eighties."

"I felt surprised about one of the things Levin says about work," Franklin said that night. "How work will save him. I thought that once, too, but it isn't always so. If someone is deeply miserable, he often can't work."

Vukevitch listened, and nodded his head, and said, after a while, "Forgive me, Doctor, to change the subject. May I ask you? It is a problem for me. My memory. I cannot remember as I used to."

"Well, as we all get older, there's more to remember," Annie said. She was frightened because he had asked so simply.

"But I was wondering, Doctor, is there some sort of thing I could do to help that?"

"Gee, I wish there were," Franklin said. "Sometimes, if you think of something else instead of what you want to remember, you remember."

"My God," said Annie. "For this you went to medical school?"

Franklin laughed, and he and Vukevitch drank another two glasses of wine each. Then Vukevitch put on his coat, which was too light for the weather, got out his bus fare, thanked them softly, and left.

"FRIDAY and six hours to go," thought Annie after Frog's lunch, feeling wobbly. She fried bacon and drained it and wrapped a water chestnut in each slice, stabbing them together with a toothpick. "Pretty fancy," she said grimly, and Frog said, "What?" She had not yet been able to eat today. The light-blue linoleum floor the landlord had given them instead of a dishwasher would need to be mopped before the guests came. She would have to wait until six-thirty to do it. She never had the energy to use wax, so it would have to be scrubbed, not just wiped. It always looked wonderful for five minutes, until someone walked on it. "Six hours to go," she thought. "The dumb guests are probably not even thinking of it, and I've thought of nothing else for two weeks. Maybe they'll forget to come. We could put the food down in the lobby and have an impromptu buffet." She felt better, thinking of the people in the building, most of whom she did not know, eating off paper plates and saying "Good, good."

For each dinner she gave she worked out a way to dilute her fright. There was always a way, if she could think of it in time. Yesterday, Thursday morning, while she made that evening's dinner, irate about having to cook something other than party food, and Frog wanting to be read to and hugged, she thought of how to save herself. She stood at the stove stirring with one hand, holding a heavy Frog in her right arm. She thought of Sam Brodskip's fat wife, Leah, and felt—for the first time since they had invited everyone—normal. She had never met Leah but knew Leah loved to eat. Annie would cook and clean and do all the last-minute-countdown things for Leah, who loved to eat and would enjoy herself magnificently. Leah would murmur "Mmm" in her throat as she took the first bite of everything.

Franklin had met Leah Brodskip at the collation after a talk at the psychoanalytic institute. "Nice but fat," he'd reported. "White blouse, black skirt." Annie had almost met Leah once, when Franklin invited all the residents on his service for a Sunday-afternoon lunch. The apartment they had then was small, so Franklin took Frog to his mother's for the morning while Annie moved the furniture and set the buffet table. Then Nanci Kurski, a nursing student who babysat for Frog, was to get him from Franklin's mother, take him to the park, and bring him back to the apartment at about three to say hello.

At that party Annie was the perfect stranger. She knew none of the guests

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and felt she would probably never see any of them again. She might as well have been cooking for any subway-carful of people. Brodskip, an attending psychiatrist at the hospital, had heard about the party and asked Franklin if he could come, because he liked that group of residents so much. "Of course," Franklin had said, "and bring your wife." So for that party she cooked for the first time for Leah Brodskip. But Leah didn't come. Brodskip was the first person to arrive—at the exact instant the invitation specified. He said, "Hello, Leah is indisposed," and walked into the living room.

Annie had felt she was on a barge, floating slowly and numbly down a river together with the guests, who all looked, somehow, pretty—even the men. Frog was adorable in his snowsuit. When Franklin introduced him to the other psychiatrists, six of whom specialized in children, Frog did not reply but stepped to the wall and banged his head once against it—something he had not done before or since. "His other name is Richard," Franklin said next, and kept Frog on his lap, kissed him a lot, and repeatedly told Nanci Kurski, who was being overpowered by Mansoor Taraporavala, a resident in psychosomatic medicine from Bombay, to go home. Mansoor said the garlic shrimp Annie made for one of the appetizers was the best he'd had in the United States so far. When she opened the door to welcome him, he had handed her ten oddly limp dark-red roses.

"FOUR hours to go," Annie thought, and took a drink of water. Then she sighed and stuffed Frog into his outdoor clothes and loaded up the stroller with plastic trucks, a pail and shovel, and the three magic pebbles Frog always took to and from the playground. She tucked him up in his carriage blanket and admired him.

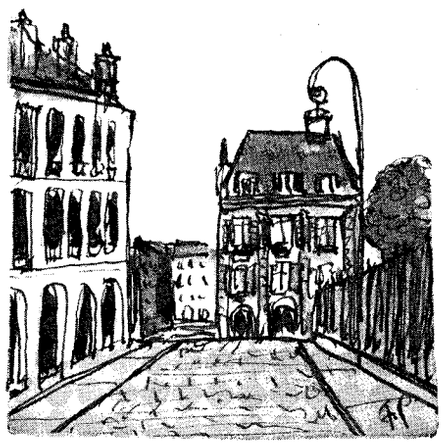
"Eat and ride," said Frog.

"Sure, honey," she said. "I forgot."

She went to the refrigerator and rummaged in the vegetable drawer, trying not to dislodge the party salad from its plastic bag. She found the celery, ripped off two stalks, washed them, sliced them, put them into a plastic bag, and put the rest back into the refrigerator. Then she got two small boxes of raisins from the cupboard, and gave Frog the bag and the boxes.

"Hot!" he was yelling. "Too hot!"

"Unzip, then, Frog," said Annie, and pushed him out the front door to the elevator. Annie went back into the apartment and hunted for her jacket in the closet. She saw dust everywhere. But dust was not so visible in the evening with the lamps on. She could get away with it. Rosemary and Lenny wouldn't notice; they would be too interested in what Vukevitch had to say. Rosemary was Jewish and Lenny was Italian. They looked robust and similar, as if they were brother and sister. The only problem was that Rosemary was a wonderful cook, making intricate veal things with sauces while the guests hung over the movable butcher-block counter in her kitchen. Lenny made zabaglione in front of everyone. She had only invited them because she really did like them and was trying to be mature, and, besides, they each drank a lot of wine and she thought that would disguise the taste of the food. Michelle was coming, whom she'd taught with, and Gene, her husband, who made money in Connecticut in television. They both had beautiful speaking voices and were charming and seemed sure of their opinions. Vukevitch would like them and they would like him, and, besides, Gene's grandmother was Russian and lived in Brooklyn. "Maybe," thought Annie as she pushed the stroller across Eightieth Street, "I should have invited Gene's grandmother, too."



But Alexia was coming; she was really Russian. Annie had met her at Columbia when they were both studying. Alexia's first husband had dropped dead in their living room in the Bronx with their children, three and four years old, looking on—and that after he had escaped both the Revolution and Hitler. Her second husband was much older than she. He died at seventy-eight, of lupus, after eight years of marriage. She was in her late sixties now, and was living with Ira, a painter, whose subject was the Bible. Frog had made a museum for Ira, though they'd never met. Frog had not yet begun to draw representationally, so he put squiggles in the middle of thirty-two pieces of white typing paper and hung them with masking tape in the living room.

JANUARY: FIRST LIGHT

It's the path
of the old railroad tracks,
just before light. No noise:
the barn owl drifting into sleep,
the birds not yet awake.
The iron scars
have been melted down
for a war long fought and gone.
Then the evening edged out
by the first band of light
across the strips of trees.
I know
I don't have long to go:
the sleepless night that brought me
to the woods behind the house
is over now, and what fears I had
I left behind me there.
Now I make out rabbit tracks,
and behind them something larger,
a dog, perhaps, on its trail.
The trail leads nowhere
and the rabbit's safe—the parent's
dream. Why won't it pass?
Look: the starling's pulled that ribbon
of worm, the day's unravelling,
we're moving on, exhausted, ready to begin.

—IRA SADOFF

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"Does it strike anyone else as weird that none of the great painters have ever been men?"

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Ah, God, thought Annie, whatever am I going to do with Frog during this party?

She sat down on a bench to watch her son play, glad that no one approached her to talk. She had to concentrate on the evening ahead. They had come to Frog's second-favorite playground, because she had heard that a boy had been castrated in the tunnel of a brick-and-concrete pyramid at the playground Frog preferred. Franklin telephoned several people to try to find out whether or not this was true, but so far had got no definite answer.

The afternoon light was bright and came through the stiff autumn leaves onto the children's faces. Frog crouched over his truck in a corner of the sandbox, talking to himself of trucking. Annie kept alert to older children who might bash Frog and to babies whose mothers weren't watching them who might take some of Frog's equipment and then he would bash them.

"Stuffed egg, lettuce, green mayonnaise homemade in the blender," she thought. "Clean the bathroom after Frog's bath. Radishes and butter. Sliced beets, but the juice will run and mess everything up."

The concrete walls of the modern playground curved before her, implying castles and valleys, lands lost. It was good to sit down. She rarely sat down. It annoyed her that Steinmann sat down all day. How could he possibly understand her and the details she lived in if he sat down all day?

"I should be home making things cleaner," she thought sadly. But she was too scared.

She pushed up her cuff and looked at her watch. Three hours to go. She remembered that Tolstoy often had string quartets at his parties. His steward or Sonya or somebody arranged things, she guessed. And polished the samovar. Tolstoy himself would stand in the doorway listening, but only for a while. When the music became too much for him, he would leave to walk outside. The land on his estate was so beautiful and he loved it so much. How wonderful to be a guest at Yasnaya Polyana, coming up the drive toward the welcoming white house! The scent of lime trees and birch as the horses slowed. The soft light of the oil lamps. Women dressed in wondrous colors. Everyone at his or her best. Plenty of food, all homemade. And music! Even music!

Well, she was glad Vukevitch was coming. Maybe there would be time to sit next to him for a moment after dessert was served.

He had come to dinner, once, in the summer, faint from the heat of his bus ride. Her friends Louise and Bart, who each had a first novel printed by a good publisher and a second rejected by many publishers, came too. Louise's brother was in the hospital, dying or not dying. He had been found in his apartment, comatose and bruised. Louise had three small children, and her brother was a bachelor. "I do not know whether he will have his life," she had said to Annie on the phone, as if she were speaking an ancient language in translation.

Vukevitch had been wonderful that night. He sang to them in Russian and told them stories. They found out he had fled to Canada in 1910 and fought in the First World War with the Canadians. Annie imagined him lusty in all his appetites, under his quiet talk.

Two more hours. The New York sky had darkened and the air was beginning to feel cold. "Rich," she called. He did not hear, or looked as if he did not hear. "Hey, honey bunch, Rich! We've got to go!" He came right away then, which surprised her. She had hoped for a few more minutes. He climbed into the stroller and she put his wool blanket over him and gave him his last inch of celery. She knocked the sand out of the trucks and the pail, untied Frog's shoes, dumped them, put

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them on him again and tied them, and walked slowly, pushing him toward Fifth Avenue. "Olives, black and green," thought Annie, her hands shaking. "Gravy for the meat with the fat skimmed off. Horseradish. Wooden salad bowl or glass? Flowers? Flowers!"

She would have to stop for flowers. But she only had one nice vase. If the company brought flowers, she would have to put them in applesauce jars. She only had fifty cents in her jacket pocket. What could she buy? "I'll buy one lousy thistle," she thought. Vukevitch would tell her into which story Tolstoy had put a thistle. "A cartwheel had passed over the plant, but it had risen again," muttered Annie, not sure of the quote. "With what energy and tenacity it defended itself, the thistle." She began to run, pushing Frog ahead fast. She saw the skyline move closer to her as she moved. People walked with Friday-evening faces, expectant of an evening's loneliness or friendship. "Giddiyap!" yelled Frog as his mother ran.

AT five minutes to seven the telephone rang. It was Franklin calling from his office. "Where are you?" asked Annie.

"Vukevitch called my service during my last patient. He says he can't come. He says he's too weak."

"Is he sick?" asked Annie, feeling sick herself.

"He said no. I asked him if he needed a doctor and he said no, he just needed to rest."

"We did this whole thing because of him," Annie said. She saw that Frog was making an "A" out of julienne beets on the light-blue linoleum floor.

"There's too much food," said Annie, trying not to cry. "At Yasnaya Polyana, there was always lots of beautiful food on the table."

"Somebody must have turned down an invitation from the Tolstoys sometime or other," Franklin said. She could hear him sorting through papers on his desk.

"Never!" said Annie. "Get here, Franklin. Hurry up," she said. As she replaced the receiver, the doorbell rang.

DR. SAM BRODSKIP and Dr. Esther Loeb were kneeling before Frog in the tiny front hall, bearing gifts. Frog beamed. Dr. Brodskip's first words had been that Leah, his wife, was indisposed and couldn't make it. "Oh," Annie had whispered. "I'm sorry." Then the elevator shaft had rattled again and Esther came into the open doorframe in a long wool skirt with a leather vest and embroidered shawl and said, "Frog, Frog, I am in love with you. You are my boyfriend," and had knelt down to give him a present. For some reason, Dr. Brodskip had also knelt, and Annie, feeling completely crazy, knelt too.

"For dessert?" asked Frog, pleased, as he opened the box and saw four large red strawberries. Sam Brodskip was grinning beatifically, as if he were one of the Magi. "No, no, handsome Frog," said Esther. "It's soap for your bath." Frog had taken a bite and was crying. "No, Frog honey," said Annie. "It's soap. You can use it in your bath tomorrow." Annie explained the whole thing over again to Frog, and then explained to Esther that Frog had already had his bath. "So early?" said Esther, who was childless. "But I wanted to help him have it!" Sam Brodskip gave Frog three new pennies, and he put them away in a truck.

"Hello," said Franklin, looking down on them, his arms filled with wine, not seeming to notice he was speaking to four people at the level of his thighs. "I brought Juliana and Mia along with me," he said to Annie. "I met them in my lobby."

Annie took their hands and welcomed them. She had never seen them before—only heard about them from Franklin. They lived in the building where he had his office. Juliana was beautiful, with very white skin and dark hair, which she wore demurely. She was married to an elderly famous painter who lived and taught at Yale. Mia was seventy, and her gray hair was cut short in a stylish way. Her sweet face had only smooth contours, as if it had no bones. Frog looked expectant.

Alexia and Ira came in then, dressed as if for the opera, and then Michelle and Gene, chic and calm, with their beautiful speaking voices. Ira trembled when he took Annie's hand. He had never been to their apartment before. She loved him for his trembling. As she pointed people to the drinks and asked them to help themselves, the party began to swallow her.

"Where's Franklin?" asked Michelle when she came, immediately, to visit Annie in the kitchen.

"In the shower," Annie said.

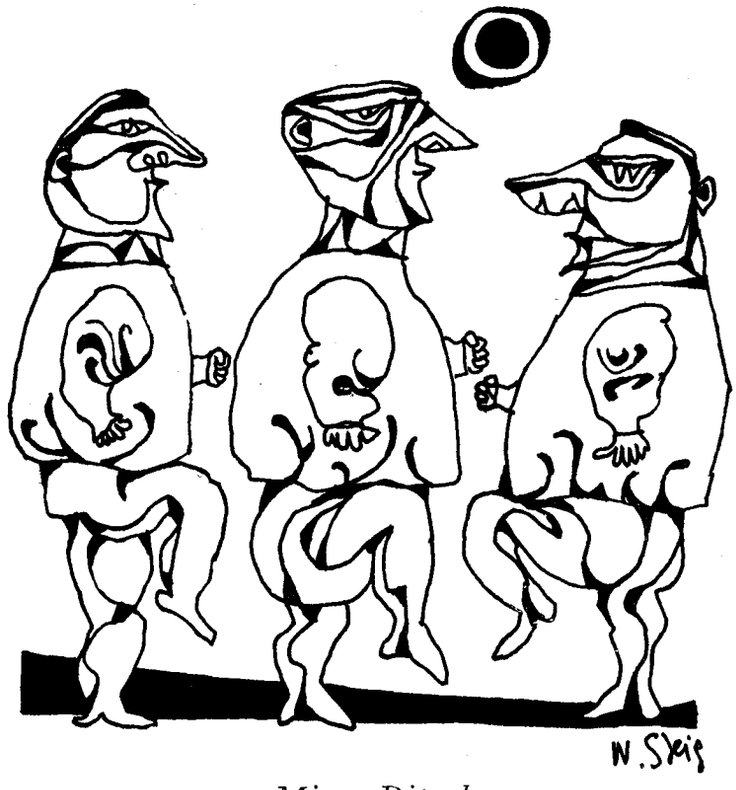
"Where's the Professor?" Alexia asked as she came into the kitchen to see if she could help.

"Called at the last minute to say he didn't feel well."

"Oh," said Michelle. "Gene will be disappointed."

Annie heard Esther in the living room telling of her escape as a child from the Nazis and then of almost being killed in Israel by a bomb and that all she wanted now was to marry and make a home.

Michelle wandered away as Annie took the Saran Wrap off the cucumbers in dill and sour cream, and Rosemary wandered in to ask if she could help. Annie stirred the meatballs, which looked red and anguished and said, "No, thanks. How are the kids?" From the kitchen she could hear Mia telling



Minor Ritual

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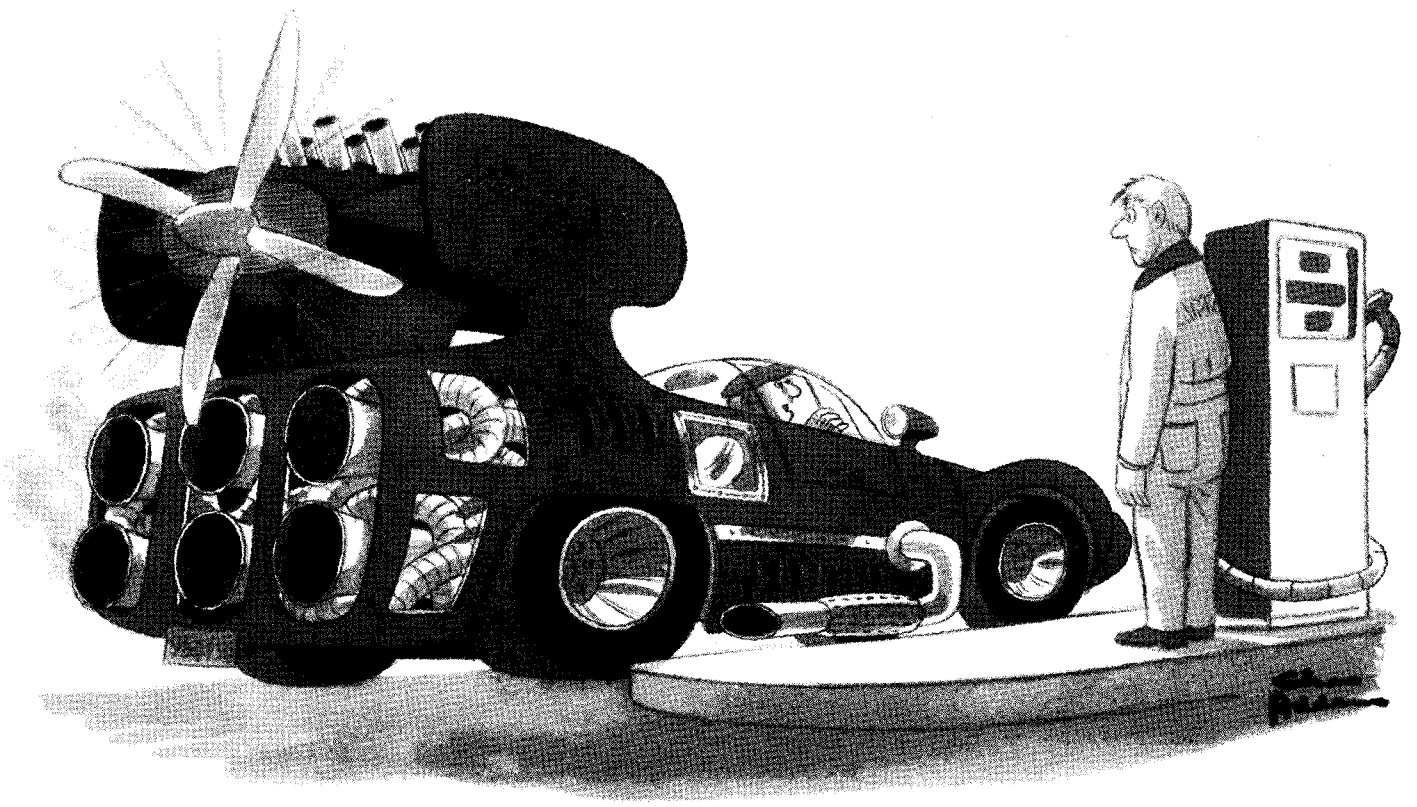

"High-test."

• •

about the magazine she had been fiction editor of for twenty-five years before she was asked to retire at sixty-five. Juliana was telling Sam Brodskip about her love for the ballet, and he was telling her of one of his daughters who was asked to join the Harkness company at fifteen.

Then she heard Franklin's voice and felt relieved. She knew he would be wearing his plaid shirt and chinos and she thought it would be nice if she could sit close to Franklin on the couch and eat pizza from the corner.

She served and smiled and carried plates in and out and got extra forks and napkins, and brought more ice and, though she was fatigued, saw her plain living room vaguely transformed by festive people drinking wine in it, sitting on the pale-green couches sent by her father after her mother had died at forty-two and he'd moved to an apartment. Her guests hunched toward each other over the coffee table. The radiators squeaked, the traffic zoomed by on Lexington Avenue. There was an occasional fire siren, and Friday-night bells from the Unitarian church across the street.

"Phooey," Annie said to herself. "If I were religious, I could be in shul now. We must not have any friends; the magazines say how lovely it is to cook for friends." She thought of the dining room at Yasnaya Polyana, of the hand-worked linen tablecloth, of the samovar, the lantern's flicker, Sonya Tolstoy at the door welcoming the guests radiantly (at least before her marriage soured), sitting at the table, making sure of the blintzes, the dried fruit, the harvest tomatoes.

ANNIE woke at 3 A.M., because Frog was screaming. She ran to him with Franklin behind her. She hauled him out of his bed, still red-faced and wild. Franklin turned on the light and said, "Honey, it's O.K. We're here with you."

They had not been able to get Frog to leave the party for bed. They had each tried, taking turns, Annie rushing back to cut more butter, Franklin going in and out to fill wineglasses, both of them stepping over Michelle and Gene, who sat on the floor, and trying not to bump into Ira, who was balancing his dinner on his knees. Frog had fallen asleep in the middle of a scream, having lurched his bed little by little toward the closed bedroom door that separated him directly from the living room, yelling "Out! Out! Out!" while everyone pretended not to hear him over the fire sirens.

When Frog woke, he woke in the middle of the same scream he'd fallen asleep in, as if no time had passed. Annie walked him to the bedroom door, opened it, and showed him that the living room was empty of guests, that the furniture rested peacefully, alone in the middle of the night.

"Everybody's gone, Frog," Annie said, and the little boy's stiffness and noise gave way instantly to warm softness. He put his head on Annie's shoulder and whispered "Cover me" as she put him back in bed.

"This whole night was a disaster for Frog," said Franklin in a fury, "and I have a patient tomorrow morning at eight." He went back to bed, and Annie stood in the middle of the kitchen. She had arrived there so unexpectedly that the cockroaches froze to the floor for a moment before they began to scurry under things.

She had asked Sam Brodskip if he wanted to take a crème brûlée to Leah and he hadn't heard her, she thought, so she asked him again, and this time he turned toward her and said nothing, with despair in his eyes. Then he had left with Juliana. The crème brûlée was still on the kitchen counter, wrapped in tinfoil. Annie ate it and began to cry. "I spent the whole goddam week on it," she said aloud. "They'll never get another party out of me. Never." She ate the dessert and then, with the heel of her bare

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foot, stomped on the tinfoil container. "Never again," she said, and if she could have said it in Russian, she would have.

SNOW fell onto the crosstown bus. As Annie and Franklin watched, the snowflakes became thicker and filled the colorless afternoon with gaiety, covering the soot and garbage in the gutters with white.

Annie held the brown bag of seedless grapes they were taking to Vukevitch. He had mentioned them when Franklin called him the day after the party to ask how he was feeling. He said he was all right, resting a lot, but when Franklin called the next day, the landlady answered and said Vukevitch was in the hospital. When he was better, he had to give up his rooms and move to a residence for the elderly. "When I am well, Doctor," he said when Franklin telephoned him at the hospital, "if you could bring me grapes, please." In the residence, he shared a room with another man, and they also shared a bathroom. There was a dining room for meals. He was permitted to have snacks in his room. He had a shelf for books.

Annie and Franklin got off the bus and walked to Central Park West. When Franklin sent their names up to Vukevitch, he didn't know who they were. "I was in your class at the New School," said Franklin into the desk phone. "O.K.?"

"Does he remember?" Annie asked, thinking of the day she spent in ninety-five-degree heat making chicken salad for him from scratch. She had felt, that day, that Vukevitch was a direct link to Tolstoy, though Vukevitch had only been taken on a visit with his first-grade class to Yasnaya Polyana; she had been excited, and in the moist fervor of her preparations she felt, somehow, that it was Tolstoy himself who was coming to dinner.

"He will remember," said Franklin. "Don't worry."

They walked through a jumble of people in wheelchairs who were waiting to get into the television room. Annie saw a cart with juice and apples on it and a stack of the kind of Styrofoam cups they used at Frog's nursery school. The old people sat in lacy patterns against their metal chairs. Their voices were strong, though. Many of them said hello in voices that had come through intact from the early nineteen-hundreds.

Annie and Franklin rode up with the medicine cart, waited until it got off, and found Vukevitch's room. Franklin went in first, and Annie heard the muffled talking of men's voices. Then Franklin came to get her.

Vukevitch was sitting on the edge of his bed. Her first look at him reminded her how much she liked him. The old man put out his hand to her and said, "Doctor, I am always glad to see your lady." She leaned over to hug him and saw his curly silver hair and felt the lightness of his bones.

"Could I make you some tea?" he asked eagerly. "I am so glad you have come." Annie saw a small electric hot-water pot and a box of tea bags on the dresser. "No," she said, and smiled. He made her feel so good. "No, we're fine." He reached slowly into the top drawer of his dresser as he spoke again. "Well, then. Something. A lemon drop for each to show I am glad to see you." Annie took one and popped it into her cheek and sucked on it, relaxed and happy. Franklin smiled his thanks and put his into his pocket for Frog.

Franklin and Vukevitch talked about his health and his doctors. Franklin wanted to know if he felt well treated.

"One problem, Doctor, if you'll permit me. My memory. It goes." He paused. "Is there some trick, some game I can play in my mind to help?"

"Oh," said Franklin sadly. "There's not too much you can do about that." There was a silence. "Do you have many visitors?" he asked.

"Many?" repeated Vukevitch, and laughed. "Many? No. But good ones. Old friends. I sometimes go to a restaurant with them. But it is hard. I don't trust myself. My walking." He offered them more lemon drops.

Franklin and Vukevitch talked of literature, and Annie drifted in and out of their talk. Would it be so bad to spend your last days in a room with a person you didn't know, sharing a bathroom? Meals were served. Would a woman like it?

"Did you always prefer Tolstoy?" asked Annie, out of nowhere. "Who told you that?" Vukevitch said, laughing. "Never! Nevair! I am an old man. It is Pushkin for me, and Chekhov. Mostly Pushkin." And they all laughed.

It was time to go.

"Do you need anything?" Franklin asked at the door.

Vukevitch thought. "Schnapps," he said.

"What kind of

"I'd like to see some regular-size ties, some shirts with regular-size collars, and a pair of pants that fit in a regular sort of way."

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schnapps?" asked Annie.

"Scotch schnapps," he said.

Franklin said he'd bring some tomorrow, and they all hugged, and the Goldners finally left.

"Sh-h-h. He's recharging his batteries."

• •

SNOW came down heavily around them as they sprinted toward the bus stop. Through the snow Annie could see Franklin's colors ahead of her—brown jacket, green boots, yellow scarf. His navy-blue cap had grown white.

"Franklin?" she called. "Maybe we should take the subway?"

The snow wet her glasses so that she saw bright water dots with fuzzy outlines and felt blur all around her.

"Franklin? Franklin? Hey, listen. It's like this all the time for me." She ran a bit closer to him to be sure he could hear her. "Do you know I am baffled all day long about everything? It's as if I have snow on my glasses all the time."

I am drowning in the details of my life, she thought. Damp teaspoons put hurriedly in a drawer. Bending to a speck of dust on the carpet. A flat plastic gate from the rear of a lost dump truck in my purse. And billions of expressions on Frog's face, changing fast and delicately, never fixed, except in snapshots.

There was nothing to keep. All of life disappeared into stories, told in a moment at dinner. "My mother died when I was twenty," she'd once heard herself say over freshly baked rolls. Soon she would be older than her mother ever was. The first day beyond the days her mother had lived seemed a terrible, weighty darkness to her, a final lid coming down. How could she live that day? She remembered her—that woman who wept away the afternoons, grief in her eyes even when no tears fell. If she, too, died in the middle of her life, if she died this minute, throwing herself under the wheels of the bus that now inched its way toward them, she would die with nothing, no skill at living, no information. Baffling, baffling. Meals punctuating time and life swallowing her.

"Run," said Franklin loudly. "I see the bus."

When I am away from Frog, Annie thought, I can't even remember his face.

Franklin grabbed her hand and pulled her the last few feet to the corner. The bus door opened with a racket and they got on. It was warm in the bus. She smelled her own wet wool, like a damp ewe. Franklin put their money in the glass container and she heard it clatter down.

"Where are you, Anne?" said Franklin.

She stuck her hand out, blinded still, and let him lead her to a seat. She heard him smack the snow off his boots with his mitten.

"I live in details, Franklin," she said. "If I dropped dead, I would die right in the middle of some detail. Franklin, what will become of me?"

He said something she couldn't hear and then began to whistle. "Let's have Rosemary and Lenny to dinner tonight," he said. "To affirm life."

Annie thought of Earth and its spinning, and was amazed that soil and roots and trees and children could hang on to it so well. Perhaps she could find a place, out of the whirl of the earth, to sit and drink tea from a thin china cup. She would sit and sit in perfect quiet. She would never speak aloud there, in that heaven or death or cozy hospital or wherever it was.

She'd miss Frog, his red cheeks and red plaid bathrobe, fragrant after his bath, joy spilling out of him. She'd never known anyone so joyful as Frog. He had brought joy out with him from the womb. He had found it in her. Amazing! She had had none before, she had brought none on her own journey from her mother.

"We could have a bunch of people if you want," said Franklin.

Annie saw herself in a tall white chef's hat, juggling food to music—tossing up napkins, peeled avocados, jagged meatballs, four kinds of greens, three desserts, magically turning bones into soup, blood into gravy. She felt the tiny cell of terror that always waited within her begin to grow again.

"So how many shall we have?" said Franklin generously, offering her more than the two he preferred.

"How many?" she said softly. "None." And then, louder and louder, she said it again and again, until people turned to look: "None! None! None! None!" —KAREN SATRAN

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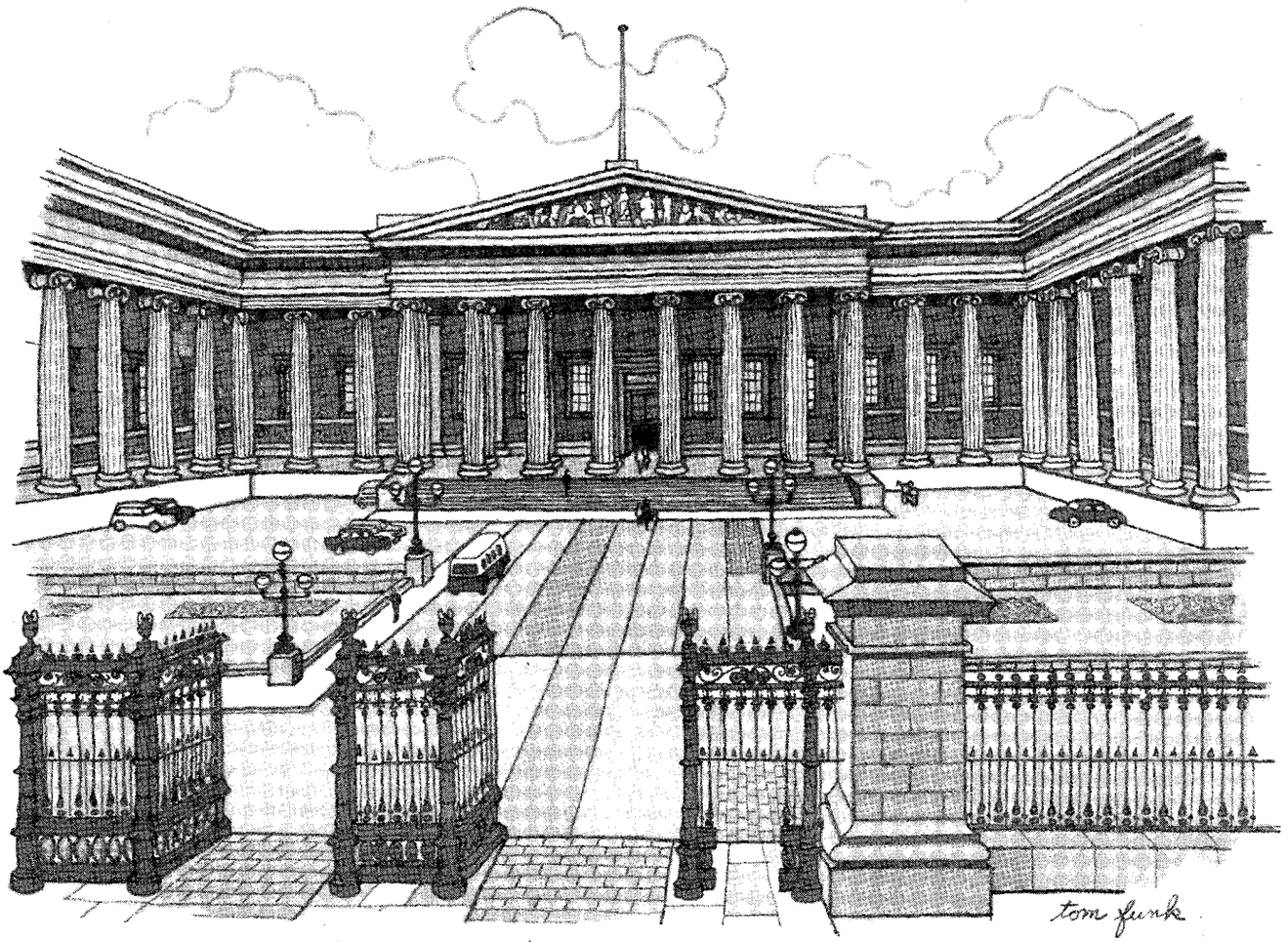
PROFILES

THE ENORMOUS MIND



OF all the emotions that the British Museum inspires in the bosoms of the three million or so visitors who pass through its doors annually—the regular searchers after some special branch of knowledge, the armies of chattering schoolchildren and students, the tourists from all over the world heading purposefully for the Rosetta Stone and the Elgin Marbles—awe must surely be the most frequently felt, at least at first sight. Love may, and often does, come at second sight, but to most pilgrims the immediate aspect of the place is awesome. In his admirable study of how the institution grew along with its architecture, J. Mordaunt Crook fondly recalled seeing an anonymous scholar, "a shabby man, wearily climbing the steps towards the haven of the Round Reading Room," who, "as he slouched beneath the portico . . . reverently kissed the columns of the colonnade." There are, however, more casual callers, never likely to be on kissing terms with the museum, who find it positively forbidding—an impression that sometimes worries the trustees, who would like to replace it by a friendlier, more inviting public image. Its austerity was certainly lessened in 1978, when a Yorkshire stone-cleaning firm scoured away the jet-black crust of a hundred and thirty years or so of atmospheric filth. The Portland stone emerged a soft gray, with the folds of the Ionic columns pleated in écru and buff; at dusk, when the floodlights in the portico are switched on, the walls behind the colonnade glow apricot. Nevertheless, many Londoners, who dislike change in their public belongings and revere grime as being a guarantee of genuine antiquity, surveyed the transformation critically and asked why "they" could not have left the museum as it was, majestically looking every sooty inch its age.

In spite of this dazzling rejuvenation, the great triple colonnade of Sir Robert Smirke's classical frontage, designed in 1823, when the fashionable Greek Revival was leaving its elegant mark on public buildings all over Britain, looms up startlingly from the cheerful low-scale muddle of ordinary Bloomsbury life across Great Russell Street—a muddle of pubs, Victorian blocks of flats, small offices, snack bars, and little shops selling books, prints, dusty curios, Georgian silver, lamb chops, cauliflowers, and souvenirs. This is not the grand Bloomsbury of the famous squares (they are not far away) but one of its comfortably worn annexes for everyday living, so that a stroller may be somewhat overpowered by coming up a narrow side street and running slap, so it seems, into the formidable magnificence of the British Museum. At that short range, it looks hemmed in, sitting behind its railings like a large, noble animal confined in too small an enclosure.

The lofty ideological background of the museum's architectural style, wrote Nikolaus Pevsner, was inspired by "the liberal humanism of the educated classes in the early nineteenth century, the spirit of Goethe." In his opinion, Smirke's new building, which replaced the old, dangerously groggy mansion called Montagu House, in which the museum had started life in 1759, "would be one of the best examples of neo-Greek in Britain if its front, with

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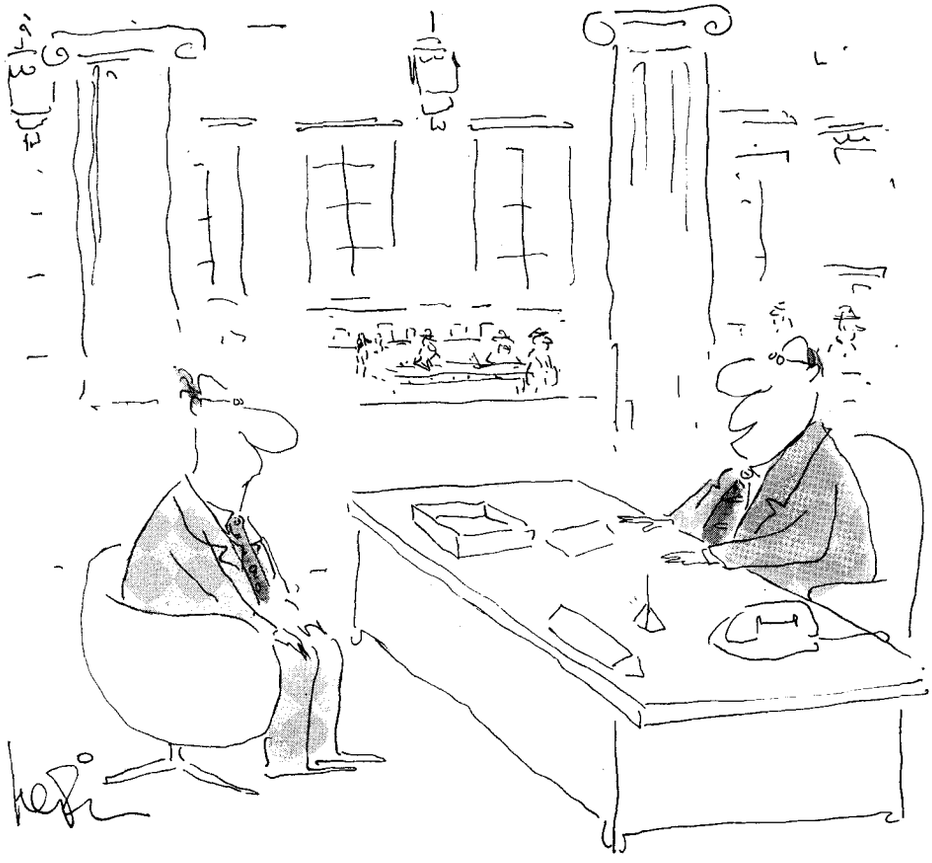
its grand Ionic order of the Erechtheum in Athens, could be seen from a distance." Like many of London's fine buildings, it has been choked by the haphazard growth of the city. At one moment in the early nineteen-sixties, it seemed as though a more spacious view were going to be opened up when an announcement was made that the little streets opposite the museum would be demolished and the long-planned National Library—a complex of previously separate libraries and services, to be headed by the library of the British Museum—would finally arise on the site, which had been earmarked for it since 1947. The Labour Government led by Harold Wilson supported the scheme until 1967, when it took the first of an astonishing series of somersaults. On October 26th, the then Secretary of State for Education and Science, Mr. Patrick Gordon Walker, informed the House of Commons that the Bloomsbury site for the library was to be abandoned. The air instantly resounded with laments and cries of outrage from Parliament, the British Museum, the press, and scholars all over the world. Where else, in the name of all that was logical, could a new National Library be put so as to serve everybody's interests best? The chosen architects, Sir Leslie Martin and Mr. Colin St. John Wilson, had already drawn up their plans. The freeholds on the site were being bought up gradually by the Ministry of Works. In the dust of battle, it was difficult to see the reason for the turnabout, but it seemed to rest on the Secretary's sudden conviction that the shabby little neighborhood was worth preserving as one of London's historic villages, from which, furthermore, several hundred residents who cherished it would be dislodged by the demolition. This judgment was challenged by a hubbub of voices pointing out that the only building of historical interest in the architecturally unremarkable area—Nicholas Hawksmoor's church, St. George's—would be preserved as a key feature of the design for the National Library, and that thousands, not hundreds, of Londoners were rehoused yearly in compliance with schemes that generally made room for more automobiles, not for a great national center of learning. Three years of furious argument later, a committee set up by the Government to look into the whole question of a National Library labored long and brought forth the decision that, sure enough, the Bloomsbury site was the best place for it after all. The Labour Government went out in 1970, the Tories came in, and the still embryonic National Library was rechristened the British Library. The Labour Government came back in 1974, and before long the planners had dropped the Bloomsbury site overboard for the second time (on the ground that the acreage was too small for the proposed building) and were looking farther afield—to a site near the old St. Pancras Station, on the Euston Road. Demolition on nine and a half acres at the Euston Road site was completed last year, and the first stage of the building, for which the Government announced a budget of seventy-four million pounds, may be finished by the end of the nineteen-eighties. Colin St. John Wilson designed the vast red brick structure now planned to house everything except the Newspaper Library, out at Colindale, and the Lending Division, at Boston Spa, in West Yorkshire. When the scheme was unveiled to the press, it met with mixed reactions. Many people admired it, many people hated it, and much criticism centered on its location. The users of the splendid old British Museum Round Reading Room, who were accustomed to finding the museum collections at their elbows when they raised their eyes from their books, in an arrangement that had lasted fruitfully and harmoniously for more than two hundred years, were not appeased by the information that the new library would be only fifteen minutes' brisk walk from the museum's back entrance. A disconsolate clamor, as of a venerable colony of rooks displaced from their home in the immemorial elms, resounded through the academic groves, and it has not been pacified.

Though the British Museum has the air of being serenely impervious to the change and decay that may affect lesser institutions, it has been through a period of upheaval during the last two decades that has brought to an end the founding fathers' concept of what the place was to be. In 1963, the British Museum Act of 1753 was repealed, at the stately pace that constitutional changes are apt to move in England, and replaced by a new act. The durable old measure for administering the then brand-new museum had set forth that its scientific and natural-history collections should be brought together with the books and manuscripts in one "General Repository," where they all were to be "preserved for publick use to all Posterity" and viewed free by "all studious and curious Persons." (The Conservative Government of Mr. Edward Heath had a short-lived, unpopular go at imposing admission charges in 1974, which Labour repealed as soon as it returned to power. The British Museum does not expect to reimpose them, however harshly the economic blizzard blows.) The new act took a modernizing look at the



"Sure we have mortgage money. It's just that you can't have any."

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composition of the board of trustees, which had been under radical fire at intervals during the nineteenth century for comprising more aristocrats than men of science and the arts. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons were no longer to be automatically the three principal trustees on a list (also to be pruned) of twenty-three ex-officio members, which had bulged with high officers of state. The act likewise put the last dot on the independence of the natural-history collections—a stately reform indeed, since these collections had left home and set up house (to Ruskin's loudly expressed sorrow at the breakup of "the grandest concentration of the means of human knowledge in the world") in a separate repository, in South Kensington, in 1881. A contemporary cartoon showed the zoological collection merrily spanking along toward the new abode in a horse bus, with monkeys and birds clinging to the roof, and amiably quizzing citizens saying "My!" from the curb.

The really enormous break, the traumatic end of the old British Museum as it had been for over two hundred years, came in 1973, when the great British Museum Library and its reference departments—Printed Books (*including the map and music libraries*), Manuscripts, Oriental Printed Books and Manuscripts, and the Science Reference Library—were removed from the Bloomsbury body by act of Parliament, to start life as part of the completely separate British Library. Until they can move into the new building, however, these departments remain at Bloomsbury, as virtual tenants of the British Museum, under the umbrella title of the British Library Reference Division. The Caesarean operation was the final acceptance of the fact that the British Museum Library was indeed splitting at the seams—or, to be more accurate, had already split. On August 6, 1757, George II gave the newly founded British Museum the library collected by his more bookish ancestors from Edward IV onward, and the gift carried with it the royal statutory right to receive a copy of every book, journal, and newspaper published in the land. For nearly a century, the trustees did not press their claim for copyright very vigorously, but after 1842, when a new and more explicit copyright act was passed by Parliament, an enormous river of print flowed steadily into the library. By the nineteen-sixties, the flood had swollen to crisis level. Today, the overspill of Bloomsbury's vast printed collections (around ten million books, growing today at the rate of half a million or so a year) is being stowed away in Woolwich Arsenal, from which the required volumes are conveyed by van to readers waiting, with various degrees of patience, under the pale-blue dome of the Round Reading Room.

The trek of the British Library Reference Division from the British Museum to the Euston Road is not expected to begin, at the most optimistic forecast, for the next ten years, and many people think it will be longer than that. Though the divorce has been made absolute, the partners still have

THE DELICATE, PLUMMETING BODIES

A great cry went up from the stockyards and
slaughterhouses, and Death, tired of complaint
and constant abuse, withdrew to his underground garage.
He was still young and his work was a torment.
All over, their power cut, people stalled like streetcars.
Their gravity taken away, they began to float.
Without buoyancy, they began to sink. Each person
became a single darkened room. The small hand
pressed firmly against the small of their backs
was suddenly gone and people swirled to a halt
like petals fallen from a flower. Why hurry?
Why get out of bed? People got off subways,
on subways, off subways, all at the same stop.
Everywhere clocks languished in antique shops
as their hands composed themselves in sleep.
Without time and decay, people grew less beautiful.
They stopped eating and began to study their feet.
They stopped sleeping and spent weeks following stray dogs.
The first to react were remnants of the church.
They falsified miracles, displayed priests posing
as corpses until finally they sneezed or grew lonely.
Then governments called special elections to choose those
to join the ranks of the volunteer dead—unhappy people
forced to sit in straight chairs for weeks at a time.
Interest soon dwindled. Then the army seized power
and soldiers ran through the street dabbling the living
with red paint. You're dead, they said. Maybe
tomorrow, people answered, today we're just breathing;
look at the sky, look at the color of the grass.
For without Death each color had grown brighter.
At last a committee of businessmen met together,
because with Death gone money had no value.
They went to where Death was waiting in a white room,
and he sat on the floor and looked like a small boy
with pale blond hair and eyes the color of clear water.
In his lap was a red ball heavy with the absence of life.
The businessmen flattered him. We will make you king,
they said. I am king already, Death answered. We will
print your likeness on all the money of the world.
It is there already, Death answered. We adore you
and will not live without you, the businessmen said.
Death said, I will consider your offer.

How Death was restored to his people:

At first the smallest creatures began to die—
bacteria and certain insects. No one noticed. Then fish
began to float to the surface; lizards and tree toads
toppled from sun-warmed rocks. Still no one saw them.
Then birds began tumbling out of the air,
and as sunlight flickered on the blue feathers
of the jay, brown of the hawk, white of the dove,
then people lifted their heads and pointed to the sky
and from the thirsty streets cries of welcome rose up
like a net to catch the delicate and plummeting bodies.

—Stephen Dobyns

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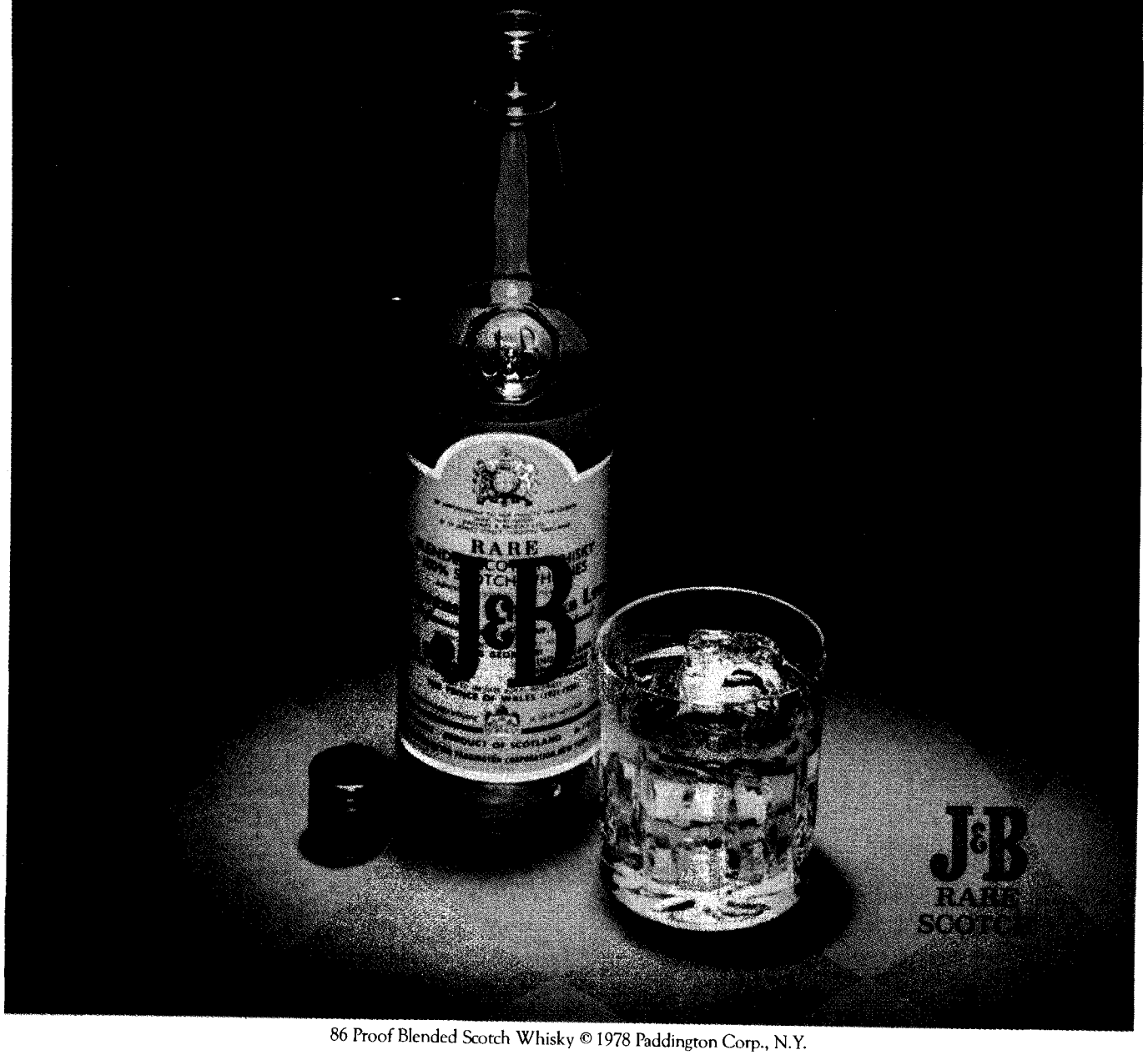
In a world where fame is fleeting, there's a reason it's been in the limelight for almost 100 years.

Rare taste.



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1978 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

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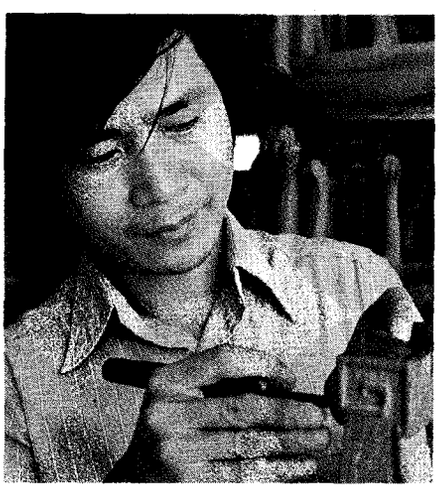
A Chinese rosewood cabinet, decorated in the traditional style.

Like his father before him, he keeps the ancient Chinese crafts alive.



He could be creating something especially for you.

You'll meet Wong Siu Kwong and many other craftsmen like him in Hong Kong.

Many fine craftsmen at work in Hong Kong inherited their creative skills from their forbears and this legacy can be appreciated by visitors in many different crafts and materials.

Wong Siu Kwong followed his father's footsteps when he was 17-years-old and today he carves in rosewood and teak. He learned his craft working side-by-side with his father and now he's an artist in his own right. His repertoire is wide, his dedication is lifelong. You feel that he produces works of art not only for your pleasure but for his own as well.

The range of traditional crafts available in Hong Kong is amazingly wide. Figures come alive in ivory, jade, soapstone and ceramic. Deft fingers embroider silk into visual feasts. Experienced brushes create communicative calligraphy on scrolls.

In Hong Kong you can have

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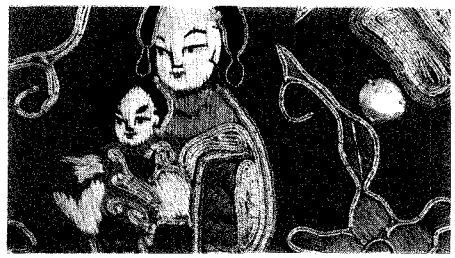
Hong Kong is the source of many a splendid thing, either ancient or modern.



Chinese embroidery is an art that's still very much alive in Hong Kong.

How does he do it? Carving a ball within a ball from a single piece of ivory.

Collect 144 of these hand-carved pieces and you've got yourself a mahjong game.

something made especially for you, with the personal touch characteristic of craftsmanship. Your special souvenir could be a handpainted dinner service, an original carpet design or a piece of jewellery created just for you.

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These carved ivory figures make gentle reminders of Hong Kong.

香港

HONGKONG

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A one...and a two...and there goes the closing number from the school pageant shuffling off to Buffalo. Or to Toledo. To wherever Mr. Show Biz happens to be hanging his top hat this week. You'll never get him to stay put. But with a call now and then you keep him close. Stay close to your faraway family and family of friends. Reach out.

Bell System

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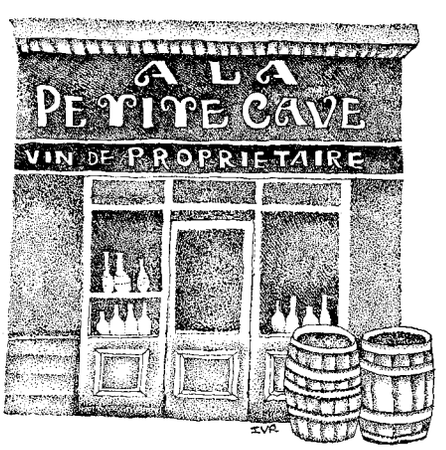
to live in the same house—a delicate situation complicated by the fact that most of the visitors pouring through the place probably have only the foggiest notion that things are not as they always have been. Letters go on arriving addressed to the British Museum Library, and this exasperates the British Library, which considers that by now the public should have been able to recognize its new face. The British Museum is equally anxious to insist that the division has taken place, but the habit of two hundred and twenty years is hard to break and will probably linger until its tenants flit forever, taking Magna Carta and Shakespeare's signature and George II's books to their new home.

AFTER I began visiting the British Museum fairly regularly not long ago, I often stopped, as I walked through the King's Library, to look at the handsome portrait bust by John Michael Rysbrack of the man who started it all, Sir Hans Sloane. There are many other versions of Sloane in London. A portrait by Thomas Murray hangs in the Royal College of Physicians, which elected him president in 1719, and Sir Godfrey Kneller painted him for the Royal Society, of which he became president in 1727. A marble statue in his own parish of Chelsea, also by Rysbrack, stands gazing approvingly around the Physic Garden, which he bought and gave to the impoverished Society of Apothecaries, who gratefully commissioned the statue. The British Museum bust, a preliminary study for it, is in terracotta, a warmer and more expressive medium, and it is a lively likeness. His long, full-chinned face, with its quizzical mouth and shrewd eyes, juts inquiringly out of the curls of his immense wig with the air of being about to ask a question. It was probably his constant expression.

Sloane was born in County Down in 1660 of a respected Scots Presbyterian family, and came to London to study medicine when he was nineteen. He never went back to Ireland. The event that set him off as a highly successful, fashionable doctor and as an enthusiastic amateur collector of, at first, botanical specimens was his fifteen-month stay in Jamaica as physician, aged twenty-seven, to the newly appointed governor, the Duke of Albemarle. His profession and his passion ran concurrently, with no wastage. He attended his patron, studied the local diseases, noted the birds, the beasts, and the insects, and came home with eight hundred species of plants and the material for a two-volume "Voyage to Jamaica with the Natural History of the Island," which he wrote in middle life. By the time he wrote it, all doors were open to him. Volume I was dedicated to Queen Anne—he was one of the physicians at her deathbed—and Volume II to George I, who had made him a baronet. He persuaded George II's Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales, to consent to his trying the newfangled inoculation against smallpox on her children, though six charity orphans from St. James's parish had to be guinea pigs first. The ladies liked him, but so did the men. Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Isaac Newton, and John Evelyn were among his friends. Samuel Pepys was a friend and grateful patient. His fellow-members in the Royal Society included Locke, the philosopher; Halley, the astronomer; and Ray, the botanist.

Sloane was a true man of his inquiring age. He had plenty of money and an insatiable curiosity. Between whirling by coach from one noble bedside to another and treating poor patients for nothing, he found time to put that alert nose into a prodigious number of things. The quotation on the flyleaf of the first volume of his Jamaican history was from the Book of Daniel: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." For the founder of the British Museum, it was a good text. He ran until old age slowed down his legs but not his mind. An elephant brought to London by the East India Company dies, and Sloane has the corpse lugged around to his garden, where he and a friend dissect it. He invents a healthful drink, Sir Hans Sloane's Milk Chocolate, and also a remedy for the bite of a mad dog, and dispenses an ointment for sore eyes which contains vipers' fat. All this time, his collections were growing far beyond their original botanical and scientific content. Cataloguing them and arranging them must have been a constant labor. They included classical antiquities, ethnological material, and, by the time of his death, in 1753, a library of over forty thousand volumes. His Dürer drawings are among the splendors of the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum today. He added to the collections ceaselessly, by purchase either from friends and admirers (Benjamin Franklin, working in London in 1725, sold him a purse made of asbestos) or from seagoing men, who were instructed to keep a sharp lookout for anything that would interest Sir Hans Sloane. Several fellow-collectors, anxiously wondering what was to happen to their great natural-history accumulations after their death, bequeathed them to him as the worthiest guardian. The stream of acquisitions poured in.



Sir Hans' "noble repository of rarities" became famous. "I went to see Dr. Sloane's curiosities," Evelyn noted in his diary for April 16, 1691, reporting them "very copious and extraordinary." Before many years had passed, a visit to the repository had become an obligatory part of a trip to London for distinguished foreigners. Voltaire called, and so did Linnaeus, then a young man, to inspect Sloane's herbarium, which now fills three hundred and thirty-seven large volumes in the Natural History Museum, in South Kensington. (In the Second World War, a seed in the Sloane collection there responded gallantly to the watering it received from firemen fighting the blitz, and belatedly sprouted.) Handel, according to a well-known anecdote, came to tea and angered his host by resting his hot buttered muffin on the cover of a precious volume he had been handed. "It put the poor old bookworm terribly out of sorts," Handel observed later, in some surprise.

In his old age, Sir Hans moved himself and his treasures from his fine house in Bloomsbury (still standing, just along the street from the British Museum) and retired, crippled but always avid for friends' gossip of the town and the Royal Society, to his country seat, the manor house built by Henry VIII in the village of Chelsea. (Sloane's name is not remembered in any of the street names of Bloomsbury, but it entered the annals of Chelsea when building boomed and houses started to cover the fields and nursery gardens. Few of the tourists going in and out of the British Museum may have heard of Sir Hans Sloane, but they could probably pinpoint Sloane Square on their maps, and they might know Hans Crescent as a useful shortcut from Harrods to the shops in Sloane Street.) The Prince and Princess of Wales—Fred-

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"Well, the old body checks out. Now let's see what Doc Atkins here makes of the old mind."

• •

erick and his Augusta—called on the old man there one June morning in 1748 to pay their respects. The Prince, so the *Gentleman's Magazine* reported, sat down beside Sir Hans and chatted amiably for some time before going through the rooms. When he left, he dropped a broad royal hint on how much "so magnificent a collection" would benefit learning, and "how great an honour will redound to *Britain*, to have it established for publick use to the latest posterity."

When Sir Hans died, aged ninety-two, on January 11, 1753, he left everything to King George II for the nation, desiring that the collections might "remain together, and not . . . be separated . . . in and about the city of London, where I have acquired my estates." In exchange, twenty thousand pounds—not a quarter of their value, he added—was to be paid to his two daughters, who may possibly have felt that they would have preferred the collections. The first reactions to the bequest were not exactly glowing. The King, as reported by Horace Walpole, "excused himself," saying cautiously that he doubted if there was that amount of money in the Treasury. Sloane had been careful to stretch a good, tough safety net under the offer. If the Crown declined it, it was to be made, in turn, to the Royal Society, Oxford University, the College of Physicians of Edinburgh, and the Royal Academies of Science of Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Madrid.

THE British Museum might never have seen the light of day—or not precisely in that unique form—if it had not been for the Speaker of the House of Commons, Arthur Onslow, and a lucky combination of events. Speaker Onslow was a worried ex-officio trustee of the great Cotton library of manuscripts, or what remained of it. It had been presented to the nation in 1700 by the grandson of Sir Robert Cotton, a scholar of, rather unusually, ample means and leisure, who began as a young man, just down from Cambridge in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, to devote both these resources to searching out the medieval manuscripts, the chronicles of pious lives, and the records of ownership of land and property that had been scattered by Henry VIII's suppression of the monasteries where they had been preserved. Among the monuments of English history and the English tongue that he rescued were the Lindisfarne Gospels, the manuscript of "Beowulf," the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," two of the four copies of Magna Carta, and a mass of medieval and Tudor state papers. *His* portrait bust, bearded and ruffed, stands on a pedestal in the King's Library at the end opposite Sir Hans Sloane's.

The eighteenth-century state received the wonderful gift of the Cotton collection with lamentable indifference and stinginess. For thirty years, it was bundled away in conditions that sound like a conservator's worst nightmare, housed, with only the minimum of knowledgeable supervision, in various crumbling or unsuitable private mansions, exposed to damp or to dusty dryness, with probably a little mouse-nibbling thrown in, and, finally, to fire and water: in 1731, nearly a quarter of the volumes were "burnt to a Crust," as a subsequent report described, or else ruined by the hearty efforts of the firefighters to put out a blaze that gutted the building to which they had been moved in the cheerful belief that it was a better fire risk than their previous lodging. Speaker Onslow had hurried to the scene and had helped to smash cases and hurl charred books out of the windows. He could therefore speak strongly of the dangerous neglect of the national property in a speech to the House of Commons some twenty years later, when he urged that the terms of Sir Hans Sloane's will be gratefully accepted, and that the seventy-nine thousand five hundred and seventy-five items in the Sloane collection be housed with Sir Robert Cotton's library in a worthier "General Repository." Furthermore, he proposed that the Harleian collection of manuscripts and medals, which had just come into the market, be bought and added to them. This collection was part of the encyclopedic, far larger and more magnificent library formed in the first half of the eighteenth century by two aristocratic collectors in the grand manner more often found in France—Robert Harley and his son, Edward, the first and second Earls of Oxford. Their ardor and their purse had no apparent limits. At last, however, the princely scale on which they employed agents to scour the Continent for them began to reduce even such a prodigious fortune. Edward's widow was forced to sell the printed books to a London bookseller, for whom Samuel Johnson wrote the catalogue of the later sale of this "universal Receptacle of Learning." She and her daughter offered the manuscripts to the nation at the patriotically low price of ten thousand pounds.

Parliament accepted the Speaker's proposals, after a bit of dickering as to how much money for coal and candles and other upkeep expenses Sir Hans' collection would require. For once, it moved with surprising speed. The act marrying Dr. Sloane's books and curiosities to the Cotton and Harleian libraries was passed less than six months

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after Sir Hans' death. He, Sir Robert, and the Harleys are regarded as the fathers of the British Museum, but Speaker Onslow and the House of Commons were certainly its accoucheurs, and after a lottery to raise funds had been held, the British Museum found itself launched with the surprising sum of ninety-five thousand one hundred and ninety-four pounds eight shillings and twopence in hand.

It opened its doors to the public six years later, on January 15, 1759, in Montagu House, on the site of which Sir Robert Smirke's museum was eventually to rise. The new board of trustees, casting about for a repository, had decided on this mansion after a brief flirtation with the idea of Buckingham House, which later, remodelled by John Nash, became Buckingham Palace. So Sir Hans' collection made the return trip from Chelsea to Bloomsbury and was settled in the once splendid town house built by a Lord Montagu who had married the widow of the Duke of Albemarle, young Sloane's first patron. Early prints show a quaint pink brick building, countrified-looking even though it was supposed to be in the elegant French style, with a cupola-crowned gatehouse. It had stood empty for some years. The expense of restoring the elaborately ornamented rooms, fitting up cases and shelving, and flattening a whole metropolis of molehills that had taken possession of the seven and a half acres of formal gardens proved greater than the purchase price. Less than half the proceeds of the lottery remained to be invested and provide the museum with a shoestring income for staff salaries and everything else. The recurring key word in the reports of the early trustees' meetings is "frugal," and nothing changed for many years to come.

However, things went along merrily for the opening. The Sloane curiosities, henceforth to be known as the Department of Natural and Artificial Productions, were mostly displayed in the handsome second-floor rooms. The weary Cotton manuscripts at last came to rest and were dried out. The King, maybe as reparation for his chilly reception of Sloane's bequest, had presented the new institution with the stunning housewarming gift of his royal library, so that when George III came to the throne the royal shelves were bare and his librarian had to start again from scratch. In the first trickle of what was later to be a flood of presents and bequests, the family of a Colonel Lethieullier offered some Egyptian antiquities, including two mummies, and a stuffed pelican. The British Museum was in business.

The visitors who found their way to Bloomsbury did not come in anything approaching a flood for a very long time. Though the statutes laid down that "all studious and curious Persons" were to be admitted free, the trustees seemed to wish to make it hard for the right people, and absolutely impossible for the wrong people, to get into the place at all. The museum was open only three days a week (daily opening would not arrive for a hundred and twenty years), and an intending visitor had to book an entry ticket well in advance—a complicated and tedious business. If the Principal Librarian (the title of the museum's chief officer lasted until Sir Edward Maunde Thompson became Principal Librarian *and* Director in 1898; after the British Library was severed from the museum, in 1973, the title of the museum's chief became simply Director) considered that the applicant's name and address sounded respectable enough, a ticket was eventually issued, but only ten people were allowed inside in every hour, and parties could consist of not more than five people. The idea of letting in the general public of "all Ranks and Denominations" aroused qualms for the safety of the collections, not to mention the museum staff. If workingmen were admitted, might they not be in liquor? And if they were, ought not at least two justices of the peace and the constables of the Bloomsbury division to be on hand, in case of nasty incidents? The worry that the well-to-do might be put off by rubbing shoulders with the common people, however studious and curious, lasted for many years. In 1835, the Principal Librarian, Sir Henry Ellis, informed a committee inquiring into the perpetual criticism of the museum's remaining closed on public holidays that opening over Easter would surely bring "the more vulgar class" thronging into the galleries, to the annoyance of "the more important class of the population," who certainly did not come to Bloomsbury to be crushed by ignorantly gaping crowds.

One reason—finance again, of course—for limiting visitors to Montagu House was the shortage of able-bodied staff who could deal with any troublesome customers who turned up. There were only seven officers, including the Principal Librarian, and they were mostly elderly clergymen and nonpracticing physicians, who were wretchedly paid but were given free lodging in the museum. A Miss Catherine Talbot, who visited Montagu House in 1765, wrote to a woman friend describing a sort of Sunset Home where "a number of learned and deserving persons" pottered happily about at their not exactly demanding

"What I value most in Nora is her sense of humor."

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duties. "These have comfortable apartments in the wings," she wrote, "and a philosophic grove and physick garden open to the view of a delightful country, where at leisure hours they may improve their health and their studies together." When they emerged reluctantly from their philosophic grove to escort the visitors through the rooms, the tours were conducted on the double. The guaranteed sober and respectable citizens whom we see in contemporary prints with their wives, along with their well-behaved little boys and girls sticking close to the maternal flounces, were given no more than half an hour or so in which to take in all the wonders. Foreign visitors, with their deplorable vivacity, often complained of this, and of the bewildering mixture that old Montagu House contained. Under painted ceilings where gods and rosy nymphs sported, three enormous stuffed giraffes—father, mother, and baby—gazed superciliously down at the human family parties being whirled past them. Olympus and Africa—it was a sample of the surprising mingled flavors in the enormous ragout. Classical busts glimmered alongside the fringes and feathers of the noble savage. Captain James Cook brought back from a voyage a Tahitian mourning dress, which he presented to the museum's growing ethnographical collection. (This collection expanded to such unwieldy proportions during the Victorian and Edwardian eras—when, as J. Mordaunt Crook writes, "the flotsam of empire turned into an anthropologist's dream" was drifting back to Bloomsbury thick and fast—that most of it had to be stowed away in the basement. Captain Cook's Tahitian dress went along in 1970 when the enthnographical collection at last decamped, temporarily, to an imposing Italianate building on Burlington Gardens—it had been built by Sir James Pennethorne in the eighteen-sixties and had originally served as the London University Senate House—and became the extremely popular Museum of Mankind.) Sloane's butterflies and herbarium, the Cotton manuscripts, and the Harleian manuscripts and medals were partnered by portraits, gems, fossils, coins, Colonel Lethieullier's pelican, and such curiosities as one of the horns that had sprouted from the maidenly forehead of a Miss Mary Davies. Few of the exhibits were labelled. "Nothing is in order, everything is out of its place," wrote an exasperated visitor, Barthélemy Faujas de Saint-Fond, in 1786. The reading room was dark and damp, and seldom attracted more than half a dozen readers, gloomily waiting for requested volumes in the "stillness and solitude" noted approvingly by the poet Thomas Gray, who found it excellent for work. Nevertheless, he cast his melancholy eye on the museum's shaky financial position and predicted that "all the books and the crocodiles will soon be put up to auction."

This did not happen, but frugality was still the watchword. The trustees had to apply constantly to Parliament for more funds. For many years, they received two thousand pounds every other year, grudgingly increased to three thousand. No purchases could be made from such a pittance; every spare penny went into patching up Montagu House. The eighteenth-century visitors had thought it the height of splendor and elegance, but by the early years of the nineteenth century the public agreed with the scathing opinion of a German visitor, Prince Pückler-Muskau, who came to Bloomsbury in 1826 and wrote that it was "a miserable building." Its style was suddenly found to be of the worst period of French architecture. Educated Regency taste admired nothing that was not classically chaste and noble. Moreover, the old mansion, like a decaying elm, was beginning to shed bits of itself on the heads of the passersby. A stone vase tumbled off the roof onto somebody's carriage. The gods and goddesses on the ceilings lost their immortal bloom and had to be expensively restored. The ancient floors groaned beneath the new weights that were laid on them; dry rot threatened the collections. These had grown out of all knowledge, and so had the number of visitors. The days of convoys of five being steered through the museum were past. The single spies now came in enthusiastic, complacently patriotic battalions—over eleven thousand a year in 1805, over forty thousand in 1817—to look at the new national possessions.

Prince Pückler-Muskau was also critical of the "strange '*Mismach*' of works of art, natural curiosities, books, and models" that were jumbled within. But what a splendid *Mismach* it had

become! Horace Walpole had predicted that, in spite of the shortage of money, the museum would grow vastly, as Sir Hans' curiosities had grown—because other collectors perceived that it was the worthiest repository for their treasures. A collector who had the British Museum in mind when drawing up his will, Walpole wrote, would have the pleasing feeling "that he was collecting for his country." Some of the acquisitions were such bequests, some were purchased after Parliament, often with a good deal of reluctance, voted supplementary grants. Sir William Hamilton, the British Ambassador to the Court of Naples, sold the museum his first collection of Greek vases in 1772. Large crowds came to gaze proudly at the Egyptian antiquities that had been excavated by the archeologists accompanying Napoleon on his campaign, and had been "acquired by His Majesty's victorious Arms" over the French at Alexandria in the document of surrender in 1801. So, by the accident of war, the Rosetta Stone arrived at Montagu House and had to be put with the rest of the massive sculptures in sheds in the garden, like wonderful, embarrassing wedding presents that cannot be got through the door. The Townley Marbles turned up next, in 1805. They were a famous collection of Greek and Roman statuary formed by Charles Townley, a wealthy Lancashire gentleman. Like Sloane in his generation, Townley was a true man of his age of cultivated, enthusiastic dilettante collectors. Dinner guests at his hospitable town house, in Park Street, Westminster, must have found it hard to concentrate on the conversation or on their plates in a dining room crammed to distraction with enormous caryatids, drunken satyrs, and frenzied maenads. Zoffany painted him in his library with some of his connoisseur friends and his dog, a shaggy animal philosophically napping in the lee of a well-turned, silk-stockinged, living Townley leg, amid such a confusion of pointing marble noses, bosoms, and ringleted heads that one wonders how the party ever found its way out of the place, let alone a book on the shelves. Mr. Brian Cook, the present Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, has pointed out in an article on the Townley collection that the library was certainly not arranged like that, for "statues weighing a ton or more are not moved around a house at the whim of a portrait painter, however eminent," and many of them are known to have stood elsewhere in the Park Street house. Zoffany simply painted the finest pieces in other rooms

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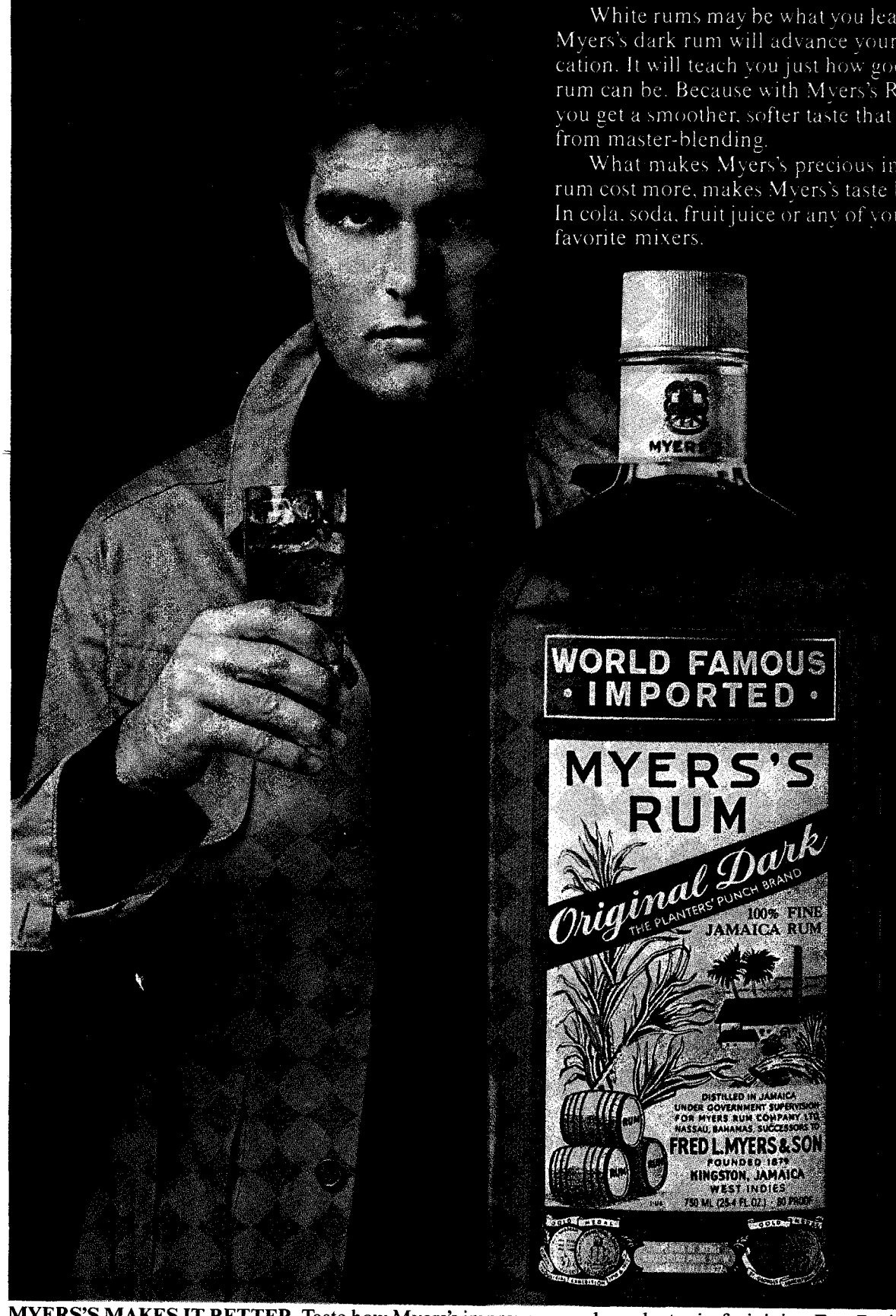

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and made a sort of collage of them around his Conversation Piece. Townley intended to leave his statues to the British Museum, but he changed his mind just before he died, in 1805. The trustees managed to screw Parliament up to finding the money to buy the collection from his heirs and to build a gallery onto Montagu House where it could be shown.

The acquisition that temporarily eclipsed the Townley collection and raised to fever point the educated British public's romantic infatuation with the noble and nude and antique was the purchase of the Elgin Marbles, in 1816, which followed hard on the heels of the Phigalian Marbles, discovered by the future architect of the new Ashmolean Museum, C. R. Cockerell. "The effect of the Elgin Marbles on taste in England was nothing less than revolutionary," Brian Cook has written. They had been removed with great difficulty from Athens in the early years of the century and sent to England by the seventh Earl of Elgin, British Ambassador to the Sublime Porte of Constantinople. It was a drastic one-man conservation operation to save them from being destroyed—a disaster that, the Earl reported, had befallen untold numbers of classical sculptures, ground up thriftily into mortar for house-building by the Turks. His action started a controversy, which crops up now and then today in the correspondence columns of the newspapers, between those who deplored the spiriting away of the marbles from Greece as sacrilege and those like a correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1810, who ended his approving remarks by declaring, "Instead of affectedly lamenting that he stripped Athens of what remained, we should rather lament that he was not there to strip it sooner." When the divine horses of the Parthenon arrived in England, they were first exhibited to a select public in "a damp, dirty penthouse" at 6 Park Lane. After the museum's trustees agreed unenthusiastically to their purchase, there was no space for them at Montagu House. For many years, in the words of the late Arundell Esdaile, a former secretary of the British Museum, "they were not so much housed as stabled." In 1813, Robert Smirke, an immensely successful, socially well-liked, and politically astute thirty-three-year-old architect, was called in to design a temporary lodging for the sculptures. He had won the coveted post of one of the three architects (the two others were John Nash and John Soane) attached to the Office of Works, the government department that looked after the fabric of official buildings and commissioned new ones. A contemporary print of Smirke's prefabricated temporary gallery for the Elgin Marbles shows a bleak-looking construction, its high timber ceiling supported by a maze of cast-iron crossties, which resembles a small hangar. In spite of his warning that it was extremely combustible and that the Marbles risked sharing the earlier fate of some of the Cotton manuscripts and being burnt not to a Crust but to featureless lumps of mortar that only a Goliath could heave out of the window, they stayed safely there until 1831, when his elegant permanent gallery for them was completed.

IN 1823, Smirke won the commission to design new quarters for the British Museum. Progress was slow, bedevilled by constant delays, criticisms, and thundered Treasury demands for "the most rigid and severe economy." George Scharf, a German artist who settled in London after the Napoleonic Wars, made a series of delightful watercolor sketches, now in the Department of Prints and Drawings, which record the last days of Montagu House and the bustle and dust of the building site as Smirke's Temple of the Muses grew alongside it. In Scharf's meticulous drawings, to which he added notes and measurements, we can see the underpinnings of cast iron and concrete with which Smirke, a pioneer in the use of both, supported the great columns of his colonnade, which today, seen floodlit and superb on a summer evening, seems to float airily in space. Work on the southern façade, one of the last segments of the museum to be constructed, had begun in 1841. The workmen, in caps, and the master masons, in top hats, are hammering and chiselling away at the Portland-stone bases of the pillars. "There will be forty-four Columns to the Facade, and ten thousand tons of Stones used, as Mr. Baker the Builder, told me," Scharf notes. "Poor condemned Montagu House," as Charles Lamb called it, stands rather forlornly, like a broken-down horse with drooping head, to the left of all the excitement going on around the towering new building. It was at last demolished. The frescoes were stripped from its rooms and bought by the canny old lodgekeeper; no one knows what happened to them.

The southern façade of the British Museum was completed in seven years. It had been suggested by somebody that the central pediment be crowned with the royal arms; the use of the arms had been granted by the mon-

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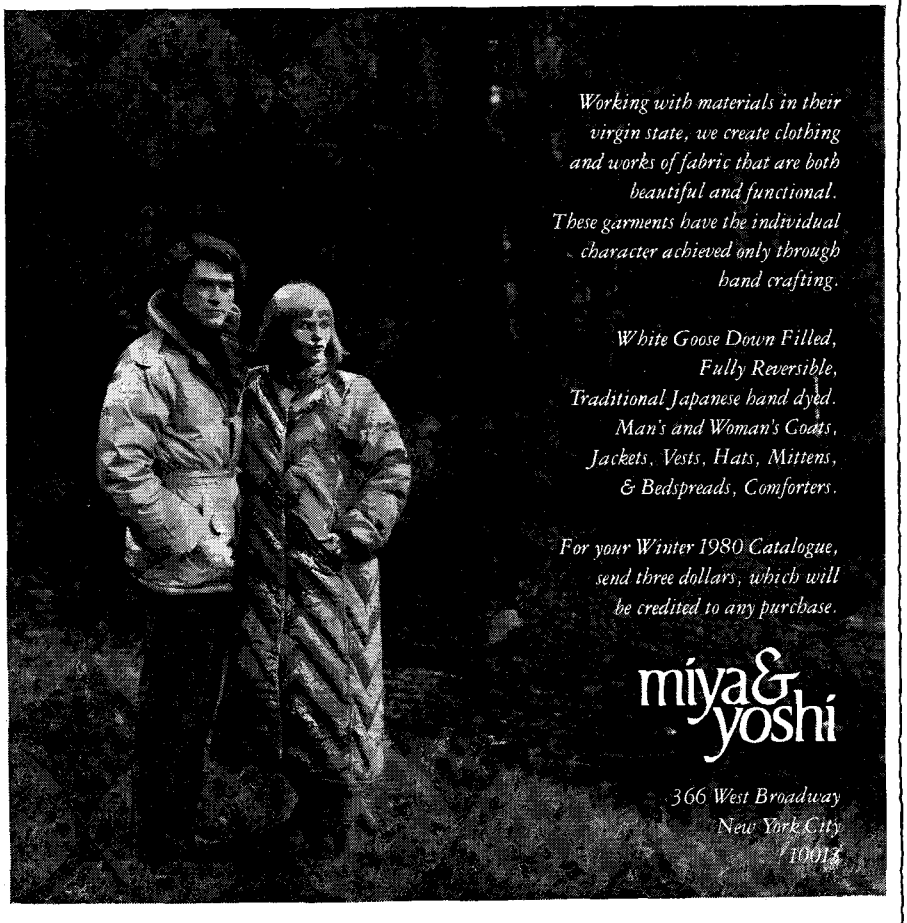

arch to the museum along with the right to wear the Windsor livery on state occasions. Instead, Richard Westmacott was commissioned to fill the space with an allegorical group, which he named "The Progress of Civilization." Westmacott (he became Sir Richard) was the museum's resident sculptor, on whom the trustees respectfully relied for "artistic" advice, as though they were an unintellectual family deferring to the opinion of a nephew who had "done" Florence. Sometimes the advice was said to be poor. One archeologist—Sir Charles Fellows, the discoverer of the exquisite Lycian Marbles—complained bitterly, when he emerged from Asia Minor in 1845 and followed the first consignments back to the British Museum, that Westmacott had enjoyed a perfect field day before his arrival arranging them "artistically" in totally unrelated confusion. Westmacott's pediment sculptures are said to depict man in a state of pagan ignorance, still supinely consorting with some charming animals but struggling upward to a central constellation of the arts and sciences, dominated by the commanding female figure of Astronomy, holding a golden orb. The group came up handsomely in the 1978 cleaning, and the gilt glitters in the sunshine. Puzzled tourists, directing their cameras toward it, sometimes wonder what the seated figure of, apparently, a conventionally bearded and robed Christ, thoughtfully gazing downward, is doing in this company. In reality, the mysterious figure represents Mathematics, presumably deep in calculation.

In 1846, Sir Robert Smirke retired from practice, leaving his younger brother, Sydney, to finish the museum. It had been estimated that the structural work might cost two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. In 1852, when the work was more or less completed but the Round Reading Room had not been added, the expenditure of the Treasury totalled eight hundred thousand pounds. The museum had cost Sir Robert more than twenty wearing years of his life. By the time of his retirement, Victorian taste had shifted from Regency neo-Greek to Ruskin Gothic, and his museum was thought by trendy critics to be as hopelessly dowdy as Montagu House had seemed. Not only that. By the middle of the century, it was apparent that his Temple of the Muses could not easily house the sudden flood of superb (and bulky) acquisitions that had poured back to Bloomsbury in the course of a couple of astonishing decades. The

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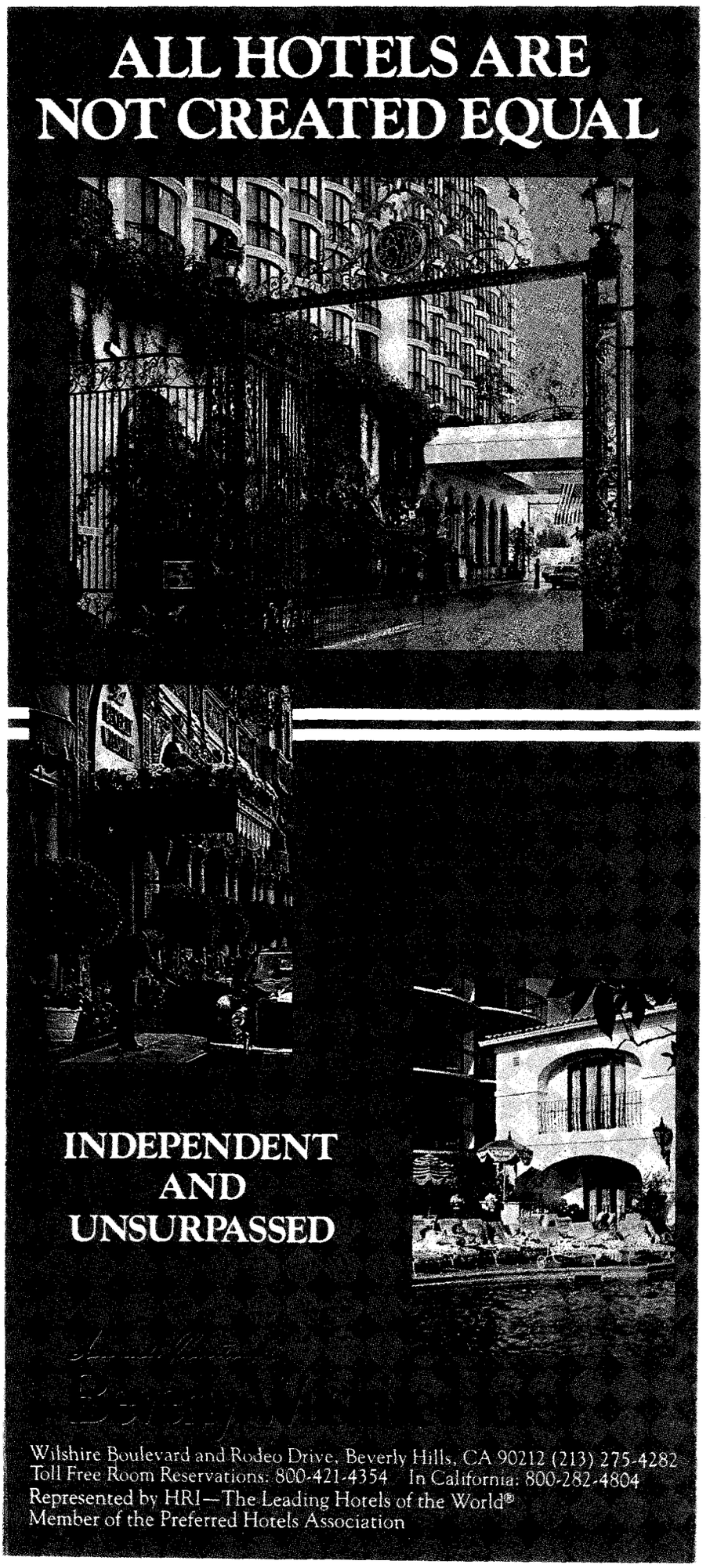
Lycian Marbles were followed by the Mausoleum Sculptures, excavated in the eighteen-fifties by Charles Newton, later the first Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities Department. In the eighteen-forties, Henry Austen Layard's gigantic winged bulls, weighing over ten tons apiece, and the rest of the Assyrian and Babylonian wonders made their slow, difficult way to London, amid tremendous public excitement. There was no real space to display any of them. The colonnade became an uncomfortably crowded waiting room for the classical statues, which stood there forlornly shivering for many years, inadequately protected by a sheet of glass from what Newton anxiously warned would be the damaging effect of London damp and fog. The trustees, casting about for what to do, were harassed, as ever, by a shortage of funds. The Treasury turned down a number of proposals for additional galleries on adjacent sites, and the process referred to disgustedly by one museum man as the "botching and tinkering of the old Building" went on. The legacy of so much historic architecture boxed into so tight a shape presented an almost insoluble problem. Robert Smirke's great colonnade was like an arm flung out in an imperial gesture forbidding any expansion to the south. An angry critic said that the British Museum was condemned to be chained forever to its pillars, like one of the victims of the gods' displeasure in antique legend. But if the museum could not grow sidewise, perhaps it might rise upward? Earlier, Sydney Smirke had suggested topping his brother's building with a third story; the proposal was rejected. Every possible site that could be used without imperilling the façade seemed to have been built over. The Principal Librarian's pleasant garden disappeared when the White Wing, faithfully reproducing the chaste neoclassical style (named not for its color but for the donor whose bequest financed it), was added, in 1884.

Suddenly, at the turn of the century, the British Museum began at last to make plans for stretching itself and breaking out of "the vast imperishable quadrangle," as an article in the *Times* described it. The Treasury, though in no mood to spend money after the Boer War, agreed to the purchase from the Duke of Bedford of the land and the houses on the north, east, and west of the museum's island site. An eighteenth-century duke had offered in 1799 to lease the open fields to the north of the museum for building, but



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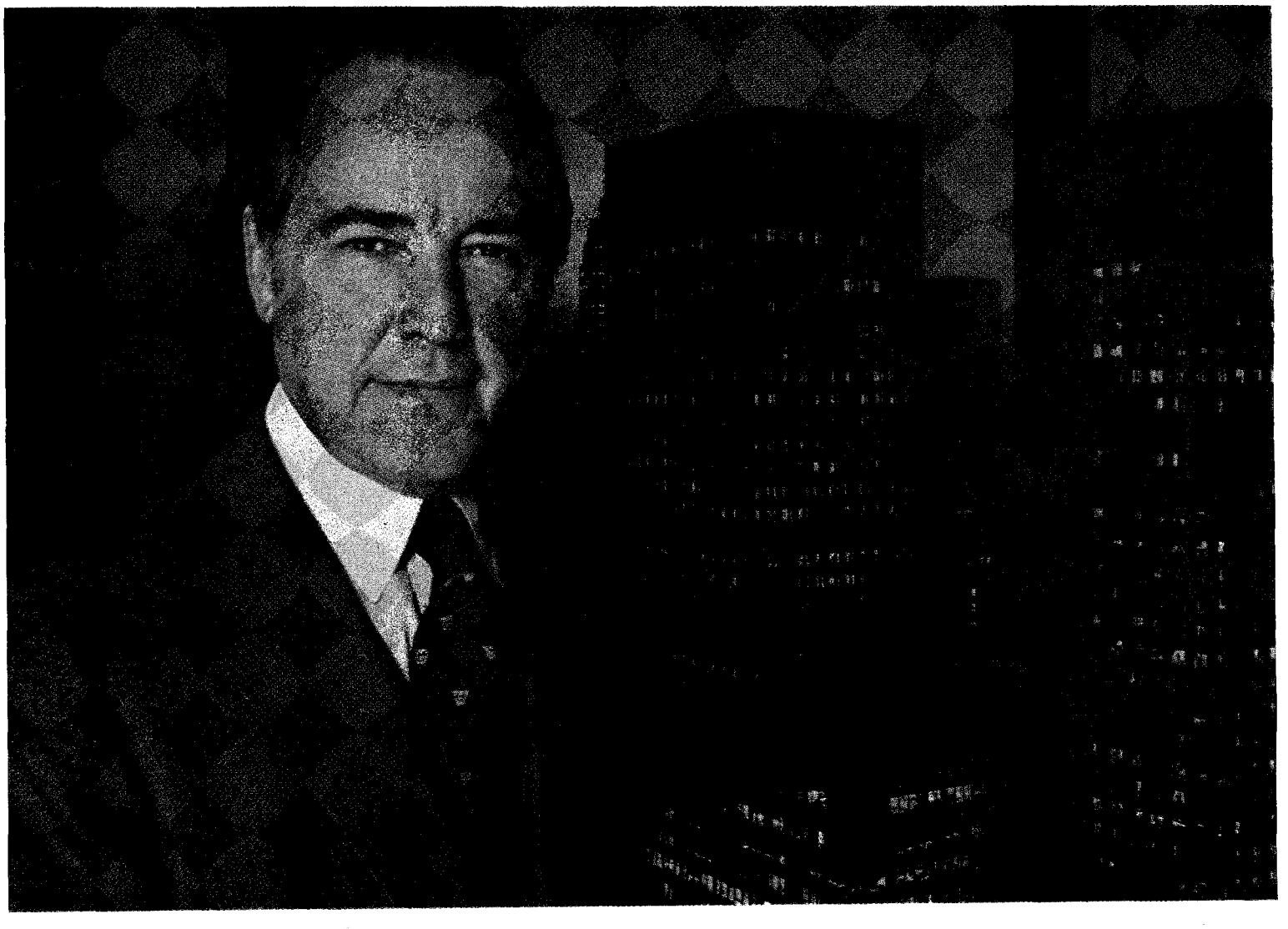

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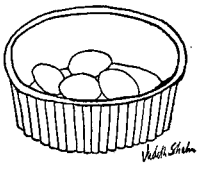
the trustees' shaky finances had forced them to lose the chance. A hundred years later, the Chancellor of the Exchequer agreed to add a hundred and fifty thousand pounds to a legacy of fifty thousand pounds from Mr. Vincent Stuckey Lean, a member of a banking family, for an extension to the north of the Round Reading Room. In 1903, the trustees commissioned John James Burnet, a well-known Scottish architect who had been trained in Paris, to design the new wing, to be called the Edward VII Galleries. The wing was opened in May, 1914, by George V—an ominously bad date for planning any further expansion. Burnet's grandiose design was to have completed the pushing out of the museum in two further wings, to the east and the west, linked to Smirke's building by a classical screen of columns. The plan disappeared from sight in the hard times of peace, greatly to the relief of present-day conservationists, more alert to threats to Bloomsbury than the Edwardians were, who blench at the thought that London might have lost a whole side of Bedford Square and other rows of fine Georgian houses. Many of the houses are now occupied by museum departments, such as the Design Office and the Education Service, and the rest are leased to tenants.

The only solution to the Bloomsbury dilemma continued to be that of any underhoused, hard-up parent who reluctantly lets some of the children depart to homes of their own. The natural-history collections were suddenly swollen in the eighteen-fifties, when the Zoological Society of London handed over the specimens from its own condemned museum. After years of heated controversy between the trustees and the Treasury, the separate natural-history establishment was built on part of the old Great Exhibition grounds—the huge Ruskin Gothic terra-cotta pile, bristling with towers and turrets, that looks across the traffic at the Victoria and Albert Museum. In 1970, the ethnographical collections, which had been uneasily sharing room first with Oriental Antiquities and then with British and Medieval Antiquities (old-school museum people grumbled that "Esquimaux dresses, canoes, and hideous feather idols" were occupying valuable space that should be displaying classical antiquities), moved to Burlington Gardens. With the departure of the British Library to the Euston Road in the next decade or two, the old, impossible dream of a great universal repository that would hold everything will have finally ended.



"THERE is in the British Museum an enormous mind . . . hoarded beyond the power of any single mind to possess it," wrote Virginia Woolf in "Jacob's Room." The time was just before the First World War. Jacob has been working all day in the Reading Room, and that evening he sits in his lodgings, still reading, smoking his pipe, while outside the rain pours down. "The British Museum stood in one solid immense mound, very pale, very sleek in the rain, not a quarter of a mile from him. The vast mind was sheeted with stone; and each compartment in the depths of it was safe and dry. . . . Stone lies solid over the British Museum, as bone lies cool over the visions and heat of the brain. Only here the brain is Plato's brain and Shakespeare's; the brain has made pots and statues, great bulls and little jewels, and crossed the river of death this way and that incessantly, seeking some landing, now wrapping the body well for its long sleep; now laying a penny piece on the eyes; now turning the toes scrupulously to the East."

Not only the first sight of the great colonnade but the thought of that hoard stored behind it is apt to crush the spirits of a newcomer. Those who are not masterly organizers and have no clear idea which compartment of the vast mind they wish to consult may easily find themselves, once inside, weaving in a dozen directions at random, ignoring the signposts that tell them where they are, sampling and hesitating like drunken butterflies, uncertain whether to settle on Greek vases or stone sculptures of Siva or a bashed-in skull still wearing a jewelled headband or the exquisite golden shrine containing a holy thorn from Christ's crown of thorns which was made for the Duc de Berry or a Michelangelo drawing, or any of the other bewildering, befuddling varieties of human experience that have been collected from the past, identified and described, and planted out here. "The British Museum is not one museum. It is twelve museums," a former Keeper once remarked. He spoke in the days before the reference departments that made up the library were detached from the Bloomsbury body. Today, he would count nine—the Departments of Coins and Medals, Egyptian Antiquities, Greek and Roman Antiquities, Medieval and Later Antiquities, Oriental Antiquities, Prehistoric and

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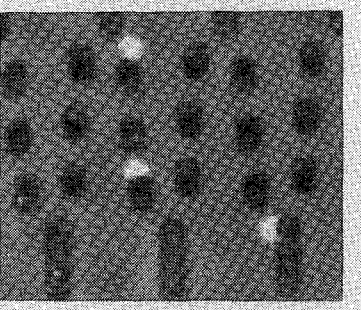

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Romano-British Antiquities, Prints and Drawings, Western Asiatic Antiquities, and, across the town in Burlington Gardens, Ethnography. Each of these could be said to rank as a separate museum in the range and richness of its possessions.

When it comes to counting these possessions or estimating values, the various Keepers usually cry off or, smiling tolerantly at outsiders who want to assess impossible equations of antiquity and scholarship as though they were pounds of sugar and pots of marmalade on a grocery list, give cautious figures. The Department of Western Asiatic Antiquities, for instance, has the most magnificent collection of Assyrian sculptured slabs in the world, excavated by Henry Austen Layard and his Chaldean Christian assistant, Hormuzd Rassam, in the middle of the nineteenth century. They unwind around the gallery walls like a superb, almost moving cartoon strip of stylized kings with spade-shaped beards, shown leading their armies into victorious battle in their chariots, hunting glorious lions, feasting with their queens in a garden where the head of a vanquished foe dangles nonchalantly, like a strange fruit, in one of the trees, and taking the air, protected by human-bodied, eagle-headed deities, who hold out toward them the cryptic magic symbols of a fir cone and what looks like a small paintpot. Dr. Edmond Sollberger, the Swiss-born Sumerologist who has written several works on cuneiform documents, including one entitled "The Business and Administrative Correspondence Under the Kings of Ur," and who became Keeper of Western Asiatic Antiquities in 1974, says that there are about three hundred slabs in the collection, and around a hundred and forty thousand cuneiform tablets. Only a minute selection of these last can be shown in the Room of Writing—large or small clay shapes (the beginnings of the British Library) scratched and roughened with close rows of a shorthand that communicated the law; the price of grain, palm groves, and slave girls; astronomical and geometrical calculations; anxiety about possibly unfavorable omens; a prescription for a bad cough; complaints that the writer's last three letters have not been answered. The past presses tightly against one's chest here, as it does throughout the British Museum.

The Department of Prehistoric and Romano-British Antiquities takes a dizzying swoop in time over more than two million years, from Paleolithic and Mesolithic erotic figurines and flints—including the axehead excavated in 1690 by a Mr. Conyers, an inquiring London apothecary, in Gray's Inn Lane, next to the apparent remains of a mammoth (one remembers Dr. Sloane dissecting the elephant in his back garden; the two men may have met)—to the Mildenhall Treasure, which was plowed up in Suffolk during the Second World War: thirty-four magnificent pieces of a silver dinner set, buried in a hurry about the middle of the fourth century after Christ, its largest platter decorated with a pagan riot of goatish figures and fleeing nymphs, which is suddenly cooled down by the Chi-Rho symbol of the early Christians engraved on three of the spoons.

The galleries of the Department of Egyptian Antiquities display the rich cream of the seventy thousand objects in the collection. Of all the countless methods of crossing the river of death that can be studied throughout the museum, the Egyptian funerary arts seem to fascinate people most. The floors of the rooms crowded with a concourse of mummies of men, women, and children, several cats, one sad, moth-eaten-looking dog, and a crocodile or two are generally shuddering with the pounding footsteps of droves of children, who rush from case to case with yips of pleasant terror. "Now, now, less boisterous, *if* you please!" comes the parade-ground voice of one of the dark-blue-uniformed guards, called warders.

If you wish for peace and quiet, you will find it in Coins and Medals, where, in the gloom, hunched-up figures stand at the lighted cases, studiously gazing through magnifying-glass screens at the tiny, brilliant points of gold and silver and at the larger, splendid medals that celebrate something—the defeat of the Spanish Armada, Waterloo, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Money has a powerful mesmeric fascination, too. Only a selection of the coins of the British Isles can be shown here, out of the department's collection of just under half a million items. The original collection, started by Sir Hans Sloane, was part of the Department of Manuscripts in the eighteenth century, it being figured that coins were manuscripts in metal, rubbed footnotes to history.

The holdings of the Department of Prints and Drawings also go back to the foundation bequest. They include today

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the largest collection of Dürer drawings in the world, and unrivalled groups of Van Dyck, Watteau, and Claude Lorrain. Though the department's contents are not as immense and all-embracing as some of the great Continental collections, its Keeper, Mr. John Gere, a genial man whose particular field is sixteenth-century Italian drawings, sidesteps a quoted guess by somebody that it contains two and a half million items ("Difficult to say what an item is, you know—it can be a single drawing or engraving, or a volume containing several hundred"), and says merely that it is vast.

The word goes on echoing through the British Museum. Its vastness sometimes overwhelms you, however jauntily you have set forth in your comfortable shoes in the morning. In the late afternoon, toward the five-o'clock closing, when the warders begin flicking out a few lights like polite hosts hinting that the hour is getting late, you see a couple of tourists in Burberrys wandering past one of the wonders of the world and throwing it the glazed, indifferent glance of people fiercely preoccupied with thoughts of a cup of tea, and tired children traipsing after tired parents, and ladies who have dropped confidingly, and literally in their tracks, at the feet of a pharaoh or a winged bull. ("No sitting on the sculptures, *if* you please.") But at ten o'clock, when the museum opens, all is expectantly bright. There is generally a queue waiting to get in—foreigners with necklaces of cameras, students, men and women clasping armfuls of books and papers, flocks of children with notebooks and clipboards being counted for the last time by a distracted young shepherd, and the occasional London eccentric, like the aristocratic-looking elderly woman, wearing layer after layer of tattered garments, a crazily skewered hat, and stockings that are a filigree of holes, who leaves the queue to take a drink, with the air of a duchess sipping Tokay, from the lion's-head basin in the portico. "The children are brought first by their teachers, but they come back later and bring their parents," according to Lord Wolfenden, who, as Sir John Wolfenden, was Director from 1969 to 1973. Even if the place slightly intimidates them when they arrive, the junior visitors begin to feel at home very quickly, not to say audibly. Later in the morning, on fine days, they line the steps in rows, like staves of excited, twittering, brightly colored birds perched on telephone wires, and bring out their lunch packets. The scene is animated, and the row is terrific. No

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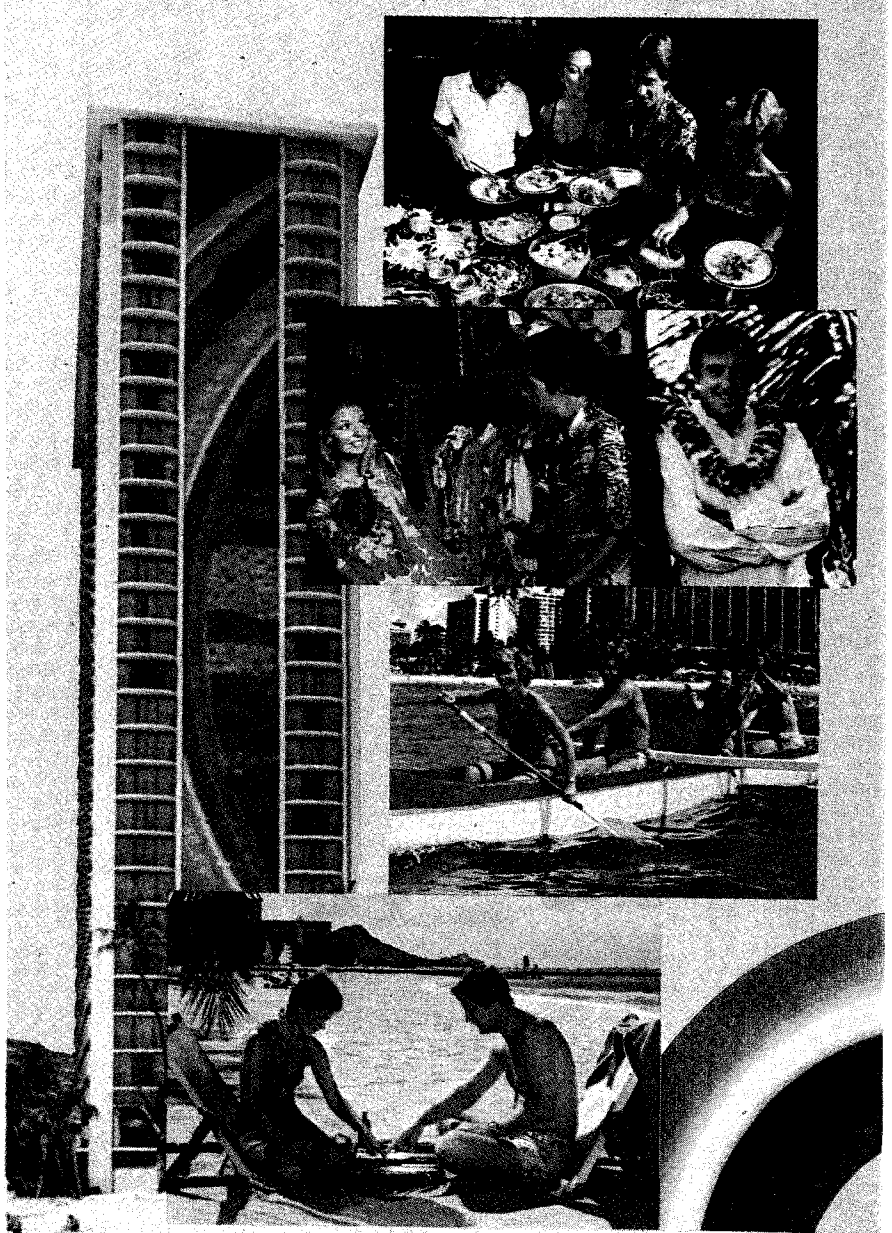

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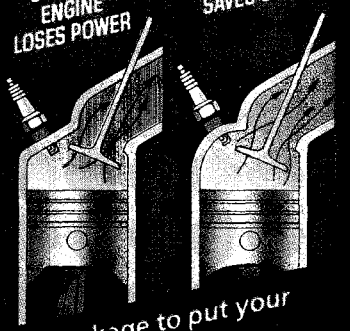

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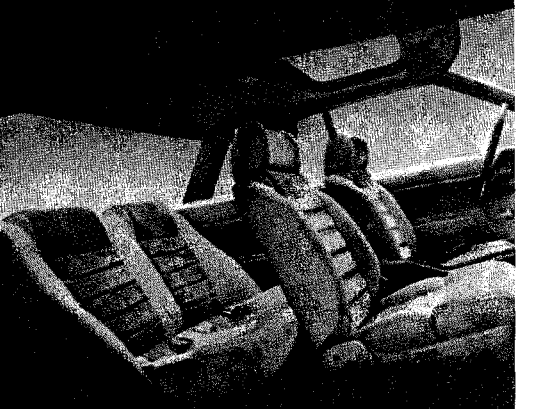

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eating or drinking (other than in the coffee shop) is allowed inside the British Museum, though it is often tried by weary family parties, who sink down on the benches in the Front Hall and attempt surreptitiously to pass round a reviving plastic beaker of coffee. Their endeavors are always amiably but firmly foiled by one of the warders, who seem to see what is going on even when the crowds are thickest, the air rings with foreign accents, and gangs of unaccompanied kids are projecting themselves through the swing doors as though from a peashooter. In 1973, women warders were employed for the first time, and the relationship between the sexes appears to be cozily good. The women wear a smart short-skirted navy uniform and the same blue shirts and ties and flat-topped caps with a crown badge as the men—a rig that occasionally, when allied to an impressive hairdo, earrings, and high-heeled patent-leather pumps, irresistibly suggests to the irreverent visitor the late Joyce Grenfell impersonating a female warder at the British Museum. For the visits of royalty or ambassadors and on other special occasions, the warders in the Front Hall blossom out in the Windsor livery that was once worn in royal establishments. The livery is navy blue with scarlet facings outlined in gold, and it used to be worn with a top hat. At museum parties for exhibition openings, one or two woman warders sport a feminine version, and they look stunning.

Before going in, all visitors have to open their briefcases, handbags, and shopping bundles for a security inspection by a couple of warders standing behind a table in the porch. London—and, indeed, all England—brims over with love for ladies of every age, and the British Museum is no exception. One of this welcoming committee of warders—a jolly type who wears his cap at a rakish angle and reminds one of W. C. Fields—has a dashing way with them. "Thank you, darling—in you go, my little sweetheart!" he cries. "Have a nice day, my dear," adding in an aside, as a party of giggling matrons heads for the swing doors, "Oh, these lovely women! They make my head whirl!" One of the museum staff once expressed to me his theory that all this was a wily tactic of chatting up the customers while giving their faces a sharp once-over, as well as their belongings. It is, anyway, a performance greatly enjoyed by all, occasionally carrying away the performer to absent-minded euphoric heights, from which he cries "Open it

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up, darling!" to a surprised German youth toting an enormous backpack hung with climbing boots and tin mugs.

THE British Museum board of twenty-five trustees includes a trustee appointed by the Queen—currently her cousin the thirty-five-year-old Duke of Gloucester, an architect who attends meetings regularly. The chairman is Lord Trend, rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, who in 1979 succeeded Lord Trevelyan, formerly (as Sir Humphrey Trevelyan) British Ambassador to Egypt, Iraq, and the Soviet Union, and a member of a family long associated with the British Museum. (Three of his forebears—Thomas Babington Macaulay, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, and George Macaulay Trevelyan, the historian—were trustees, in 1847, 1885, and 1930, respectively.) Fifteen trustees are appointed by the Prime Minister. They are, in addition to Lord Trend, Lord Annan, vice-chancellor of London University; Lord Boyle, vice-chancellor of Leeds University; Sir Arthur Drew, former Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Ministry of Defence; Sir John Addis, a retired diplomat who is a Chinese scholar; Sir Moses Finley, formerly professor of ancient history at Cambridge; Lady Hartwell, chairman of the British Museum Society; Professor L. C. B. Gower, vice-chancellor of Southampton University; Graham Carleton Greene, formerly president of the Publishers Association; Lord Charteris, provost of Eton; Sir Richard Thompson, a former Lord Commissioner of the Treasury and the only remaining "Cottonian Trustee," or family connection of Sir Robert Cotton, whose family automatically supplied two members of the board (this privilege was abolished in the British Museum Act of 1963, after which Sir Richard returned under his own steam); Sir Denys Lasdun, the architect; Professor E. T. Hall, of the Research Laboratory for Archaeology and the History of Art, at Oxford; Sir Denis Hamilton, chairman and editor-in-chief of the *Times* newspaper group; and Simon Hornby, director of the newspaper-and-bookstore chain W. H. Smith. There are also four trustees nominated (one each) by the Royal Society, the Royal Academy, the British Academy, and the Society of Antiquaries of London. They are, respectively, Lord Adrian, professor of cell physiology at Cambridge; Elisabeth Frink, the sculptor; Lord Blake, provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and a political historian; and Professor Grahame Clark, master of Peterhouse, Cambridge. The trustees themselves elect five more to their number. At the moment, they are Sir Martyn Beckett, the architect; Professor Lawrence Gowing, the painter and art historian; Professor Rosemary Cramp, an archeologist at the University of Durham; Professor Sir Edmund Leach, the anthropologist and until last year provost of King's College, Cambridge; and Sir Francis Sandilands, chairman of the Commercial Union Assurance Company.

The board meets nine times a year and takes August and September off. The meeting is always on a Saturday morning—an arbitrary fixing that one ex-trustee, answering an inquiring acquaintance not long ago, laid fairly, squarely, and somewhat irritably at the door of a nineteenth-century Archbishop of Canterbury, then (as always, until 1963) the principal ex-officio trustee. "The Archbishop was going to preach a series of sermons at St. Paul's," he said. "He didn't want to have to come up from Canterbury more than once a week, so he insisted on Saturdays for the British Museum meetings. It's entirely typical of the place that this has never changed. Things don't change there very readily. Awful bore it is, of course—mucks up the whole weekend."

A steady average of twenty-one of the twenty-five trustees always turns up for the piously observed Saturday meetings, which last from ten-thirty to lunch (a buffet spread in the Director's dining room). They meet around an enormous oval table in the boardroom, which contains portraits of all the former Principal Librarians and Directors except one, Dr. Charles Morton, a friend of Dr. Johnson's. There are fifteen of them, from the first, Dr. Gowin Knight, M.D., appointed Principal Librarian in 1756, to Lord Wolfenden, who was the last to hold the double title before the British Museum Library vanished into the British Library. His successor, Sir John Pope-Hennessy, who was Director until 1976, when he resigned and went to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, is commemorated by a sculpture—a strong bronze head by Elisabeth Frink, wearing real spectacles. At

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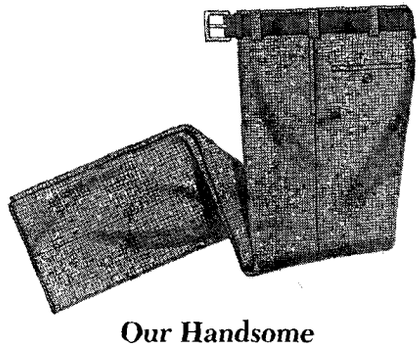

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their meetings, the trustees decide questions of policy and administration; approve appointments; discuss the program of forthcoming exhibitions to be mounted in the museum or to be sent on loan to museums or provincial cities in Britain or abroad (for instance, the Rosetta Stone was loaned to the Louvre in 1972 to celebrate the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Champollion's publication of his decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics); approve or veto any purchases that may be put forward by the Keepers of the nine departments; discuss the problems of adjusting an elderly building sitting on an island site of eleven acres to the needs of an ever-growing army of visitors besieging it; and inspect their financial position.

Museums and galleries in Britain, and particularly those in the provinces, have been battling along for many years through hard and frustrating times. The British Museum receives from the Treasury an annual running grant, which for 1979-80 is around eight million pounds, and an annual purchasing grant of one million twenty-three thousand pounds, which hardly gives much leeway in the rocketing art prices of today. In rare special circumstances—if the desired object is felt to be of overwhelming national importance—the Treasury may come across more handsomely. More often, however, the museum's purchases are likely to be supported by cash gifts from loyal friends, such as the National Art-Collections Fund, the Pilgrim Trust, the Livery Companies of the City of London, and the British Museum Society—a membership of friends of the museum who give it a bit of financial help from time to time. About six million pounds of the museum's annual running grant goes to salaries. The staff, like the number of visitors, has grown in the last ten years. It is now just over a thousand, including about a hundred in the curatorial ranks. The British Museum, unlike the Victoria and Albert, is not directly controlled by the government. It belongs to the nation and the nation's appointed watchdogs, the trustees; its employees are officially and ringingly described as Servants of the Trustees. The triennial Report of the Trustees frequently sounds a note of financial frustration. In the 1975-78 report, trenchant words were addressed to Westminster, which votes the money: "The overall figures, presented to Parliament in January 1978, of the Government's Expenditure plans give cause for most serious concern at the sums that are intended to be spent on the buildings of the national museums and galleries. We cannot, of course, comment on the circumstances of our fellow institutions, but the steep drop in totals of annual capital expenditure planned for several years from 1979 is alarming to the Trustees in its implication of reduced activity for the British Museum. . . . The Triennial Report is the medium through which the Trustees account to Parliament for the ways in which they have carried out the responsibilities vested in them. It is also the means by which the Trustees alert Parliament to difficulties which lie ahead for them in carrying out those same responsibilities. We do so now, with the request for a remedy."

On the credit side, the museum received sixty thousand pounds last year in rents from its various Bloomsbury properties. People often leave it cash bequests, but the donor whom the trustees have the best reason to remember fondly is George Bernard Shaw, who died in 1950. Shaw's will directed that his royalties up to the year 2000, when the fifty-year copyright would lapse, were to be divided among three residuary legatees—the National Gallery of Ireland, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and the British Museum (in gratitude for happy hours in the Reading Room). The legacy was a buoyant source of revenue which suddenly became a jingling torrent when "My Fair Lady" came along. The figures of the Shaw income are not made public, but Eliza Doolittle certainly accounts for relaxed attitudes around the boardroom table in spite of the Government's economy drive on museum buildings.

The museum used to run its own publications department and provide replicas of objects in the collections for sale to the public. In 1973, an entirely separate, financially independent company, British Museum Publications, was set up by the trustees to take over both operations, and Michael Hoare was brought in from the outside publishing world of Longmans to become its managing director. Its current annual turnover is around a million pounds. Its handsome volumes are on sale in the Bernard Shaw Bookshop, named in honor of the benefactor, in the Front Hall, which does a booming sale of books on the contents of the various departments, written for more or less popular consumption by members of the academic staff. These carry the un-

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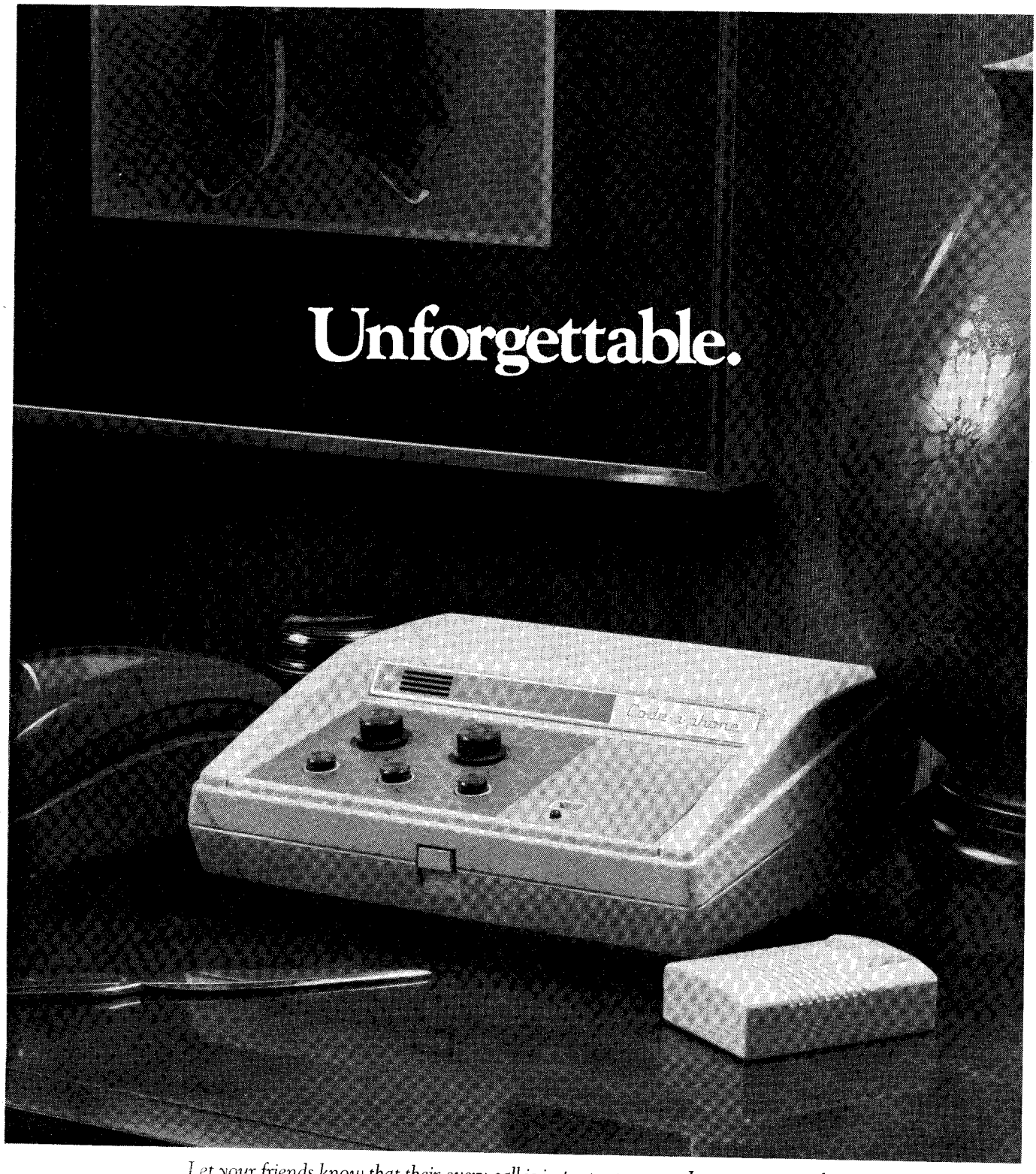

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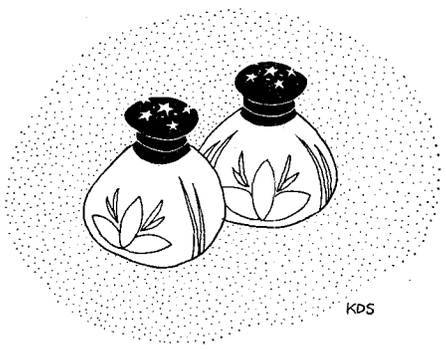
commercial publications that are the real undertakings of the British Museum—scholarly works and catalogues, such as Dr. Rupert Bruce-Mitford's definitive cataloguing of the Sutton Hoo ship-burial treasure (Volume II came out recently, priced at fifty pounds), and C. B. F. Walker's index to the fifty-volume "Cuneiform Texts from Babylonian Tablets in the British Museum." The replicas are craftsmen's copies of master casts of the antiquities made under the supervision of the museum's Department of Conservation and Technical Services. They range from Bronze Age fertility figures, Sir Walter Raleigh's personal seal, and walrus-ivory chessmen from the Isle of Lewis to large sculptures, such as the famous horse's head from the East Pediment of the Parthenon (priced at two hundred and seventy pounds) and an Aphrodite from Satala (a hundred and thirty-four pounds).

The present Director, Dr. David Mackenzie Wilson, said when talking to a visitor not long ago that he could not really remember when the last special Treasury grant for helping toward a purchase was made. "The Museum got one in 1975 to buy the Savernake Horn"—a splendidly decorated medieval hunting horn, made from a single elephant tusk, named after its provenance in the forest of Savernake, in Wiltshire—"but only by mortgaging the Medieval and Later Antiquities Department's purchasing grant for the next two or three years," he said. "Nowadays, we don't try to buy a great deal—prices are extremely high, and we have so much already. It's unlikely that we shall buy any more major classical antiquities, for instance. In the Robert von Hirsch sales not long ago, we were interested in a superb medieval bronze candlestick foot, but the Rail Pension Fund people, who were then buying art in a big way as an investment, bought it for five hundred thousand pounds, and we are unable to spend that kind of money. They have loaned it to us now, for an indefinite term. But we want to expand and complete some of the gaps in the collections and bring them up to date for study purposes by buying at prices we can afford. Nothing to make paragraphs in the media, but exciting stuff for us." Dr. Wilson, who is responsible to the board of trustees, is a fresh-complexioned, enthusiastic, readily smiling man of forty-eight. He is young for the job, which he has held since January, 1977, and he is expected to make an exceptionally free-ranging, tough, and lively Director. When he was appointed, he was professor of medieval archeology and joint head of the Department of Scandinavian Studies at University College, London. He was no stranger to the British Museum, having been Assistant Keeper from 1954 to 1964 of what was then British and Medieval Antiquities. (In 1969, the department was split up into Prehistoric and Romano-British Antiquities and Medieval and Later Antiquities.) His subjects are Viking and Anglo-Saxon art and archeology, and he is the author of numerous books with titles like "Anglo-Saxon Metalwork 700-1100 in the British Museum" and "The Vikings and Their Origins." He is a cheerfully informal dresser—on a warm morning last summer, a light-fawn Palm Beach suit, navy socks, and brown suède shoes. (Formality in attire had a long innings at the British Museum. Sir John Forsdyke, who was Director from 1936 to 1950, is remembered as the last to keep to the stately nineteenth-century tradition of wearing a hat in the museum—a battered trilby, it is true, instead of a top hat—removing it punctiliously when he passed through the Reading Room. Rather earlier, a member of the staff who turned up blithely on a Monday morning from a country weekend wearing a tweed knickerbocker suit was greeted with a scandalized "Go home and change, sir!" from his Director, who chanced to meet him in the Front Hall.) Dr. Wilson mixes easily with his staff. "Directors are two kinds—those who talk to everybody and those who don't," an old museum hand said recently. "Wilson is in the first category. Very different from one of his predecessors, many years ago, who was so infrequently seen that he was always being challenged by the warders. Highly embarrassing. They had to circulate his photograph."

The Director's office and that of the Deputy Director, Miss Maysie Webb—a tall red-haired woman with a pleasantly soft voice and a sharp eye, who looks after administration and finance—are in one of the forecourt



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wings finished by Sydney Smirke. They are unadorned gray blocks, with beautiful large-paned windows and nothing neo-Greek about their sensible English faces, which came in for some sarcastic cracks from one of the Victorian critics of the museum architecture, who thought they looked "Cockney" and "commonplace" on either side of the noble Ionic portico. Originally, every Director, and the Keeper of each department as well, resided there—a carry-over from the days of the comfortable apartments and the philosophic grove at Montagu House—but the habit was gradually discontinued. "The idea was that it was to be a sort of university quad," Dr. Wilson said recently. "There haven't been any Keepers living here for some years now. Basil Gray, the Keeper of Oriental Antiquities, was the last, and he retired in 1969. The Director who broke the chain was my predecessor, Sir John Pope-Hennessy. I don't know exactly why, but he didn't like the idea. He had a nice house, and probably he hated the thought of giving it up. Now I'm going to start living over the shop again—I'm moving back in with my family as soon as some alterations are finished. We have rather mixed feelings about it. The house is big—five floors of high-ceilinged Smirke rooms, vast windows. Very pleasant for entertaining, of course. My wife feels a bit alarmed, though. *My* immediate worry is what I'm going to do for exercise. I always walk to the museum in the morning. Now I suppose I'll have to start swimming or playing squash or something." The security of the collections is a constant preoccupation of the trustees, and though the simple days when Raffles was able to crack the British Museum are comfortingly far away, at least one trustee has expressed relief that the Director is going to be permanently on the premises once more.

The museum has further housing problems as host to an ever-increasing number of guests. The attendance figures have nearly doubled in the past ten years—a sudden huge explosion of public interest in the past, probably helped along by television, Sunday-supplement art sections, publication of auction-room records, and cheaper tourist travel. "We're delighted, of course, but three million people make all sorts of headaches," Dr. Wilson said. "When you get thousands of feet pounding over floors every day, they start wearing out very quickly. The work of keeping an eye on possible weak spots in the fabric of an old building that was never planned for such vast num-

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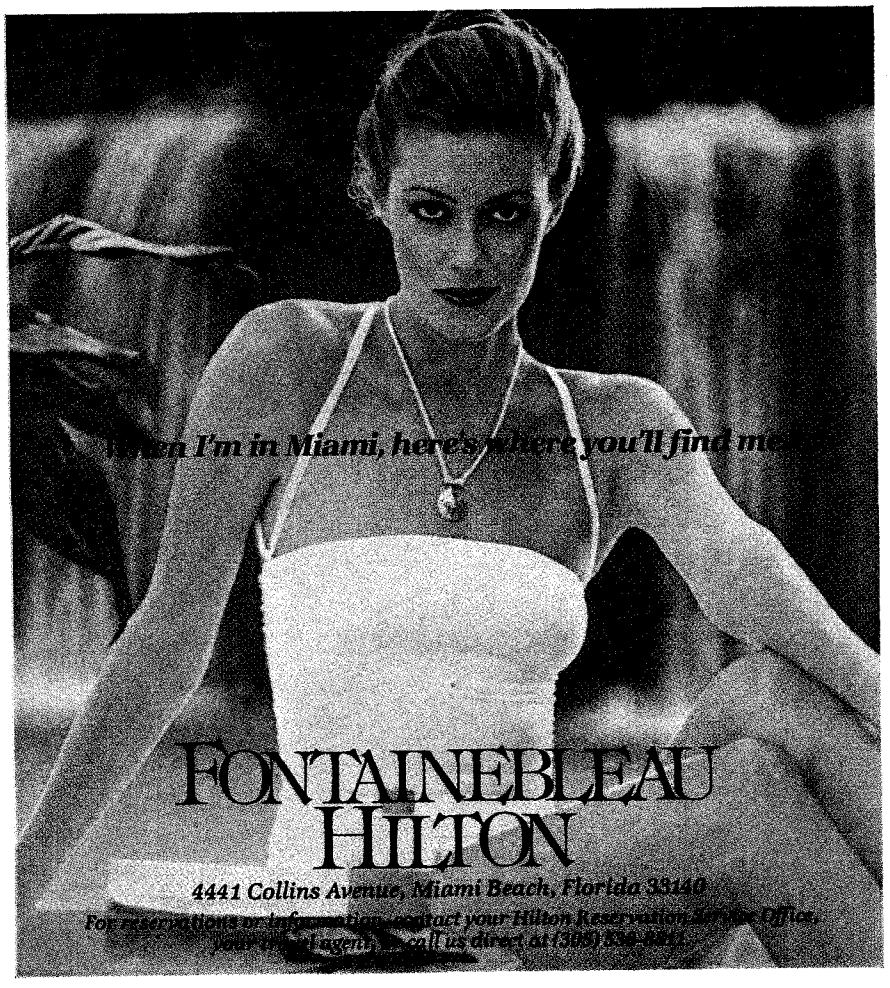

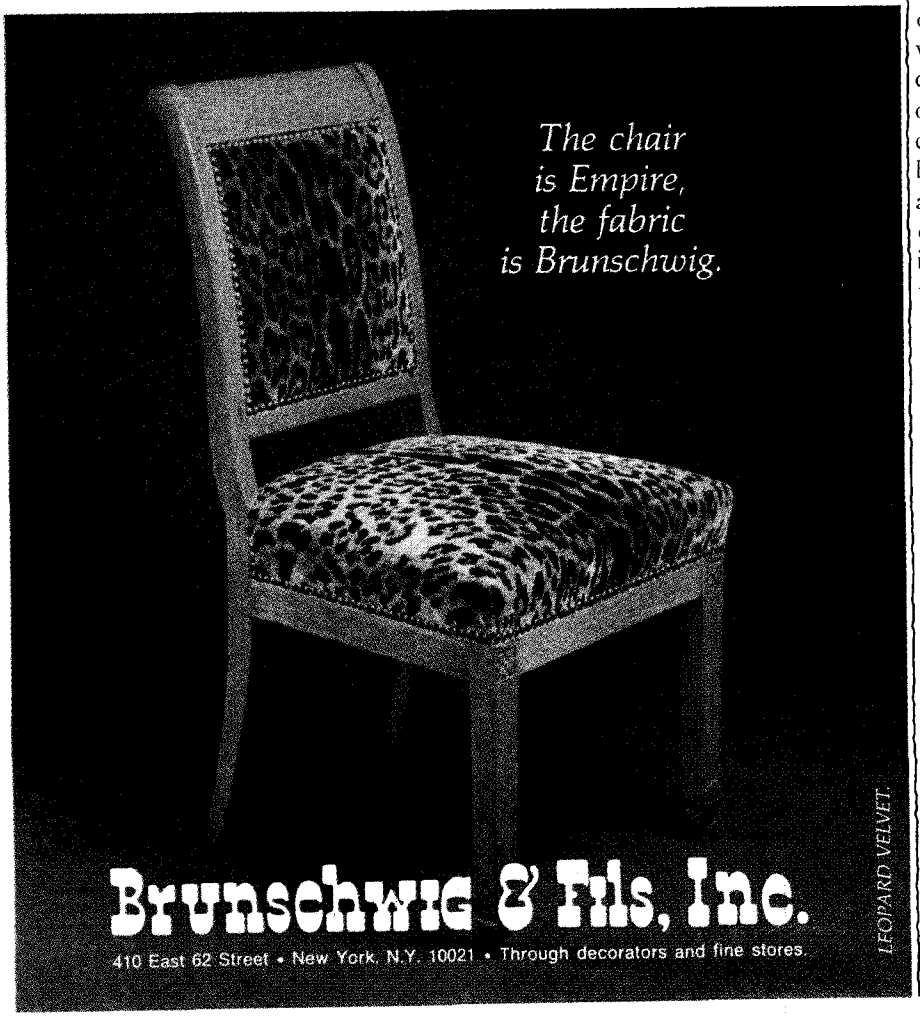

bers of users is never finished. Or it finishes at one end and immediately begins at the other. Feeding the multitude is difficult at the moment, but we hope to have a new restaurant soon. We are doubling the number of lavatories. We don't allow buses inside the gates anymore; the tourists are put down outside and come in for a ten-minute tour or so, before going on to Buckingham Palace or wherever. Luckily, we have only two entrances—the main one, on Great Russell Street, and the North Entrance, on Montague Place. That makes security simpler. Our problems, concerning both visitors and displays, will be enormously eased, naturally, when the British Library eventually moves. We haven't got around to thinking very much about what we'll do with the extra space. People say to me 'What will you do with the Reading Room?' and 'What will you put in the King's Library?' Well, I don't know yet, but we've got at least ten years to plan in. One thing—no, two things are certain. It will all be extremely costly, and we shall have to find the money somewhere. The cheering certainty is that the ethnographical collections—the Museum of Mankind—will come back to us at last from Burlington Gardens, and we look forward eagerly to that."

The endless scholarship and research of the British Museum go on somewhere in the maze of offices—frequently carved out of high-ceilinged old rooms into cluttered, somewhat claustrophobic cubicles connected by book-lined passages—that are tucked away behind each department's Students' Room, to enter which bona-fide inquirers must produce their credentials for a security warder at the door. Until just after the Second World War, offices were heated by open fires. "Grilles were padlocked over the grates," an old museum man said nostalgically, "and if you wanted to put on a bit more coal you had to get a warder along to unlock it. A bit of a nuisance, and something of a fire risk, but very jolly." Like the proportions of an iceberg, the greater part of the activity behind the scenes is invisible and unsuspected by the public milling through the galleries outside, but the triennial Reports of the Trustees list each department's production of specialist and popular works, catalogues, and articles for learned journals, and give each Keeper's report of any excavations, expeditions, university seminars, and international museum exchanges in which his staff has taken part. The four-year-old Department of Conservation and Technical Services and the

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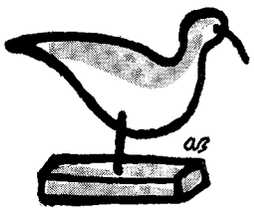
Research Laboratory are both around the corner from the museum. The laboratory, of which Dr. M. S. Tite is the Keeper, vets the authenticity of objects that the trustees may be going to buy, and analyzes and dates antiquities in the collections, often doing the same on objects sent along by other museums. Mr. Harold Barker became the first Keeper of Conservation, in 1975. Before that, each department ran its own small conservation program—a time-hallowed autonomy that is sometimes mentioned regretfully by members of the curatorial staffs. As for Mr. Barker, he has (or had; he retired last summer) a staff of sixty conservators working in seventeen small and often extremely inadequate workshops scattered widely around Great Russell Street, an unsatisfactory situation that may be eased "when the library goes"—a universal theme song. The British Museum began doing its own conservation work only in 1931. Conservation was originally the responsibility of the governmental Department of Scientific and Industrial Research; before the First World War, it simply did not exist. "It was found that things had deteriorated badly through being stored in poor conditions during the war," Mr. Barker says. "Apart from that, they were often in pretty shocking shape from having been wrongly repaired. A tremendous amount of work still has to be done on nineteenth-century stuff. In those days, if you wanted anything done you just called a workman, and he came along with a bag of tools and did it. Awful, bungled jobs, generally. We've got a large Greek bronze down in the basement now—a nude male figure—which had no hands or feet when it first came into the museum, very many years ago. So they made casts of new ones and fastened them on with iron clamps embedded in plaster of Paris. The result was that the iron corroded and worked on the plaster of Paris, which expanded, and the statue finally came to pieces. We've taken the hands and feet off now, and left them off. It's our policy never to replace a missing part of any object."



THE old idea of the British Museum as an inward-looking preserve for an élite who would prefer to be left in peace to get on with their work was put with some firmness in 1875 by a Reverend L. P. Mercier, in answer to those who thought that it ought to display a bit of popular showmanship along with its treasures. "The British Museum . . . is not a place of pleasant resort," chided the Reverend Mercier. "It is a solemn, serious place, and as heavy in its deportment and general character as the ponderous relics of antiquity which it contains. . . . As National property it must be . . . open freely to the public. . . . But it is essentially the resort of scholars, and of the learned and the scientific. Few others can understand or appreciate it; nor will any amount of learning and sermonizing make them do so."

According to some, this discouraging attitude of keeping ordinary citizens at arm's length lingered on into our times, and may even be echoed now and then today by those who have not been altogether overjoyed by the sudden invasion of the august halls by a brand-new, entirely different mass audience. In recent years, however, the policy has clearly shifted from teaching and sermonizing to bringing the public into the place to have a thoroughly good time. There is, of course, a flourishing Education Service, in one of the museum's handsome Bedford Square houses, which organizes the preparatory homework and the visits of the hordes of schoolchildren and students who clatter through the galleries with their ballpoints at the ready, and also provides gallery talks, lectures, and film shows for their elders. The principal conduit, however, from which visitors of all ages imbibe entertainment and culture with an ease and appetite that would have astonished the Reverend Mercier is the frequent staging of temporary exhibitions. These are mostly free; sometimes particularly large and expensive exhibitions charge for admission. They are mounted by the Design Office, which has a brilliant young woman, Margaret Hall, at its head. Miss Hall's team puts on ten or twelve temporary exhibitions a year, for either a department or departments of the British Museum. Sometimes an exhibition is on loan from a foreign museum. Nothing has been such a stupendous success as the Tutankhamun treasures in 1972, put on by the museum and the *Times* newspaper organization, for which over one and a half million visitors patiently inched their way through the forecourt and toiled up the stairs toward the splendors. (The invasion turned the quiet museum into chaos and was not enjoyed by the staff.) It was one of Miss Hall's first big exhibitions, and she fitted it in-

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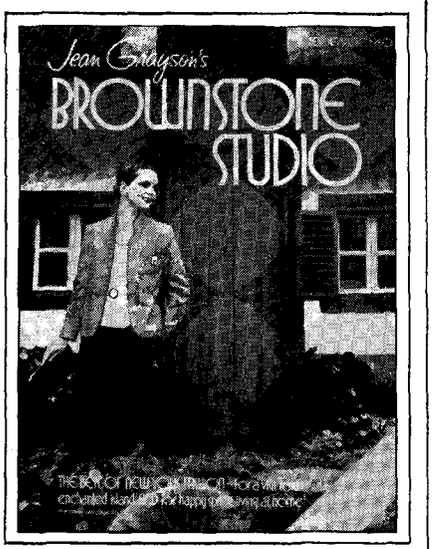

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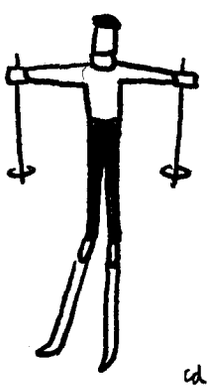
geniously into a very tight space, heightening its eerie dramatic impact by painting the walls a shade darker in each successive section, so that Tutankhamun's golden death mask finally blazed out from Stygian night. Lord Wolfenden, who was Director at the time, recalls the frightful moment when the first van loaded with the treasures arrived outside the museum in the middle of a villainous stormy night and could not turn in at the gates because someone's parked and locked car had been left in the way. The heavy secrecy surrounding the journey of the marvellous objects from Cairo to Bloomsbury looked as though it might be blown apart, as traffic backed up far along the street and drivers banged their horns and leaned out to ask one another what was going on at the museum. The crisis was settled when four hefty policemen heaved the car onto the pavement (and politely heaved it back after Tutankhamun's safe reception). There were several bomb scares during the exhibition weeks, but none of them were genuine.

In "Jacob's Room," Miss Marchmont, the lady with the claret-colored hair who was Jacob's neighbor in the Reading Room, hobbled along to collect her shabby umbrella from the cloakroom and "wanted her tea, but could never resist a last look at the Elgin Marbles. She looked at them sideways, waving her hand and muttering a word or two of salutation." Many newcomers to the British Museum can never resist a first look, either. The calm and smiling young women behind the information desk in the Front Hall are probably asked most frequently for the whereabouts of the Elgin Marbles, the Rosetta Stone, and the mummies, and, in the British Library, Magna Carta. The Elgin Marbles are in the Duveen Gallery (the gift of Lord Duveen), where they were settled, at last, in 1962. The gallery, finished in 1939, was still uninhabited when war broke out. A bomb came through the roof one night in 1940. The sculptures had been sitting for over a year in the disused section of the Aldwych Tube line, which was their wartime home. A plan for evacuating the collections in the event of war was being worked out as far back as 1933 by the Director, Sir George Hill, the trustees, and the Office of Works. His successor, Sir John Forsdyke, who was appointed in 1936, had the Munich crisis to provide a helpful dress rehearsal for what to do and not do on the night, so the curtain finally came down at Bloomsbury very smoothly. In a hectic fortnight at the end of August, 1939, the most important treasures were packed and sent off to one or another of four destinations—to two country mansions in Northamptonshire, chosen for their remoteness; to the National Library of Wales, at Aberystwyth, where the British Museum shared the use of (as it had shared the cost of building) a bombproof shelter deep in the Welsh rock (this was a return visit, for books, manuscripts, prints, and drawings had been evacuated to Aberystwyth in the First World War); or down into the Tube, like human Londoners. One traveller disconcertingly made the journey in reverse. In 1939, the marvellous Sutton Hoo ship-burial treasure, believed to be the grave goods buried with the East Anglian King Redwald, a seventh-century Christian monarch who played safe by including a pagan altar in his temple, were excavated from a site on the property of a Suffolk landowner, Mrs. Edith Pretty. The coroner's inquest that by law sits on cases of treasure trove judged the great find not to be one, so it all remained the property of Mrs. Pretty, who straightaway presented it, amid tremendous excitement, to the British Museum. It arrived there on September 3rd, at the precise moment when the first sirens of the war moaned out over London, and it was immediately turned around and bundled back into the vans, to be sent away into darkness again for the duration. In the quiet phony-war months, the rest of the evacuation of the collections was completed. Pieces that were too bulky to be moved sat out the war in Bloomsbury, padded with sandbags. When the blitz started, the British Museum finally closed down, except for a limited service for readers that kept going in a corner of the library.



Smirke's building stood up to the bombings very sturdily, on the whole, though part of the ceiling of the King's Library was shattered in the first raids. An oil bomb that hit the Reading Room was miraculously deflected by the copper cladding of the dome, but thirty thousand volumes of nineteenth-century newspapers were destroyed when the storage block of the Newspaper Library, at Colindale, was demolished. In the fire raids of 1941, the southwest quadrant of the old Iron Library (com-

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pleted in 1857) and two hundred and fifty thousand books went up in flames. The galleries of the Department of Coins and Medals, part of the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities (as it was then called), and the Greek and Roman Life room and the Roman Britain room were destroyed on the same night. As the bombings got worse and invasion of Britain seemed nearer, most of the collections in Northamptonshire were moved to country houses in areas judged to be safer, and then, when safety was clearly nowhere on the face of the earth, to galleries hewn out of an old stone quarry in the West Country which had been used for growing mushrooms. It was April, 1946, before the shabby, dishevelled British Museum opened its doors again to the shabby public. Rebuilding was extremely slow. The restored Duveen Gallery for the Elgin Marbles, designed by the New York architect John Russell Pope—the first gallery in the museum to have air-filtering—was almost twenty-five years late for its opening, and its donor had been dead as long.

The British Museum seemed finally, if tardily, to shake off its postwar dinginess and catch up with the more lively ideas of museum display that were current in other institutions when fourteen new Greek and Roman galleries were opened in 1969 by the Duke of Edinburgh (deputizing for the Queen, who was indisposed). The architects, Professors R. Y. Goodden and R. D. Russell, with their associate designer, Robin Wade, completely changed the popular notion that a classical-sculpture gallery was a depressing place, overcrowded and uniformly drab. Goodden and Russell explained subsequently that their whole conception was guided by vivid memories of their first visits to the museum as schoolboys, and their disappointment when they at last laid eyes on the glories they had dreamed about, and found a confusion of rubbed Attic shapes that seemed to sink sadly into the walls of Smirke's geometrically boxlike long galleries. Their chief problem, they said, in designing the new galleries was to prevent the pastiche neoclassicism of the interiors from competing too strongly with the real thing. In particular, the elaborate ceilings—Smirke's personal signature throughout the building—have a distracting tendency to draw the eye upward from the exhibits. Covered in a honeycomb of plaster coffers, ornamented with rosettes, Grecian-key patterns, braids, lozenges, and snowflake forms, they were originally painted in many colors,

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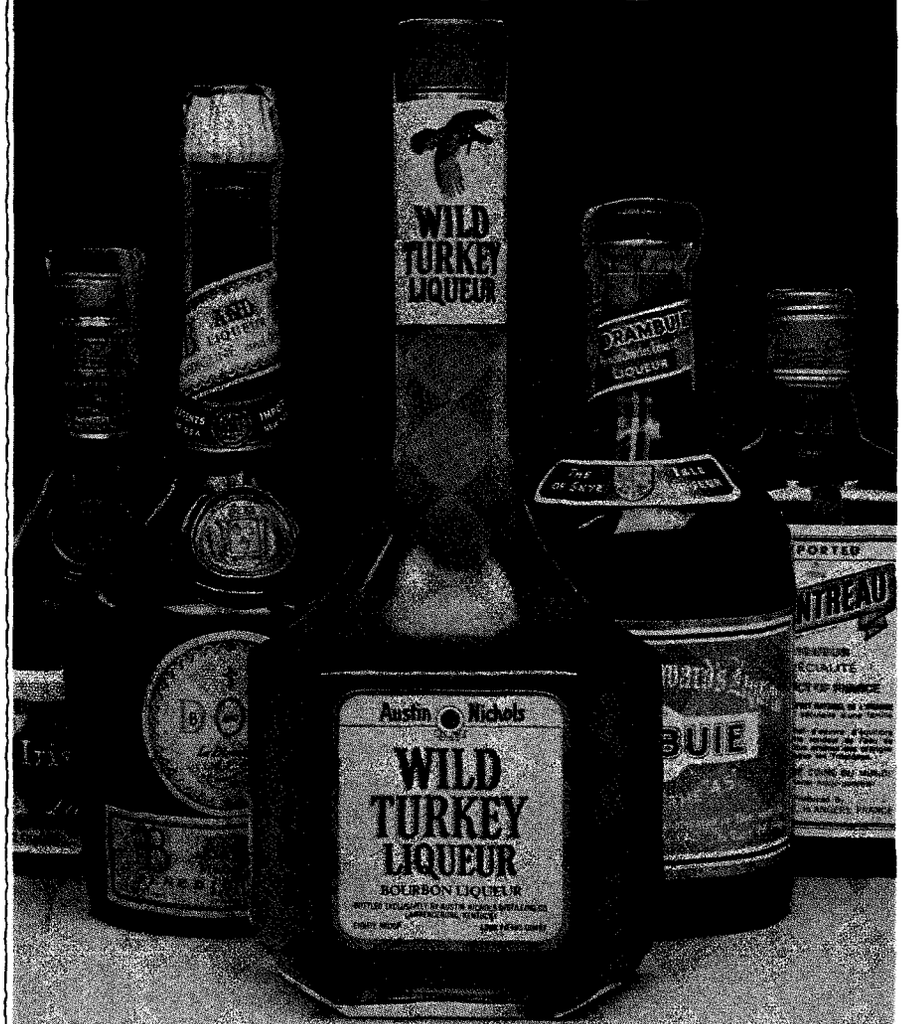

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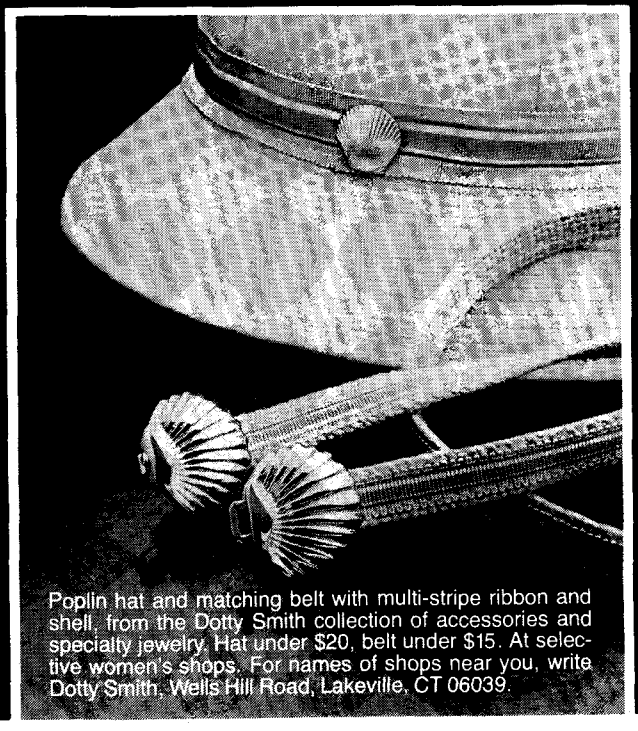

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and sometimes picked out richly in gold, like ceilings in a Florentine palazzo. Victorian visitors considered them elegant. In an article in the *British Museum Society Bulletin*, the architects explained that they had tried to convey the "serenity, logic, simplicity, and a suggestion of bleaching light" of the original sites by having bare white walls and white-painted ceilings throughout, with touches of the blue of a Mediterranean sky and the dead-earth brown of sun-baked terraces. The rooms swim in light and airy space, in which the ravishing headless marble statues of the Nereids, the sea god's daughters, seem about to launch themselves toward Olympus from the summit of their lovely little temple, their transparent draperies whipping about them. The exhibits were at last sparsely placed. Lord Wolfenden, who was Director at the time, pointed out that a visitor could now "walk all round the Caryatid from the Erechtheum and see how her hairstyle looks from behind," and the public did so with enthusiasm. The press notices of the opening were rapturous. "Till a week or two ago," wrote the *Sunday Times* art critic, John Russell, "even boys not yet bearded knew what to say about the B.M.—'Stupendous things, horribly shown.'. . . The B.M. was the Sleeping Beauty among the world's great museums. . . . But no longer: the B.M. has crossed a new frontier."

The Egyptian Sculpture Gallery, a noble and formidably austere pillared hall, is the latest to receive the modernizing treatment. For many months, it was partly closed to the public while the dusty air rang with hammerings, and while men in safety helmets walked about in the laps of huge, blindly smiling statues cradled in scaffolding, and rows of smaller rulers, deities, and scribes stood around like disconsolate immigrants hoping that a passport officer would soon show up. Visitors pausing for an interested look over the barriers studied plans and drawings that were exhibited on a notice board, showing how the gallery, remodelled by Robin Wade Associates, would look after its reopening, in 1981—the intimidating height of the place broken up by artful variations of floor levels and by two cozily low-ceilinged galleries built in on the sides, where people who feel dwarfed by wandering among immense limestone pharaohs and their outsize sarcophagi can get back into scale by looking at smaller, more intimate objects.

The British Museum has the most representative Egyptian collection in

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the Western world. Mr. T. G. H. James, the Keeper, is a quiet, twinkling man who has been in the department since 1951. "All my working life, really," he remarks meditatively. The Egyptian antiquities are immensely popular with the public. The Post Office has learned to pass on to Mr. James' department occasional letters laconically addressed "Egypt, London." "For lots of people, apparently, the first things the British Museum conjures up are mummies," he says. "They absolutely love them; I don't quite know why. Generally, visitors start in our Sculpture Gallery—it's never empty—but then they make a beeline for the rooms upstairs, where the mummies and coffins are." The museum's first two mummies were the ones presented to it in 1756 by relatives of Colonel Lethieullier, an enthusiastic traveller and one of the family of City merchants whose numerous early gifts to Montagu House included the stuffed pelican. The great haul of Egyptian antiquities that came to Bloomsbury from the victories in the Napoleonic Wars was followed in the early eighteen-twenties by the many masterpieces of statuary collected in somewhat arbitrary fashion by Henry Salt, the British Consul-General in Egypt. Like Lord Elgin at his post in the Sublime Porte, Salt felt that his most important diplomatic mission was to preserve from imminent destruction as many monuments of the past as possible, and to ship them home for safekeeping in the British Museum, which had expressed its interest. The difficult job of removing and transporting the enormous masses of stone was brilliantly tackled by Giovanni Belzoni, an Italian soldier of fortune, built like Hercules, whose colorful career as engineer, actor, and explorer had included a stint at Sadler's Wells and a job as a strong man in a sideshow at Bartholomew Fair. A nice contemporary print shows him as a whiskered Samson doing his "Human Pyramid" act at Sadler's Wells, in which he carried a dozen or so delighted ordinary-size citizens around on his shoulders, balanced in a sort of harness, which, loaded, was said to weigh about three-quarters of a ton. The trustees of the British Museum now proceeded to turn discouragingly cool to Salt and to the objects he was gradually sending back to them. The eighteenth century was still the pure and elegant arbiter of taste. Only the classical Greek was real Art. These gigantic rulers and gods that began to clutter up the courtyard of Montagu House were considered a parcel of old rubbish by many of the

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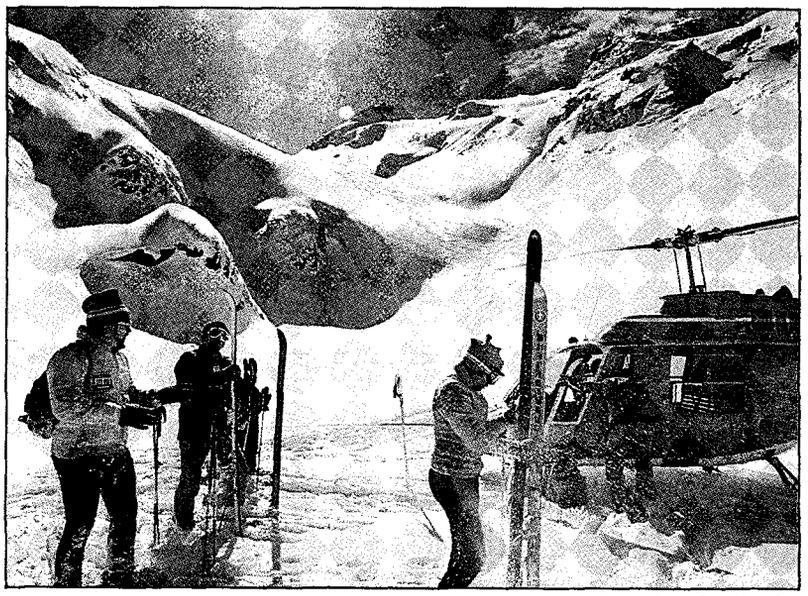

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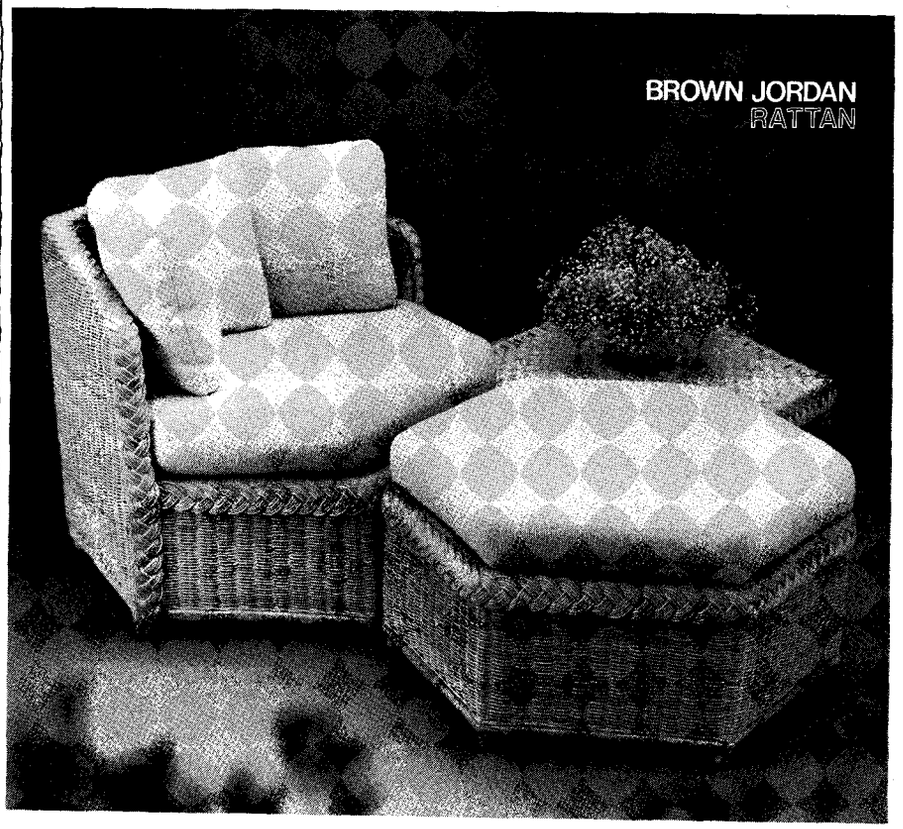

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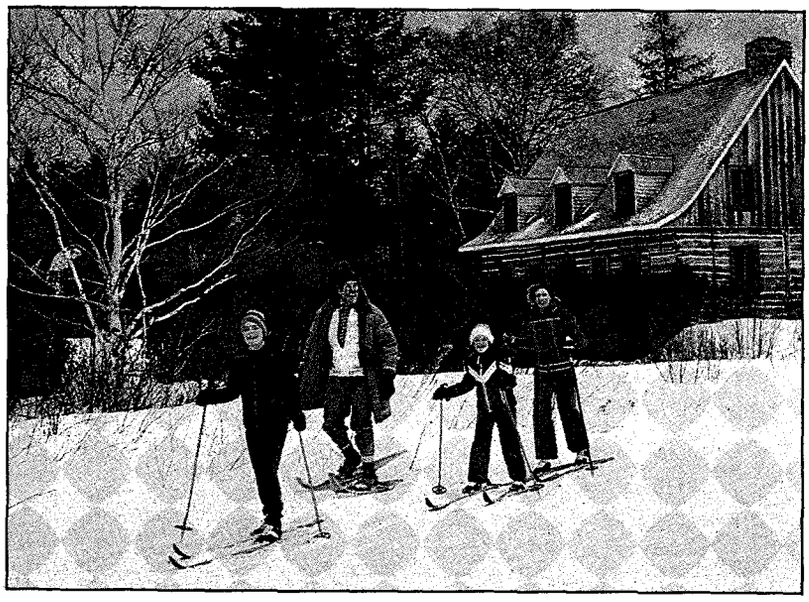

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trustees. (Twenty-five years later, the attitude still prevailed among classicist diehards, who detested the huge winged Assyrian bulls and the other marvels that Henry Austen Layard, the discoverer of Nineveh, was unearthing; one fuming trustee was reported as fervently wishing them at the bottom of the sea on their journey back to the museum.) Salt's treasures hung about at Bloomsbury for months, like housemaids waiting for a situation, while the trustees looked the other way and Salt and Belzoni argued over the ownership of certain of their joint discoveries. Lord Elgin, in despair at ever recouping from the government the seventy-four thousand pounds that it had cost him to remove the friezes from the Parthenon and ship them to England, had finally accepted their purchase by the nation for thirty-five thousand pounds. Henry Salt, hard pressed for money and bitterly disappointed by the trustees' humiliating lack of enthusiasm, complained that they had "at no time evinced any great desire to possess the Collection nor to act with the slightest degree of liberality, their proceedings uniformly bearing a much stronger affinity to the trading spirit of a retail dealer than to the broad and enlightened views that ought to influence the managers of a splendid national institution." He offered the whole collection to the museum for eight thousand pounds, and later, hopelessly, reduced the asking price by half. The "retail dealer" beat him down to two thousand pounds, which he accepted without pleasure.

Visitors trudging up the great main staircase today toward the Egyptian kingdom of the dead pause for a look at the colossal mottled-pink-and-black granite head of Tuthmosis III, of the eighteenth dynasty, 1450 B.C. (so he is labelled, but the *British Museum Guide* observes that more up-to-date scholarship identifies him as Tuthmosis' successor, Amenophis II), who waits like a host at the turn of the landing. He gazes enigmatically over all the guests' heads, as though searching for his vast truncated arm, which lies on display downstairs in the Sculpture Gallery. Tuthmosis-Amenophis and his arm were among the Salt antiquities.

"What's so good about *him*?" asks a girl in a Laura Ashley print skirt and a tweed hacking jacket, gazing critically up at the ruler's chin.

"Good? He's wonderful, that's all," answers her young man, and, standing on tiptoe, he lightly, tenderly wipes the royal nose with his handkerchief.

Like old Miss Marchmont dropping

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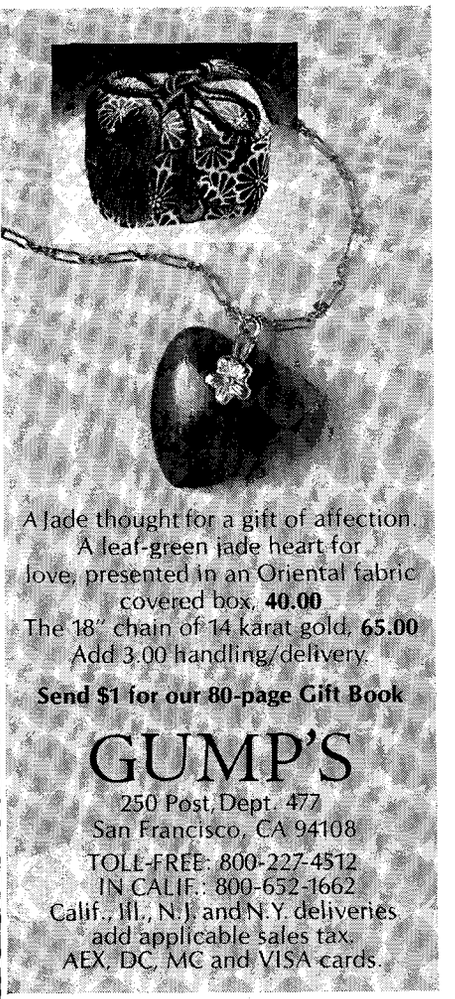
in daily to murmur greetings to the Elgin Marbles, people become marvellously fond of favorite things in the British Museum and wish them to know it.

A DEDICATED working lifetime in the place, such as that of Mr. James in Egyptian Antiquities, seems to be becoming rarer today than it was. Sir Frank Francis, who went from the Department of Printed Books (now in the British Library) to become Director and Principal Librarian from 1959 to 1968, was there for forty-two years, and says that it was not at all exceptional. "In my day, a young fellow with a good classical degree would come into a department and learn as he went along," he recalled recently. "Nowadays, it's all specialization, and departments have grown so enormously that the chances of reaching the top have become far less possible. People then used to expect to stay, but in the nineteen-fifties and sixties all that changed. A lot of people left for one reason or another, sometimes to an academic job—new universities were getting built, and the university scale of salaries was higher than ours—or to go into Sotheby's or Christie's, and so on. Later, the administration began bringing people in from outside for top jobs, sometimes over the heads of the men who would normally have expected the promotion. The appointments are decided by competition, of course, and I'm in favor of it, personally. It brings in new blood and stops the B.M. getting stale. But it has put an end to the old life-and-death museum man, who was the rule rather than the exception when I joined." Very many people in the museum by no means share Sir Frank's approving view of the policy of occasionally filling key posts from "outside"—a word with which they manage to conjure up a sort of melancholy, misty, rather sinister no man's land beginning on the other side of Great Russell Street. As one critic pointed out crisply, "The old tradition that it would be Buggins' turn next had nearly always been followed, and worked pretty well, the argument being that it was good for recruiting the right sort of people, and when you started off in a department you might have reasonable hopes of getting to the top one day. You knew where you were. Especially attractive if you happened to be Buggins, of course. Therefore, it wasn't exactly popular, to put it mildly, when things changed."

Edward Miller, the author of an excellent history of the British Museum, "That Noble Cabinet" (a title taken from the first guidebook, published in 1761, entitled "The General Contents of the British Museum: With Remarks Serving as a Directory in Viewing That Noble Cabinet"), went straight from school into the Department of Printed Books in 1934. When the library departments were severed from the British Museum, in 1973, he went along, but his deep affection for the Bloomsbury establishment remains. He is a kindly, urbane man, who journeys every day, wearing a bowler hat, from his home in Hammersmith to his office in one of the elegant Bedford Square houses, which has a back way to the museum leading across what was once the garden, now much built over; through a stretch of whitewashed arches, where one expects to see wine bins; and past a door cryptically marked "Trustees' Paint-Shop." "In the early days, staff members were supposed to live no more than thirty minutes' walk away," he says. "There wasn't much public transport, and the idea was that you could easily get to work whatever happened. When I joined, as a lad of nineteen, it was still recognizably the British Museum of the nineteenth century. We all had to take an oath on the Bible to be loyal to the King and to the museum, and so on. When I got back from the war, I said to the Director—he was Sir John Forsdyke—'But I've taken the oath already.' 'Oh, have you?' he said. 'Well, there can't be any harm in taking it again.' So I swore everything twice over. The oath petered out somewhere along the line. For one thing, the turnover of junior staff nowadays is often so rapid that it would hardly be worthwhile. In my day, sons often followed fathers into the museum—there were regular museum families, including daughters. It was a rather friendlier place than it is today, because it was so much smaller. People used one another's first names, and there were plenty of social goings on. The Director gave a children's party at Christmas, with a tree. You knew everybody by sight, and generally to speak to, but today remembering even the names in your own department is likely to be a job. Of course, some of the old traditions and habits go on. We have a housekeeper, and everybody carries a house key, hanging it up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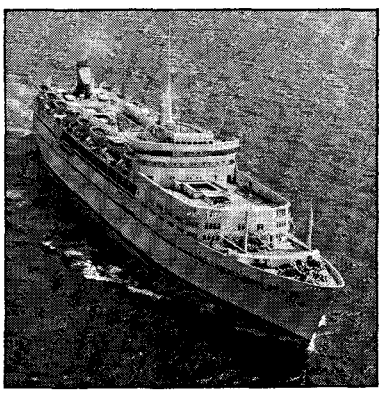

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in the Key Pound in the Front Hall before going out. It is always called the Front Hall—not an entrance hall or a vestibule—because of the museum's beginnings in a private house, which, naturally, had a front for the visitors and a back for the tradesmen. Upstairs and downstairs were very rigidly defined, too. For years and years, it was the sacred rule that Keepers and their Deputy Keepers were addressed in communications with 'Esquire' written after their names. The smaller fry of Assistant Keepers and Transcribers—they were the cataloguing staff—rated a 'Mr.' Lower than that, you were just plain Smith or Jones."

In 1866, there was great umbrage in some of the higher echelons of the museum when George Reid, who had begun as a mere attendant in the Prints and Drawings Department, was made its Keeper—a remarkable step for the rank-ridden trustees to take. Edward Miller describes the sensational appointment with chuckles of enjoyment, as though it had happened yesterday: "Sir Frederic Madden, the choleric and frightfully snobbish Keeper of Manuscripts, absolutely blew his top. 'He was an *Attendant* a few years since, and it will be an insult to the other Officers,' he wrote in his journal. Reid was a first-class Keeper, as it turned out. Madden scorched up a few more pages when he found out that another Keeper used to keep a ham-and-beef shop. It wasn't as bad as that by the time I joined, but the same sort of spirit still lingered on. Things have a way of lingering on here. The Department of Natural History went off to South Kensington in 1881, but a staircase at the back of the museum is still called the Botanic Staircase."

According to many people in the British Museum, the principal instigator in recent years of the trustees' new policy of going further afield to fill major appointments was the Director from 1974 to 1976, Sir John Pope-Hennessy, predictably known as the Pope. He was a forceful administrator, whose more controversial papal edicts during his short term of office shook up the place considerably. As a former colleague put it not long ago, "A lot of people liked and admired the Pope very much, and many others, needless to say, did not. I would say that he was a good Director. He certainly set a wind of change blowing through the departments, not only by opening up the top jobs to non-museum candidates of a lower age group than usual but by recruiting large numbers of youngsters. Some of his innovations caused a good

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deal of resentment, but he ventilated a few stuffy corners very satisfactorily."

The youngest of the Keepers appointed during the Pope-Hennessy years (and the youngest in the British Museum) is Malcolm McLeod, who was thirty-three in 1974, when he was brought in from the academic world (he was a Cambridge anthropologist who had spent two years lecturing in sociology at the University of Ghana) to head the Department of Ethnography, in Burlington Gardens. Sir James Pennethorne's stately mid-Victorian palazzo housing the ethnography collection makes, at first sight, a rather striking contrast to the towering beak-nosed gods, the gleaming war canoes, and all the marvellous, mysterious objects of gold and ivory and turquoise, of feathers and porcupine quills, of birch bark and seashells and dyed goat's hair that offended classically educated nineteenth-century taste as much as they fascinate people today. The museum is enormously popular. Tourists wander in from shopping for cashmere sweaters in the Burlington Arcade, next door; students and researchers descend to the basement, where the world's most magnificent anthropological library is housed; and hundreds of schoolchildren clatter up the grand staircase in droves. "It's rather remarkable that we've never lost a thing—not even a bit of hair from a mask or something like that," Mr. McLeod says cheerfully. He views with calm the prospect of eventually moving back to Great Russell Street when the British Library goes, since he is one of those who believe that the forecast of a ten-year waiting period could turn out to be doubled. "All the same, we shall start planning now," he adds briskly. "The space we shall have when we do go back remains problematical, and competition for room will be fierce. There are over three-quarters of a million items in the reserve ethnographical collections, most of them kept for study at Franks House, in Shoreditch"—named for the great Sir Augustus Franks, the first Keeper of the strangely teamed Department of British and Medieval Antiquities and Ethnography, formed in 1866. "Horribly fragile stuff, very difficult to conserve. Up to our move here, in 1970, much of it had to be kept in boxes in the British Museum basement. I'm thankful to say that the great packing up and transporting was over by the time I arrived. And, of course, we keep on adding constantly to the collection. Our job is salvaging everyday things from the wreckage of time—

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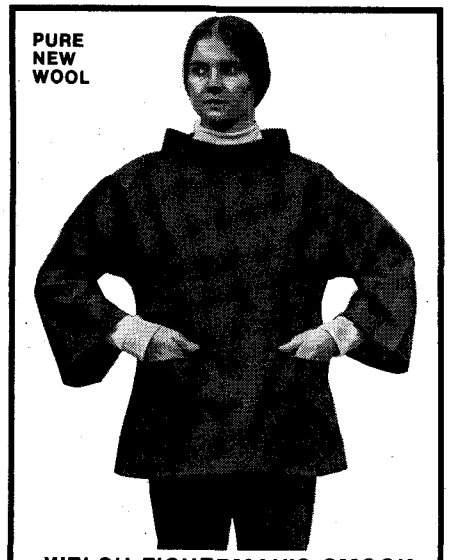

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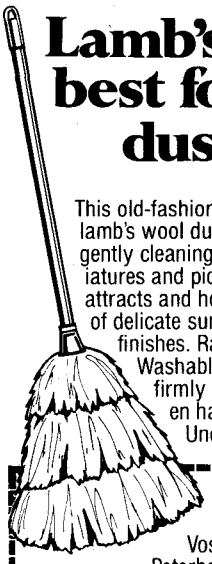

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spotting what is going to be important. Not long ago, we bought a big collection of Mexican stuff—commonplace objects, like toys, little figures made in sugar, pottery, and so on, which you could buy in any market but which will all disappear unless museums save them for the record. In Africa, we collect objects influenced by the West and made of Western material—absolutely hideous, some of them, but they must be on the record. In that way, we do the same job as the British Library, which has to stow away one of everything published, on the principle that the dust of today will certainly be the gold of tomorrow."

Mr. Neil Stratford is another of the younger men brought in from "outside" during Sir John Pope-Hennessy's Directorship—a tall, dark, gentle-voiced man of forty-one, who came from lecturing at Westfield College, London University, to become Keeper of Medieval and Later Antiquities in 1975. It is an enormous department that cuts a great swath in time, from treasures of the age of Constantine and such splendid medieval objects as the solid Royal Gold Cup of the Kings of France and England, glinting with translucent jewel-colored enamels, on through all manner of exquisite things, pious and worldly, to twentieth-century pottery and silver. It has the grave goods from the Sutton Hoo ship burial and the dazzling collection of Renaissance toys for princely collectors—the height of *grande luxe* and superb craftsmanship, bequeathed to the British Museum in 1898 by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild. In this department, you can hear the resident spirit of the British Museum itself, in a room where a great choir of historic clocks, many kept going, reel time out of their faces, whispering, grunting, chattering, and clanking.

"The British Museum has a quite unjustified reputation of being stingy in lending its own things to other museums here and abroad," Mr. Stratford said not long ago. "It's one of those peculiar myths that get around. Personally, I've refused a loan only once, and that was a piece of early-Christian gold glass that New York asked for. Not only was it horribly fragile but you simply couldn't *see* it. We had not put it on display in the galleries, because to anyone looking at it in a case it would be invisible. But we all lend things all the time. At the moment, this department is much taken up with the preparations for a really major undertaking—the loan of the Sutton Hoo ship-burial treasure to the National Museum in Stockholm for several months beginning in March of this year. It's the first time we've ever lent it, so it's a rather nerve-racking business. Special packing cases have been made for it—can't say how it will eventually travel, of course, but staff will go with it and unpack and arrange it. There won't be much of a yawning gap for the public here, because, later in the year, the British Museum is mounting a joint exhibition with the Metropolitan on the theme of the Vikings, and part of it can be shown, very fortunately, in the Sutton Hoo gallery while the treasure is in Stockholm."

The 1757 Statutes and Rules drawn up by the trustees for the British Museum laid down firmly that "no part of the Collection or Collections belonging to this Museum be at any time carried out of the General Repository." An act of Parliament of 1924 cautiously stretched these regulations to allow limited lending, to respectable civic or university institutions only, of duplicates and other objects that might be temporarily spared without gravely inconveniencing students or the public, but it was not until 1963 that the new British Museum Act permitted the trustees to agree to requests from borrowers all over the world. The 1757 statutes had allowed the removal from Montagu House of books, charters, and deeds from the library collections if they were wanted in time of war or as evidence in a law court, stipulating that they must be accompanied by someone from the museum, who would stick around and keep a hawklike eye on them. This clause is still partially carried out today. Loans to provincial British or to foreign museums are taken to their destination by a staff member of the department concerned, who stays to see his charge safely settled, returns to Great Russell Street, and then, like a mother who has dropped her child at a party, goes back to collect it again when the exhibition is over.

The largest lender among the departments is certainly Prints and Drawings, one reason being that its treasures are handy to transport. A whole exhibition can be neatly stowed away in a modest case or two and accompany its British Museum chaperon into the passenger cabin of his plane. "All the same, I would sometimes feel easier if it could be chained to our chap's

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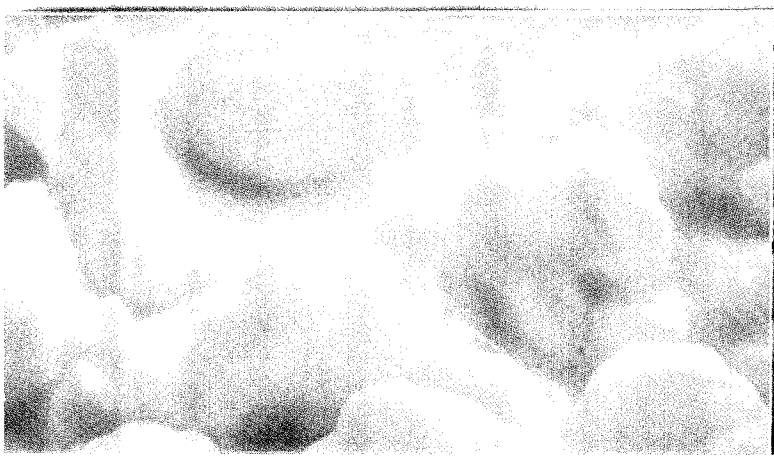

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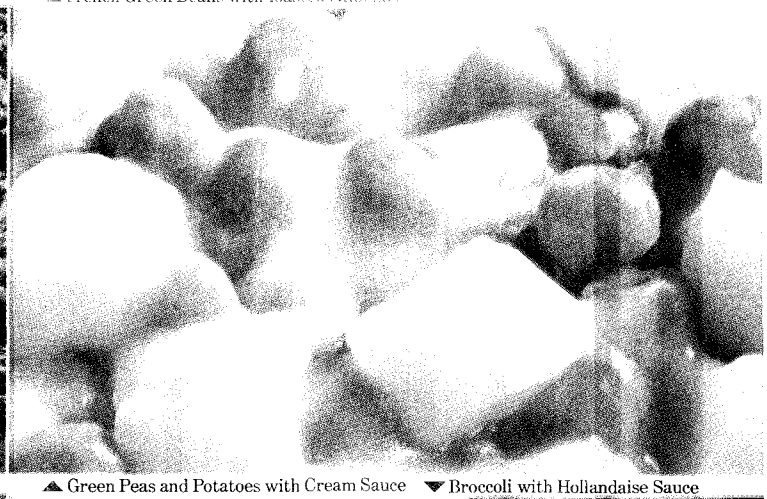

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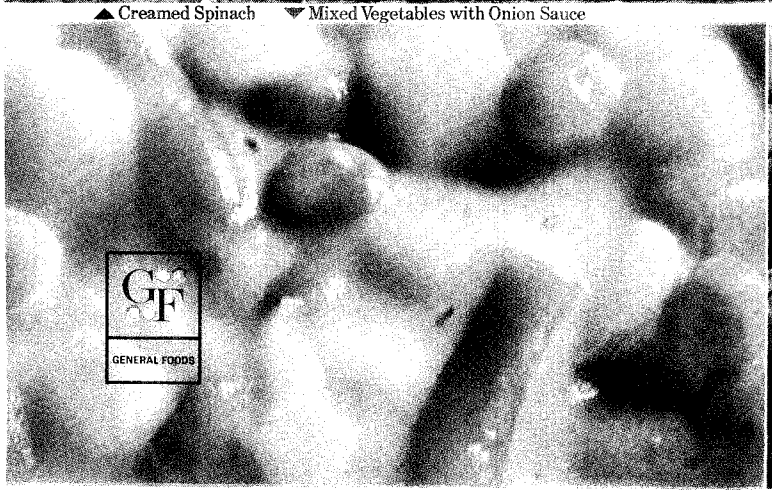

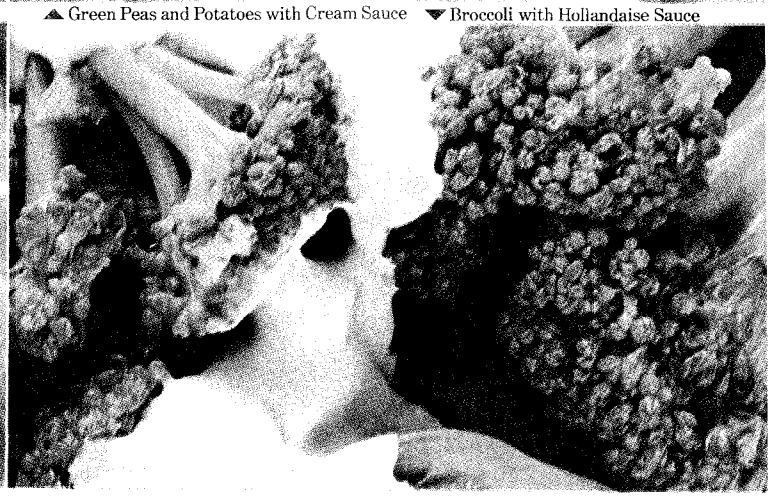

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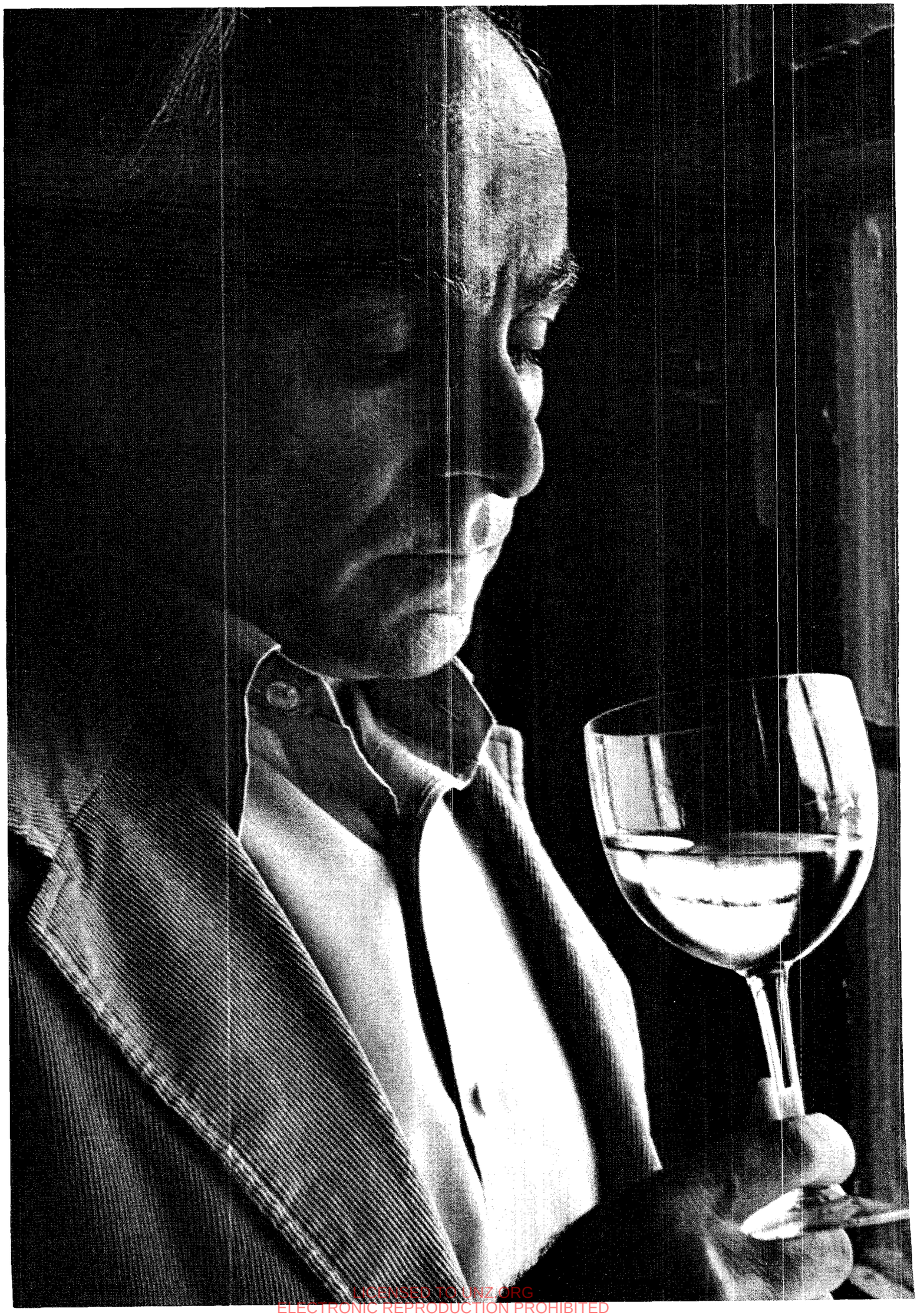

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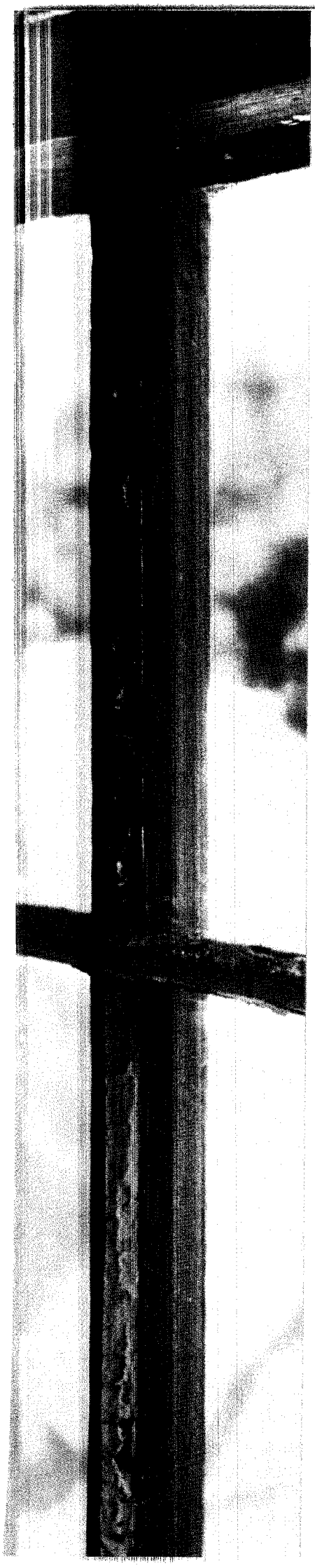

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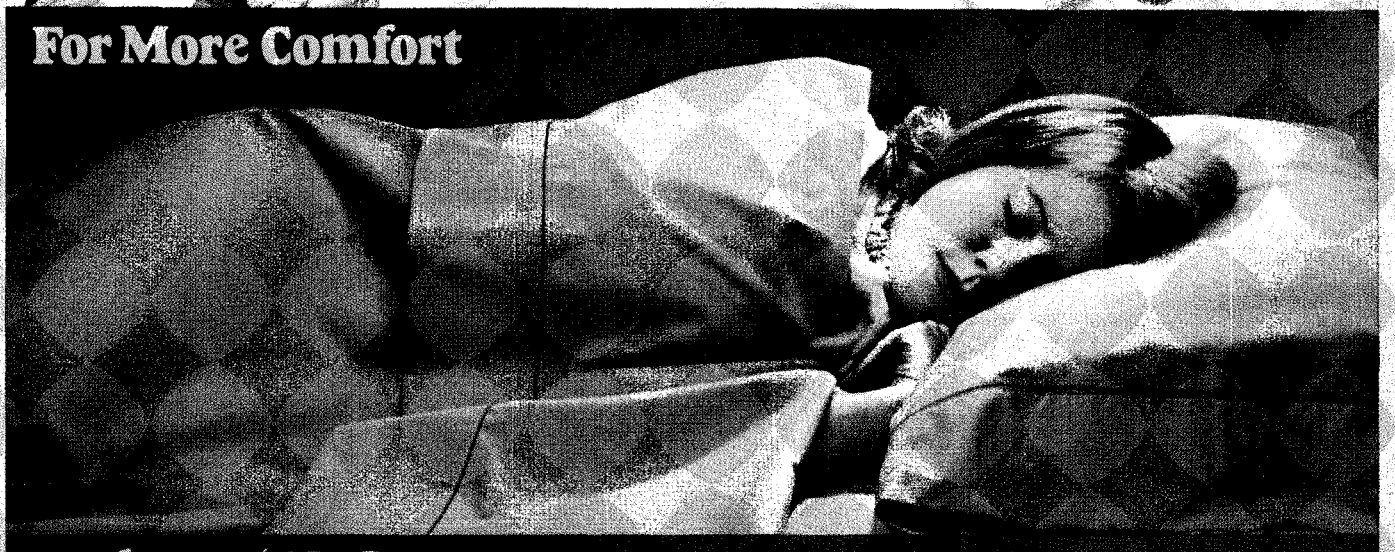

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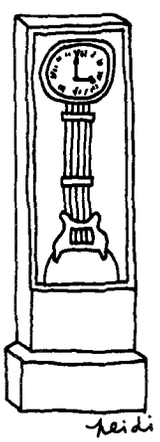
wrist, like a diplomatic bag," Mr. Gere, the Keeper, observed not long ago. His department lends to exhibitions all over the world, as well as in Great Britain. The requests from museums abroad often come in anticipation of a commemoration of the birth or death of an artist. For the celebrations of the Turner bicentenary, in 1975, Prints and Drawings sent watercolors to the Royal Museum at Copenhagen, the Zurich Kunsthaus, the Cleveland Museum of Art, and the Hermitage, in Leningrad, besides the great London exhibition at the Royal Academy. And 1978 was Piranesi year. "It was Piranesi, Piranesi, Piranesi for months," a member of the staff recalls. "We were kept on the run getting the exhibits ready to be taken to Venice, Washington, and Manchester, not to mention the big show at the Hayward Gallery, where a lot of the stuff was ours. But it's like that all the time here. Mr. Harding, the chief conservation officer for the department, always has three or four foolscap sheets of exhibitions—our own or other museums'—that are lined up for the next year or two."

The department has an immense store to tap. Its first Dürer drawings, in which the museum is now incomparably rich, came from Sir Hans Sloane, and the collection at Montagu House grew rapidly from the beginning. In 1799, the Reverend Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode left it "one hundred portfolios of the most exquisite prints which money could purchase," including Rembrandts as well as Dürers. He was an extremely wealthy, kindly, but shrinking bachelor, who had early in life abandoned the cure of souls to devote himself fervently to laying up treasures upon earth. Besides his superb prints and drawings, he amassed a magnificent library of rare books and cabinets of gems, coins, and minerals, all of which came to the British Museum, where he was a trustee. His parish was London, or the part of it that he saw on his daily solitary excursions between his house and Bloomsbury, the booksellers around Charing Cross, and the Society of Antiquaries; it is recorded that he once ventured daringly as far as Clapham. "His life was darkened," Arundell Esdaile tells us, by the appalling possibility that he might someday have to emerge from happy obscurity to carry out a feudal duty, inherited with one of his manors, of walking in procession as cupbearer to the monarch at a coronation.



The possessions of the Department of Prints and Drawings became even richer by bequests and purchases in the hundred and eighty years or so after Cracherode and his scholarly contemporaries directed their life passions toward it. It did not become a separate department until 1836, however, and even after its independence it was kept miserably short of money, staff, and space. A Select Committee of the House of Commons, sitting in 1860 to give its findings on the growing problem of making more houseroom for the collections, was firmly of the opinion that the drawings should be sent to the National Gallery, which seemed their logical home; the advice was ignored. Many people were surprised, and some were pained, when the 1973 parting of the ways of the British Museum and the British Library Reference Division left Prints and Drawings with the museum. According to this school of thought, its lineage tied it closer to the library departments, and closest and most fraternally of all to the map library, with its wealth of topographical watercolors and prints. In 1969, the Dainton Report on the setting up of a National Library took this view, but the British Museum trustees came out flatly against it. "The Trustees oppose the recommendation to transfer the Museum's Department of Prints and Drawings to the new library," their statement ran. "Prints and Drawings are closely related to both the library and the other collections. These ties can best be preserved if the Department remains where it is and the new library is next door in Great Russell Street." The British Library will not be next door in Great Russell Street, and the Department of Prints and Drawings remains where it is.

The Department of Prints and Drawings is strongest, not surprisingly, in the British School, including about twenty thousand Turner drawings on indefinite loan from the National Gallery. It sometimes comes under critical fire from visitors, who are disappointed to find that it is the only department in the museum that has no permanent display. The size of the collection and its extreme vulnerability to light make it necessary to keep it stored in boxes and portfolios in its Students' Room, a handsome place lined from floor to ceiling with glass-fronted mahogany

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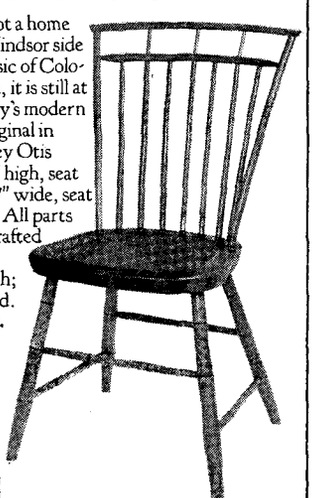

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cases. To make up, the department mounts two or three splendid exhibitions a year in its galleries on a theme or an artist drawn from the collection—for instance, Gainsborough and Reynolds drawings, or Impressionist lithographs, or botanical prints. (Exhibitions of Oriental paintings and prints from the Department of Oriental Antiquities are also presented frequently in *its* gallery, adjoining.) Every now and then, someone revives the argument. "After the Turner bicentenary, there was a lot of fuss in the papers about all these thousands of drawings left to the nation and not seen by anybody," Mr. Gere said plaintively not long ago. "People talked of turning the redecorated Fine Rooms, as they are called, at Somerset House into a permanent Turner gallery. The idea seems to have dropped out of sight now. Well, of course, if the watercolors were put on view, *they* would drop out of sight, too. They would just gently and beautifully fade away. And you *can* see them here. It's surprising how few people know this. You don't need to be a student or an art historian. All you have to do is to apply, saying that you are interested in English watercolors or whatever it may be. When you get a pass, you can come along to the Students' Room and be brought a few boxes to look through in comfort—and straightaway, with luck. But we get letters from all over the world asking if we can help in tracing a work—often the writers are hazy about the actual drawing or print they want to know about—and this does take time."

About the only contact that members of the public are likely to have with the curatorial staff of the departments takes place on afternoons when people bring possessions along for expert appraisal. No actual value is ever given, but now and then a good thing turns up, and, after outside arbitration on a price, the department may be able to buy it. Mrs. J. M. Rawson, the young and lively Deputy Keeper of Oriental Antiquities, came briskly into the department's Students' Room not long ago, her plaid pleated skirt swinging, to see a man who wanted an opinion on a bronze. She is a China expert—specialties: jades and bronzes—who was a British Museum delegate when a party of curators from various museums in Britain went to Peking in 1975, returning a visit to London by the Chinese museum people who accompanied the Chinese exhibition at Burlington House in 1973. It was a cordial occasion. "Because I was about the youngest, they sometimes

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showed me marvellous things that weren't on view, as one gives little treats to the baby of the family," she recalls. "I used to talk a lot to the guards. They didn't much care about the antiquities themselves—you got the feeling that they would have been far more excited over a smashing new piece of machinery—but they were pleased and proud that someone from the British Museum in London knew so much more about them than they did."

Her visitor that afternoon carefully unwrapped a battered-looking bronze object from a brown-paper parcel and handed it to her, explaining that he had brought it along because its owner, an old lady, could not make the journey to Bloomsbury herself. Mrs. Rawson turned it round and round, looked closely at the bottom, stroked its paper-thin, much dented curves thoughtfully, and finally said that she was inclined to think it was a genuine Chinese bronze ritual vessel of the Zhou period—seventh or sixth century B.C.—in terrible shape. If its owner wanted to sell it, she should send it to Christie's or Sotheby's.

"I know it has been in her family for a very long time," the friend said hopefully.

"I'm afraid that means nothing at all," Mrs. Rawson said firmly. She wrote the description of the ritual vessel on a slip of paper for the visitor, adding that if the lady eventually decided she wanted to find a home for it, the Department of Oriental Antiquities would be very happy to have it.

"Unfortunately, most people are off to the salesrooms in a flash if we tell them something is good, and they don't come back," she said, with a sigh, after the inquirer had gone.

Occasionally, however, someone asks the British Museum to pronounce on a superb work of art that has been lurking unrecognized for years among a family's possessions. Mr. Stratford, Keeper of Medieval and Later Antiquities, enjoys escorting visitors to admire a tiny, exquisite Carolingian plaque of the mid-ninth century displayed in one of his galleries. On a piece of ivory the size of a very small visiting card, the pious artist carved in needle-sharp depth the Ascension of Christ. Inside a frame of acanthus leaves, the disciples raise their hands in wonder toward God's hand, stretching from the clouds to welcome the Son, ascending supported by angels. "A lady brought it in for appraisal one day not long ago," Mr. Stratford explains, gazing at it affectionately. "She said that she hadn't the faintest idea what it was,

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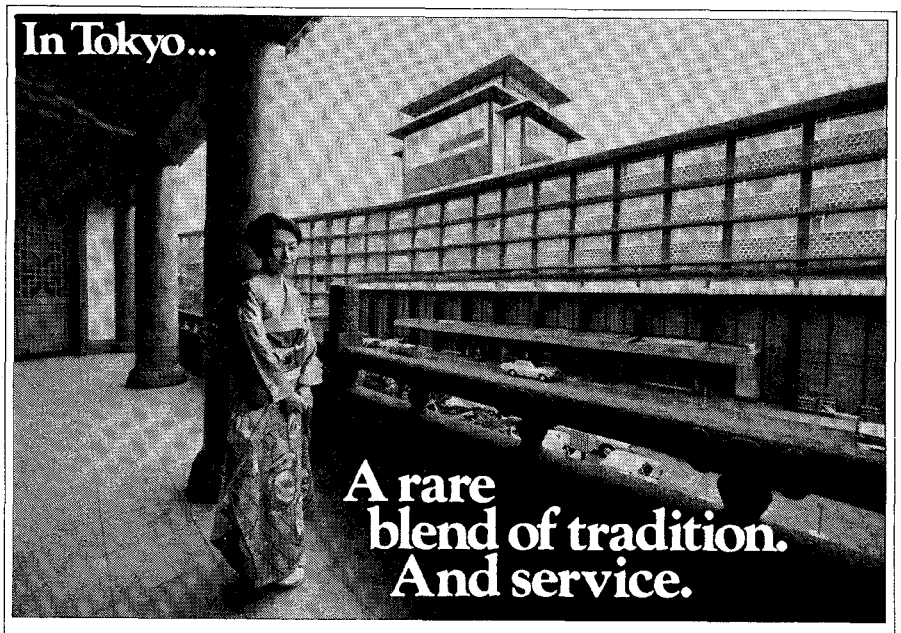

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but it had belonged to her family. One of my staff brought it into my room and put it on my desk. 'I suppose it's a copy?' he said. I knew as soon as I saw it. I nearly fell flat. Eventually, we were able to buy it, with the help of our good friends the National Art-Collections Fund and the Pilgrim Trust. It's the smallest Carolingian ivory yet discovered. Sometimes, very rarely, it happens like that, and it's always a tremendous thrill when it does."

The British Museum Society is another loyal supporter that from time to time assists in the purchase of acquisitions recommended by the Keepers. It was founded in 1968 by Lord Eccles, the Conservative peer who at that time was the vigorous and able chairman of the museum's board of trustees. (In 1970, when the Conservative Government returned, he became Paymaster-General, with responsibility for the arts, and resigned his chairmanship, and in 1973 he was appointed the first chairman of the British Library board.) The idea of getting the public involved in the museum's affairs—and even getting it to speak up on occasions when it feels strongly about something—was sparked by the postbag of agitated letters received when the Government scrapped the plans for building the new library on the Great Russell Street site. The Society started off with six hundred members, and it now has about four thousand—including many in the United States—who pay eight pounds a year, attend special lectures, get together and drink a glass of wine at their own evening private views of museum exhibitions, go on organized tours at home and abroad, and keep an eye on what is happening in Bloomsbury through their magazine, the *British Museum Society Bulletin*, edited by Anthony Ellis, of the *Observer*. The average age of the membership used to be on the ripe side (a recent notice giving details of a projected visit to the library of St. Paul's Cathedral added thoughtfully, "N.B. There are ninety-two stairs to climb to reach the Library"), but Lady Hartwell, the chairman—a vivacious woman who radiates enthusiasm for everything about the British Museum—says that very many younger people are now joining. "We give as much as possible to the museum, either in cash or an object," she told an interviewer. "For instance, we gave five thousand pounds to buy a little eighteenth-century Venetian porcelain bowl that was among the lovely things offered to the Treasury by the executors of the late Earl Spencer in lieu of

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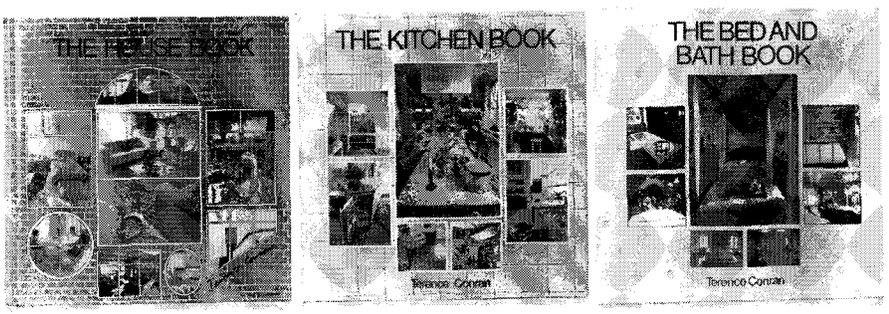
capital transfer tax, and it's on view now in the Medieval and Later Antiquities Department."

The staff of the British Museum also has various off-time social and sporting activities, in which the British Library staff joins, such as football and rifle clubs and a flourishing chess club. There is a choral society that gives performances of Mozart and Palestrina in local churches and a few years back sang "Dido and Aeneas," accompanied by harpsichord and recorders, in the superlative surroundings of the museum's Nereid Room. Visitors are often surprised to look out of a window near the coffee shop and read a notice board sternly advising that it is strictly forbidden to feed cats except at one spot on the northeast side of the museum. This applies to the members of the British Museum Cats' Welfare Society, started by a fervent animal lover to deal with a large population of feline strays who used to prowl around the premises prospecting for crumbs of Wimpys dropped on the pavements by the tourists. The cats have now, by order of the Director's Office, been reduced to a statutory seven, who are supplied with a cattery, kept in tins of food and anti-flea collars, and, in return, are said to keep the mice down in the museum outbuildings.

ONE part of the British Museum which the ordinary public cannot visit is the basement running underneath the whole building, where the reserves of all the collections are stored (except those of the Museum of Mankind, which are at Franks House). Anyone doing research on a serious project and wishing to examine a particular object in the basement can ask and receive permission to do so. Everybody is aware, however, that the museum has a huge overflow of possessions that will probably never see the light of day, and this has been known to decide people to make wills leaving their precious things to provincial museums, where, they trust, there may be a better chance of the bequest's being put on permanent display. The Townley Marbles, for instance, were exhibited to admiring crowds in a special gallery at Montagu House, which was demolished in 1846 to make room for a wing of Smirke's building. Since the nineteen-sixties, they have been sitting it out underground. They will be brought together again at last in the new Wolfson Galleries—named after the foundation that gave the cash—which are expected to be completed around 1982. The galleries are in the basement and

After we wrote the books,



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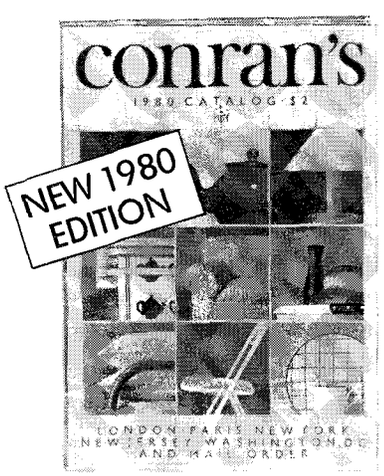

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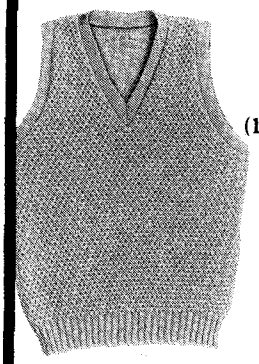

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will eventually take over some of the space now occupied by the Greek and Roman Antiquities Department's staggering array of reserve stores. Mr. Brian Cook, the Keeper since 1976, is a slight, amused-looking man of forty-six who was at the Metropolitan Museum for eight years before he came to the British Museum in 1969 and speaks fondly of Mr. James Rorimer. ("Taught me almost all I know about museums. He used to ask me back to supper with the family. I loved and revered him.") "We shall be able to show in the Wolfson Galleries five more of the marvellous great seated marble figures from the Sanctuary of Apollo at Didyma, which had to go into retirement," he told a visitor he was showing around the basement stores not long ago. "Also, more fragments from the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus and the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus—both were among the Seven Wonders of the World of antiquity—for which we have no space in the main Mausoleum and Artemis exhibits upstairs. As the contractors move through the rooms, we shall have to clear the sculptures out into another section, put up a partition, and then move them back again when the new gallery is ready. It's one long game of Chinese checkers here these days."

Mr. Cook sighed, and led the way through a labyrinth of arched vaults, remarking that the geography of the place was confusing and that it had taken him six years to work it out that a gallery he had always pinpointed as being directly over one of the storerooms wasn't over it at all. "This section runs the whole length of the Parthenon Gallery upstairs," he said. He pointed out the Townley Marbles among the serried groups of statuary that stand as crowded and as queerly assorted as travellers waiting expectantly for the airport loudspeaker to announce a badly delayed departure—emperors, satyrs, heroes, calm Roman matrons, maenads, naked nymphs on tiptoe seeming to crane over the heads of the crowd, prowling lions, and the enormous hindquarters of a plunging horse from the chariot team on the apex of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus. Busts glimmer rather eerily on racks. Farther on, a great array of Greek and Latin inscriptions recording such things as military victories, civic expenditures, new buildings, and sorrowing epitaphs are lined up, ready for the move. Mr. Cook stopped to translate a long inscription from a tomb at Halicarnassus which called down a bloodcurdling curse on anyone who

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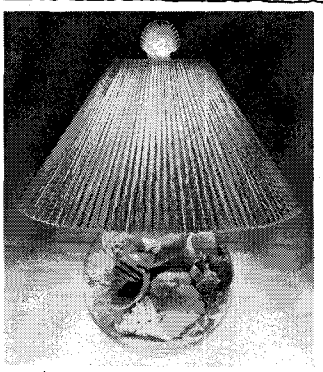

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tampered with the tomb. " 'May the land not be fruitful for him nor the sea navigable; may he have neither enjoyment of his offspring nor possession of his own life; but may he perish utterly.' I like to think it has no effect on the British Museum, because we are preserving the stone, after all, but when one of our cleaners heard that there was bad luck attached to it, nothing would make him touch it or even pass by it. It will be included in a selection of inscriptions in the first of the new Wolfson Galleries. Of course, there's a limit to what the ordinary visitor can take. Roughly speaking, the collection contains about two thousand Greek and two thousand Roman inscriptions, and only scholars come down here to study them. The general public would find them boringly alike and wonder why some of them could not have been disposed of. Well, the statutes of the British Museum forbid the sale, or 'alienation,' of any part of a collection, except occasionally of duplicates, and since everything in Greek and Roman antiquity was made by hand, there are no duplicates, naturally. It is impossible to say how many antiquities we have altogether in the main collection and the reserve collection, owing to the different cataloguing systems used in the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. We are busy recording the whole collection. The computerized indexing of the Elgin Marbles is finished. But people always ask me for figures and are surprised when I say I don't really know. I suppose the collection compares with the Louvre, Munich, the Hermitage. We're in the big leagues, anyway." Mr. Cook paused, smiled, and looked round him meditatively, swinging the house keys with which he had unlocked the many doors in the basement. "All you can say is that it is vast. That's a word you have to use in many places in the British Museum. Vague, but I think it meets the case."

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Bulletin

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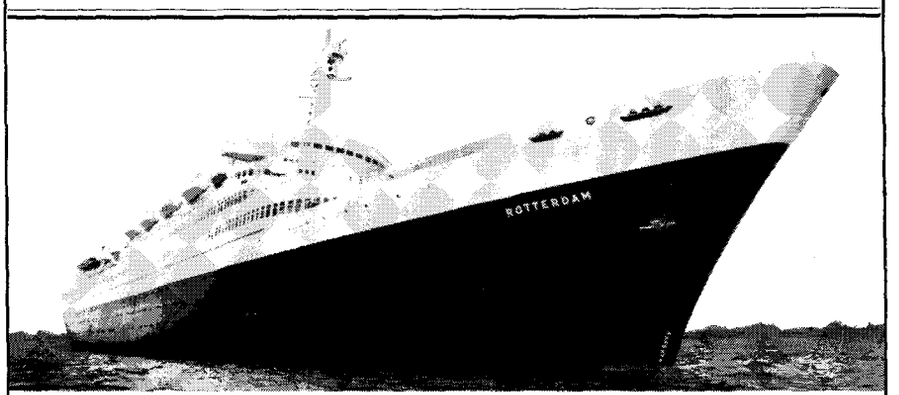

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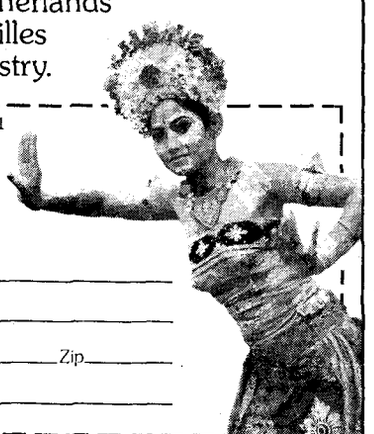

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THE THEATRE

All in the Family

A DELIGHTFUL comedy entitled "Table Settings," written and directed by James Lapine, has opened at the Playwrights Horizons, which is one of the group of small theatres that have recently learned how to flourish in the distant reaches of West Forty-second Street. The play is a modest, humanely good-humored depiction of Jewish middle-class family life as Mr. Lapine imagines it being led in and about New York City, and I hope that every single one of my fellow New Yorkers will hasten to attend it. (According to the last census, our local population comes to almost eight million, and the Playwrights Horizons is a hundred-and-seventy-seven-seat house, so, given a conventional number of performances per week, it will take well over a hundred years for my hope to be realized. Cast replacements will be required from time to time.)

Frost called one of his poems "Neither Out Far nor In Deep," and Mr. Lapine has chosen to tell his merry cautionary tale as if in obedience to that injunction; in the course of thirty-nine very brief scenes, we are led through a variety of loosely linked family adventures and misadventures, all of them centered on a dining table. Sometimes the table is in the grandmother's house, sometimes it is in the house of the elder of her two sons, who is a prosperous lawyer, and sometimes it is in an expensive restaurant, where the younger son is working as a waiter. A paragon of lassitude, almost always contentedly high on drugs, the younger son in the eyes of his family has failed to find himself; in his own eyes, the search has not seemed worth undertaking. The lawyer brother is married to a cheerful shiksa, by whom he has had two brattish, highly intelligent children; the shiksa arranges for the younger brother to meet as a prospective wife a psychiatric social worker, with whom he is soon making love as pleasurably as—but no more pleasurably than—he takes drugs. The grandmother of the family spends much of her time kvetching about the failings of those generations younger than hers and recalling with satisfaction the hardships of life in her native Minsk. We reach the end of the play after a fusillade of home truths has been fired off, none of which has proved mortal. (Home truths are the truths that, once you have been told them, make you uneasy about ever going home.) The play is filled not with surprises but with repeated, pleasing shocks of recognition; though it teeters on the brink of farce, it remains too tenderhearted to embrace it. "We are not much," Mr. Lapine's characters seem to be telling us, "but maybe we are all there is."

The cast of "Table Settings" has been exceptionally well chosen. The younger son is played by Mark Blum, the elder son by Brent Spiner, the grandmother by Frances Chaney, the shiksa by Chris Weatherhead, the social worker by Carolyn Hurlburt, and the brattish children by Marta Kober and Eric Gurry, who at his bar mitzvah makes a speech that he evidently believes to be equal to the Gettysburg Address. What a good time they all appear to be having onstage, and what a good time they give us! The ingenious many-doored single set is by Heidi Landesman, the costumes are by Robert Wojewodski, and the lighting is by Beverly Emmons.

SAMUEL BECKETT's "Endgame," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, was written well over twenty years ago, when Beckett was a vigorous man in early middle age, but the play strikes a characteristically valedictory note, and its occasional comic touches serve only to emphasize the bleak circumstances out of which they emerge—Beckett in effect rewrites Newman's hymn to read, "Lead, unkindly light, amid the encircling gloom. . . . The night is dark and there isn't any home." Hamm, the protagonist of "Endgame," is a sick, tetchy, immobilized blind man, who keeps pleading with his servant, Clov, to be given his painkiller. Clov, too, is sick in body and mind; the bond between the two is a reiterated lack of love, as between an estranged father and son, heightened by a conviction that nothing any longer exists outside the squalid quarters they inhabit. Hamm is certainly old, but not yet an orphan; in two ash bins at one side of the stage are confined his senile parents, Nagg and Nell, who cackle of a lost happiness from their impromptu tombs. The play begins with Hamm removing a blood-stained handkerchief ("old stancher") from his puffy red face, and it ends with his putting the handkerchief back. Among the last words he utters are "You cried for night; it falls: now cry in darkness." One is put in mind of the heartbreaking final pages of "Finnegans Wake," but then Beckett at once mockingly adds (as no doubt Joyce would have done), "Nicely put, that."

The director of "Endgame," Joseph Chaikin, has himself played Hamm and has obviously thought hard about the play. There are a few unwelcome novelties—Clov is too much of a vaudevillian at the start, playing more silly tricks with a ladder than the stage directions indicate—but Beckett's intentions are made clear at every point. That admirable actor Daniel Seltzer plays Hamm, Michael Gross plays Clov, James Barbosa plays Nagg, and Joan MacIntosh plays Nell, bestowing on her in her nearly mindless old age an uncanny radiance. The set is by Sally Jacobs, the costumes are by Mary Brecht, and the lighting is by Beverly Emmons.

ONE way to encourage oneself to go on living after the icy astringencies of "Endgame" is to proceed downtown to the Chelsea Theatre Center, where at 11 P.M. one can enjoy an unfailingly hilarious cabaret called "Das Lusitania Songspiel," written and performed by Sigourney Weaver and Christopher Durang. As you will have deduced from the name of the show, the main targets of their jests in song and dialogue are Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht. (A parody of "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" turns out to be entitled "The Song of Economic Reality.") Miss Weaver is beautiful and Mr. Durang is rather droll-looking, which is surely a more merciful arrangement than the other way round, and they hurl themselves into their labors with a zest approaching abandon. One can tipple Wild Turkey as the show proceeds and reflect on how gratifyingly far the gifted pair are from having invented a tame turkey. I wish them many happy midnights in their cozy grotto.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Mark Twain was seriously ill and, by mistake, a news appeared that he had passed away. So, when he recovered, he gave the news: "You'll be sad to hear I'm not yet dead."—*Illustrated Weekly of India.*

Something lost in translation, we fear.

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THE AIR

Tourists in Teheran; or, Cameras in Command

I HAVE a friend who is a bachelor from time to time and who at present resides in an enormous new apartment building—constructed of pale-blue brick and named after a Wagner heroine—that has a video camera mounted in each of its elevators. These cameras are not the swivelling kind, such as may be found in giant drugstores, whose roving eyes scan the cosmetics counter and magazine rack and garden-accessories display with the rhythmic, inquisitorial, and easily outwittable manner of a Mr. McGregor searching his lettuce patch for Peter Rabbit. The cameras in my friend's elevators make no such claim to restless curiosity. Instead, they are stationary, sure of themselves, each fixed in place upon a little shelf high in the left rear corner of the elevator, with its lens pointing more or less directly at the front of the car, although I've noticed, riding up to and down from my friend's apartment in the company of other residents of the Wagnerian building, that we all generally tend to flatten ourselves ever so casually against the back of the elevator, out of sight, as it were, if not out of mind—a tendency, one might add, that affords an endearing example of mutual trust among urban strangers, for if our elevator group should happen to contain a burglar-rapist-maniac he would clearly be able to wreak his dreadful havoc upon us unobserved by the vigilant, though farsighted camera, his depredations as well as our gallant struggles unrecorded on the monitor screen, which is situated next to the mail room in the downstairs lobby and is supposed to be monitored by Raoul, the doorman: a descendant of a past more spiritual and humanistic than our own cool, Japanese electronics culture, who thus passes most of his time on a stool near the air vent just inside the front door discussing night life with delivery boys and giving unsound advice to Haitian domestics.

I've thought of those elevator cameras every so often, not only last summer, when I used to drop by my friend's place fairly frequently, but this fall and winter, as the Iranian crisis prolonged itself—as the newscasters say—into its second and third month, because in certain ways they seem so representative, so emblematic, of the camera era that we are all living in. For some time, that is, we have been surrounded by camera images, and in the past decade we have started to actually live by them: to revere what the camera reveres, to see what the camera sees, to be guided by what the camera shows us. Long ago, in 1930, Christopher Isherwood wrote in "A Berlin Diary," "I am a camera with its shutter open, quite passive, recording, not thinking." Such a lovely sentence, but how quaint and inexact and literary (dread pejorative!) it sounds today, in the context of the camera's looming and forceful presence in our midst. With what irony does Isherwood's tender phrase "quite passive" echo in the years that have seen the rise of photojournalism, the "March of Time," paparazzi, "60 Minutes," and the dialectics of *auteur* cinema and young filmmakers. And now there is Iran: Iran, Day 67—for the networks seem to have discovered the pleasures of linear time, with the result that each night's report has been introduced by a logo to remind us of the consecutive, or perhaps Newtonian, nature of the event. Or possibly it is not so much the pleasures of linear time which have been discovered as the homespun satisfactions of fidelity; that is, for so many years network news departments have been wearing themselves thin in the service of a kind of hyperactive news promiscuity, careering from crisis to crisis, setting up their cameras at a new "trouble spot" before the rubble has been cleared away from the last one, that now, having decided to *stick with the story*, they have been covering it with the relentless predictability of a Don Juan who has decided to stay home for a few evenings. Was any man ever so consistently, so regularly, so admirably *at home* as this fellow? Day after day, night after night, the networks have brought us the news from the streets of Teheran, even when there was no news, or when what there was of it had been more or less produced by the host nation for the purposes of worldwide television coverage.

Such fidelity to an important news event is a fine thing, to be sure; nor is steadfastness in covering a television beat such a commonplace occurrence that one should be impatient for a return to the old promiscuity. But what has obtained in our Iranian coverage, for the most part, seems less a matter of steadfastness of thought or action than a matter of rigidity of camera view. Let us even take this small thought a step further and say what has surely been in the minds of many persons over the past sixty-seven—or sixty-eight—Iranian days: that there appear to have been two sets of prisoners taken in the Iranian crisis. Most explicitly and affectingly, of course, there are the fifty or so men and women of the American Embassy who are being held hostage in Teheran; apparently, they are not being physically brutalized, but they are being held against their will, are not free to go,

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and are presumably being compelled, or at least encouraged, to channel their thoughts along lines selected by their captors. Not altogether dissimilarly, the American news audience (decidedly more comfortable but also, while not actually brutalized, not entirely free to go, either, and with its conscious thoughts being shaped by its captors) has been held captive by the TV cameras. One could say that it is the network news organizations that own the cameras and direct their placement, but in a sense the network news organizations have been held captive, too. The cameras are in command, as they have been so often in recent history. Cameras, for example, largely determined the selection of the American President, Jimmy Carter, who is trying to deal with the Iranian crisis, and though cameras didn't exactly topple the Shah, a close cousin of the camera—the cassette tape recorder—brought the Ayatollah Khomeini to power, and cameras have most certainly been determining the shape of the hostage crisis, both on the Iranian side and on our own. The mighty Wurlitzer of "the news" supposedly speaks with many voices, many *words*—the words of newscasters and voice-over correspondents and government spokesmen trying to describe the situation and define their views of it—but the single, focussing message that the public has received has been the camera's message: the belligerent, chanting, menacing Iranians in the streets of Teheran outside our embassy. In earlier times, when people lived in oral or print eras, they could be focussed and "controlled" by slogans (like "God for Harry! England and St. George!") or print messages (as from Tom Paine or Harriet Beecher Stowe); in the late nineteen-thirties, as Christopher Isherwood was to discover, whole nations could be rallied and "controlled" by loudspeakers and radio—a distanced version of the human voice, yet one that became even more powerful than the real thing. Now it is the camera that provides our points of reference, our focus. Indeed, our sense of great events has become so overwhelmingly visual—Mrs. John F. Kennedy reaching out across the back of that car in Dallas—that many people (whose forebears were doubtless once as widely deprived of man-made imagery and color as their progeny are now inundated by them) appear to believe that the visual plane is the only plane that life itself happens on. Consider, for instance, those fragments from the vast network-news coverage of Vietnam, which were

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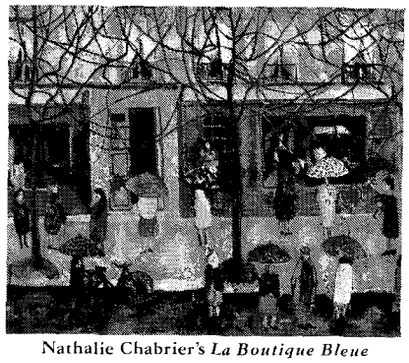

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never really stories as such—those reiterated glimpses of helicopters landing, of men fanning out in the tall grass, of distant planes and puffs of smoke and napalm, of Westy Westmoreland in his little cap, and of visiting dignitaries touring the war zone—but which come down to us as *scenes:* symbolic messages of the war, even more powerful and haunting, I think, than the hyped-up artistic flourishes of such recent epics as "The Deer Hunter" and "Apocalypse Now" (though, alas, not quite so "real").

For most of the public, Vietnam *was* those scenes, and is remembered not only through them but in terms of them; lately, they have passed as actual experience into the moviemakers' own cameras. Then came the "boat people," who had *their* scenes: capsizing hulks and heartrending waifs. Then the Cambodians, though the starving and decimated Cambodians unfortunately lacked both cameras and scenes; there were print reports and articles and some pictures of Mrs. Carter at refugee camps in Thailand, but no *scenes.* And now the Iranians and the hostages: our nightly glimpse of Teheran. For many years, it must be recalled, our cameras unsuccessfully visited Iran: nodding politely at the Shah, who would usually dress up for the occasion (as if dressing up produced a scene!); or going to sleep over the Shah's land-reform program; or waking up somewhat over the Shah water-skiing (the Shah in a bathing suit; not a scene, either); and simply going out to lunch at the mention of repression (no scene there) or SAVAK (there is such a thing as *too much* of a scene) or the power of the Muslim priesthood (be serious; how can there be a scene about priests—old, bearded priests?). But now the cameras are back and are presumably happy, for they finally have their Iranian scene: the mobs in the streets outside the Embassy. At first, who would have thought it? Such an unlikely scenario—the outside of a captured embassy, with the presumed subject of the story inside and out of sight! The network-news directors couldn't have hoped for much: eventually, maybe a small war, of course, or, better still, a little armed conflict, with those far-off planes and tiny puffs of smoke; but, if not armed conflict, then what? The usual nothing. That only goes to show you what network-news directors know, or ayatollahs, for that matter, because, though Khomeini certainly knew a lot about tape recorders and cassettes, maybe as much as Oriana Fallaci (since it was by cassette that he transmitted the Good Word from the suburbs of Paris to the Muslim faithful in Iran), he couldn't have really known that much about cameras, about what our cameras would see. The young Iranian activists, however, were quick to see what our cameras saw, and so began to speak to them, commune with the cameras. Then the network-news directors, remembering their solemn journalistic mission and also the expensive reportorial talent on their payrolls, dispatched their heavy hitters to Iran—Mike Wallace to Qum! But why should the Iranians bother with the heavy hitters when they could speak directly to our cameras?

It was a dilemma, admittedly—a modern dilemma. By this time, virtually everyone disliked the Iranians. The government disliked the Iranians. The citizens disliked the Iranians. The news directors, being citizens, too, certainly disliked the Iranians. But the cameras loved them. The cameras and the Iranians were pals. Of course, the Iranians didn't get the affection of the cameras for nothing; they had to put in a day's work now and then—raise the old fist, chant the old chant, march the old march down to the gates of the Embassy compound. But it was worth it, because of the scene. An interesting point, too, is that it wasn't what you would call a surefire, terrific scene. It didn't leap out at you from the pages of the script and say film me, young filmmaker. It was more the kind of scene you don't really notice at first, while you're blocking out all the other, really important scenes, but then afterward, in the notorious cutting room, when the celebrated *auteur* film-editor is telling you that none of the other really important scenes work, you suddenly notice: Hey, man, *this* is the really big scene. All those swarthy faces, all those hands and arms, all those beards. No matter that there's no fancy dialogue, no exploding ammo dumps, no little planes in the sky. This one works. It all sort of flows together, naturally cinematic, and, besides, you can hang things on it, cut to the subplot: cameo appearances by the Foreign Minister of the moment, attacking the criminality of our foreign policy; or nice Mr. Waldheim, of the United Nations, huddled in the back of his car; or even, now and then, a glimpse of the old Ayatol-

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lah, sitting on his carpet up in Qum murmuring "Rosebud" into a blank tape cassette. The only problem with the scene, I guess, is that it's incomplete; it tends to leave things out. It lacks the hostages, for one thing, though that's rather to be expected, considering the circumstances. Mostly, I imagine, it lacks *information*. Who are the people in the streets, anyway? Who are these activists (referred to as "students" on television, presumably in the spirit of palship) who hold our people prisoners in our embassy? What did the Shah do, good or bad, that made a number of Americans want to watch him water-skiing and a larger number of Iranians want to kill him? There are many more questions that might be asked and could be answered, even on television, but to ask and answer them would doubtless detract from the scene, make it unworkable. The cameras would then begin to blink their eyes in ambivalence and confusion, and sulk, and lose their pleasure, and leave Iran again.

So the moral, if there is one, is that we must probably learn to live with our cameras, at least for the time being (whether they are mounted in elevators or in drugstores or in wars or in political conventions or in Teheran), and learn to live with the scenes and images they choose to bring us. Only God's love, as the saying goes, is complete. I should point out, though, that my friend in the blue brick building has been burgled twice since July—nothing really serious, if you know what I mean: his cufflinks and Cuisinart the first time, his stereo speakers the second time—and has been giving serious thought to moving to a different neighborhood and a less contemporary building, with bars on the windows and one of those "Prisoner of Zenda" locks on the front door. He says that he will miss Raoul, who is of the opinion that both heists were inside jobs, but he won't miss the cameras that always pretended to be looking after him but never told him what he really needed to know. The trick now, one imagines, is to figure out which neighborhood to move to.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Women at Work

"THE APPLE GAME" is the first movie from Czechoslovakia to reach us in more than ten years, and it is here only because the state censors in that country considered it bland enough to permit its filming and its limited distribution abroad; after it received prizes and critical praise at various film festivals, it was released (with some official reluctance) in Czechoslovakia as well. It will come as good news that it is a disturbing and funny and sneaky sort of movie, and, at its heart, not bland at all. I think that audiences are going to be startled and sharply divided in their initial reactions to it, and by the time it is over may find themselves splintered into more factions and emotions than the French Chambre des Députés. The movie, which was directed by Věra Chytilová, has a small cast that at once begins to grow in numbers, as we watch more and still more babies being born in a small Prague maternity hospital, which is the setting for this romantic comedy about an affair between an obstetrician and a young country nurse. I have no idea what most moviegoers will feel about watching repeated detailed scenes of labor and parturition (I had no idea what *I* felt about this until a third of the way along in "The Apple Game," when I realized that I was smiling and sometimes almost cheering—"Yay! Way to *go!*"—at the sight of each new emerging starlet), but I don't doubt that some of them will wish for a less direct assault on their emotions. The story is sunlit and cheerfully done, to the accompaniment of lighthearted background jazz, but it deals with such fundamentals of life and feeling that its content always seems dangerous, and the whole picture must tiptoe constantly along the edges of broad, bad satire. Consider, for instance, one of the early moments, when Dr. Josef John (Jiří Menzel)—a slight, overworked, preoccupied medico with thick, black-rimmed eyeglasses above his surgical mask—and the pretty but scatterbrained nurse, named Anna (Dagmar Blahova), find a moment to fondle and to sigh with sexual pleasure, while their nearby patient, enormous under a sheet, cries out, "I can't *stand* it anymore!" (a repeated exclamation in the picture) in her labor. This is irony, ready-made and unwieldy, and so is the fact that the Doctor is a practiced lothario, a perfect ladies' man (the situation begets endless double meanings), who is simultaneously having an affair with the wife of a colleague, and who must discover, in the most predictable manner possible—yes, the nurse becomes pregnant, too—whether he is capable of a more serious attachment. The movie's other main flaws are its low-comedy scenes—in which Anna pursues a cake of wet soap outside the delivery room, or comes on all kittenish on a car trip to the country, or turns kooky (like Liza Minnelli in "The Sterile Cuckoo") during some business involving a bag of tomatoes that she spills in the Doctor's office—and they are there, I think, because Věra Chytilová must have felt that her vehicle was always about to flatten us with meaning. The picture is too jumpy and wiggly when it tries hard to be funny, but it still fails to avoid some tempting little traps (one male gynecologist to another: "Well, you know women") when it tries to be offhand.

For all that, "The Apple Game" is moving and terrifically funny most of the time, because its director plainly cares more about these young people for themselves—as individual men and women caught up in one of life's more surprising and peculiar juxtapositions—than for their value as message-bearers or irony-mongers. Dr. John's long-standing affair with the married and truly beautiful Marta (Evelyna Steimarová-Rytířová) has its own share of dumb, easy laughs, which arise from her simultaneous preoccupation with her lover and her children and household ("Christ," she mutters during a private moment with him, "we're out of *toothpaste!*"), but this relationship, which seems at once passionate, friendly, irritable, hostile, and loving, has a weight and history of its own, instead of being played off against the "real" love story and thrown away. Dr. John, who wants to keep Marta in the safe, hopeless fix of her marriage, is an emotional nitwit, impossible to admire but extremely easy to recognize and to like. All through the picture, a deeper humor keeps pushing through the surface of things. The real joke about Dr. John is not that he is having love affairs in a setting where women are also having babies but that he is on intimate terms with every woman

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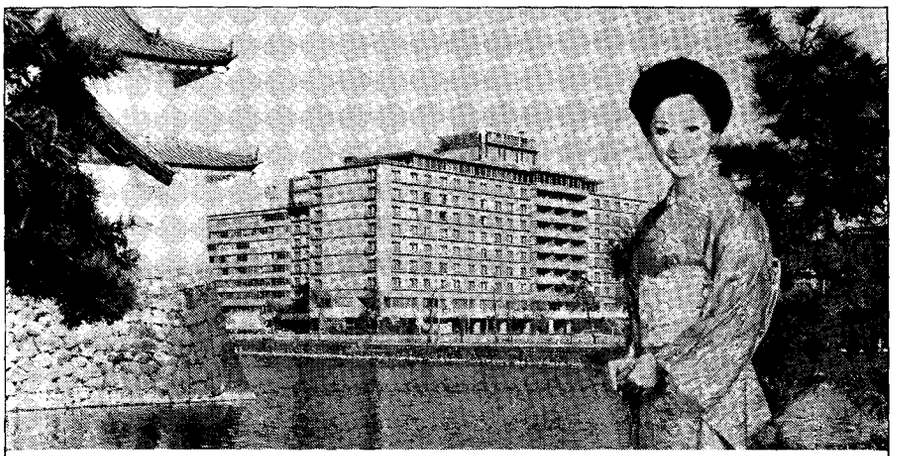
in the movie—most of all with his patients, who talk to him about their abortions, about their difficulties in conceiving, about their husbands, about their contractions, and so on. The movie is made by this role, and by Jiří Menzel, who plays it brilliantly. (He is the same Jiří Menzel, by the way, who directed the celebrated "Closely Watched Trains" and other admired Czechoslovakian films of the nineteen-sixties; when political censorship closed down the Czech studios to serious film-makers at the end of the decade, he continued his concurrent career as an actor.) His Dr. John seems young but tired, and distracted by women; deluged with sex and births and emotion, he remains compulsively at play in the midst of it all, out of self-defense and busyness, and when his affair with Anna begins to mean more than he expected it would, it is hard for him to be sure of his real feelings. The games of love and sex turn serious in the end, which is scarcely a new message for any of us, but rarely has a moral lesson been posed more cheerfully.

Anna, the young bumpkin nurse ("I always do something wrong," she explains to her lover at the beginning), is funny-looking and appealing, with round, heavily made-up eyes, a long jaw, and a beat-up, sensuous, comical expression. Her best moment in the picture is during a visit with the Doctor to his brother's farm, where she helps deliver a calf (another birth!) and saves its life with a vigorous country-learned massage, and then shares a triumphant drink with the farmhands. "The Apple Game" is wonderful for its stimulating, sensuous glimpses—a hospital cart loaded with rows of babies, like little rolled roasts; a marvellous-looking young cabaret chanteuse with wide-spaced eyes and a top hat (or, later, a cloche), singing of love and clowning the song at the same time, making us wish we were there with her; an exhausted, exultant new mother smoking a cigarette while she talks to her husband over the telephone about the birth; a distant view of the great hilltop Hradčany Castle across the river on a snowy day; a closeup of the awesome swelling white mountain of a woman's belly at full term while an attending nurse or doctor leans over it, with turned head, to listen gravely to the events within through a funny, trumpetlike stethoscope; more babies being born. In our last view of Anna, she, too, is pregnant and very close to term; wearing a stunning fluttering red dress, she is riding a bicycle through an apple orchard, to the accompani-



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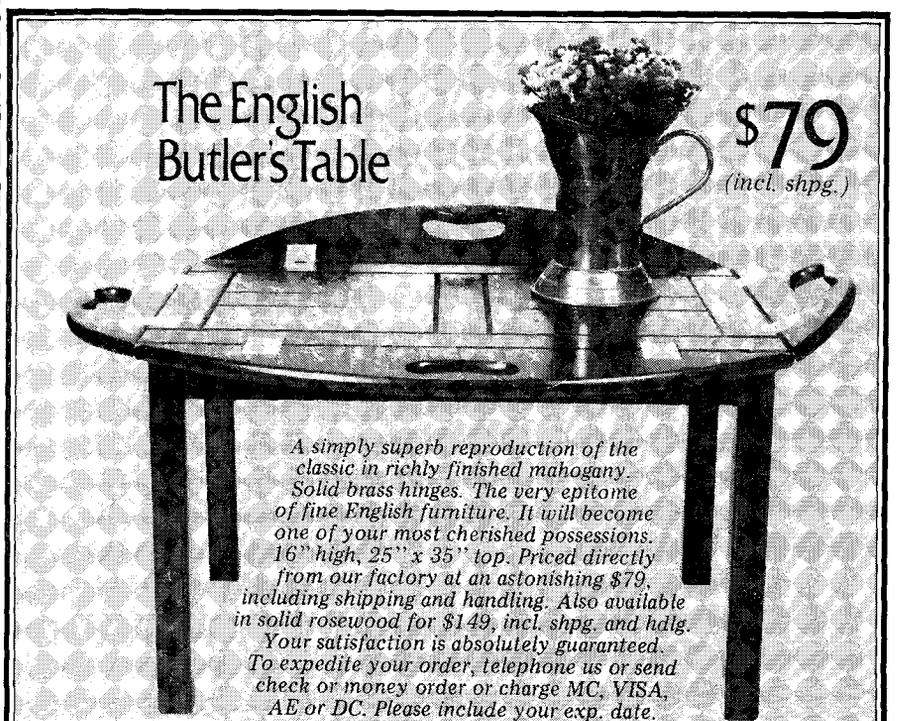

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ment of the same bouncy, funny music that has kept us company all through the movie. The Doctor is not in sight. Her story is still unsettled (how can any of us be sure about life and babies?), but I think she has resolved that it is going to be a happy one.

Like Jiří Menzel, Věra Chytilová was a director of feature-length films during the brief grand epoch of Czechoslovakian films in the nineteen-sixties; she did not leave the industry when Soviet-enforced censorship closed the studios to serious filmmaking, but continued to press for official approval of scripts that she believed in and wanted to direct. It took her six years to get a script past the bureaucrats and the state literary advisers, and even then she was permitted only limited film stocks and was required to work in a small studio usually given over to cartoons and short subjects. One senses that the movie was made because she insisted on making it, and because the authorities (one can almost hear them) must have said to each other in the end, "Well, it's only a *woman's* movie." They are right about that, I guess, because it seems unlikely that a man could have made "The Apple Game." In one way, the film is beyond politics, or perhaps to one side of it, but in another and better sense it is downright subversive. Any movie now that can be both serious and funny about men and women is political, all right, and that is good news, too.

GORDON WILLIS is the elegant and accomplished cinematographer who did the splendid camerawork for "Klute," both parts of "The Godfather," "Annie Hall," "Interiors," "Manhattan," and other films, and it is sad to report that he has stumbled with "Windows," which is his maiden effort as a director. The movie is a thriller, in which a shy young museum worker named Emily Hollander (Talia Shire) is nearly done in by a knife-wielding intruder in her Brooklyn Heights pad, and is then similarly and repeatedly threatened and terrified by another crazed but not very mysterious baddie. The picture never achieves much tension, inasmuch as its one really scary moment—the sexual assault, which is horrifying—happens about five minutes along in the story and is not nearly matched over the rest of its distance: miserable timing in a would-be suspense thriller. The movie is full of switches and variations on previous frightened-woman melodramas with a New York City locale (a form that is becoming as ritualized as the gothic novel), which give it a flattish, old-popcorn flavor. The girl isn't blind, the way Audrey Hepburn was in "Wait Until Dark," but she has a stutter, which handicaps her almost as much in the tight places of the yarn. Miss Shire—with her small, pinched face, black bangs, and a turned-down mouth, and bundled up to here, for the most part, in a black coat and a knitted hat—handles the little painful pauses of speech with great delicacy, and often appears to be truly numbed by her fears. Emily lives with a cat, of course, which has its own obligatory business when it suddenly claws the unsuspected killer (cats *know* these things), thus preparing us all for the animal's coming conversion into cold cuts. The protective, amorous detective (Joseph Cortese) is tall and laid-back here, instead of short and fast-talking, like George Segal in "No Way to Treat a Lady," or pop-eyed and countrified, like Donald Sutherland in "Klute." In this flick, as in its direct ancestors, the detective gives his new lady friend some extremely careful directions, based on his hard-won knowledge of the killer's M.O. ("Stay in the apartment. Don't answer the bell. Don't go out. Don't let *anyone* in," etc.), which, of course, she disregards, to her instant peril. (People don't seem able to *listen* anymore. It's discouraging.) The big No. 1 switch in "Windows" lies in the identity of the obsessed mad killer, who turns out to be (the secret is not a crucial one, as the film is constructed, and there is another, better secret that goes with it) the stylish, deep-voiced Andrea Glassen (Elizabeth Ashley), who has conceived an irresistible lesbian passion for poor Emily. The part, which often requires Andrea to pant with desire, like a setter awaiting its Alpo, seems perfectly suited to Miss Ashley's hoarse, mannered style, but we never do know quite what to make of Andrea. Now and then, she succeeds in convincing us that she is dangerously bonkers, only to be seen almost at once—in a confusing, flattening alteration of tone—at her psychiatrist's, where she is trying to

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work her problems through, to the accompaniment of sweet strains by the movie's intrusive soundtrack. Andrea keeps tabs on Emily's comings and goings by watching her apartment windows across the East River through a monstrous rooftop telescope—the most obvious and deadening switch of all, of course, since it precisely reverses Alfred Hitchcock's "Rear Window," in which James Stewart, as the bunged-up photographer protagonist, kept track of a killer across the way through a powerful glass. Jimmy Stewart's lens, as I recall, came out of one of his cameras, but Miss Ashley's is an astronomer's expensive, long-barrelled special—a Zeiss Fallichsymbollen XS-3, by the look of it.

"Windows" gives us some marvellous, breathtaking city sights (the lacy lights of Brooklyn Bridge in the early evening, as reflected in the window of Emily's new Manhattan flat, and in her own first ecstatic look at her view; the bridge again, repeatedly, by dawn and all through the day; the ziggurats of Wall Street flooded with white sunlight and framed by a dark Brooklyn Heights street corner) and other visual riches (a table setting, seen in a tight closeup, of a single plate, a napkin, and a knife, with the look and calm poise of a Georges de La Tour painting), which are the work, of course, of Gordon Willis. They are worth going to his movie to see, and I only wish I could say that they save it. In the end, though (and the end is what matters in a thriller), the careless, derivative script, which is by Barry Siegel, lets us down once again, for we cannot really believe that Andrea, although she is by now hissing like a tenement radiator, means any deep harm to Emily, whom she has lured to her loft. The unspeakable menace that is meant to nail us to our seats, there in the dark, is not, in truth, death or dismemberment but lesbianism—an unthrilling and vulgar idea that is best forgotten at once.

—Roger Angell

•

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[*From "Serpentine," by Thomas Thompson*]

Charles found a table and ordered two teas. He did not drink liquor or wine, nor did he smoke. —*Page 195.*

When Anton met an old grizzled friend from the Istanbul garment district, and spoke of his long-unrealized plans to someday crack the Japanese market with his line of lingerie, Charles, sitting nearby and sipping a cocktail with a young woman, overheard every word.

—*Page 205.*

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THOUGHTS ON THE HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

AS 1979 drew to a close, I figured that the only place I might be safe from analyses of what kind of decade it had been was the annual meeting of the American Historical Association. Historians are known for taking the long view. I felt confident that I would not find them poking around for the true meaning of the seventies from a historical perspective of twenty or thirty minutes. It is true that I have long suspected college professors, historians included, of being the source of a lot of decade-theorizing, because I decided some time ago that the people being talked about during discussions of the apathetic fifties or the radical sixties or the laid-back seventies are mostly college students—the college professor's target of opportunity. The professors are, I admit, not the only decade-analyzers loose on the campuses these days. Lately, Washington columnists who ordinarily couldn't be lured from the capital for any event less significant than a Presidential primary or a war of some geopolitical importance have been supplementing their incomes by doing lectures on the college circuit. Taking advantage of an otherwise dreary pre-lecture reception to do some pulse-taking, a columnist may meet six juniors desperate for admission to medical or law school and thus find himself with the meat for a column about how the careerist seventies seem to be echoing the conformist fifties. If I am correct in thinking that the fodder for theories about decades consists mainly of college students, it may be that a lot of Americans who finished their education in, say, 1949 have been playing golf straight through the ensuing decadic swerves—each ten years affecting their lives only to the extent of adding a few more strokes to their handicaps.

In seeing the decade out at the New York Hilton in the company of several thousand historians, though, I was banking on the supposition that attaching adjectives to decades is not the sort of flimflam they indulge in while pursuing their official scholarship or presenting papers to their own professional society. I think of decade-theorizing as more the sort of temptation historians might yield to while turning out one of those Sunday-magazine pieces that are meant to propel the author from the grim authenticity of the university press to the trade list—where, if he is successful enough, he may savor the heady experience of hearing his colleagues dismiss him sourly as a popularizer. In their professional capacity, historians are sometimes thought to be beyond not just decade-analysis but any analysis at all—so caught up in discovering and recording historical facts that they fail to consider what the sort of person who analyzes decades would speak of as What It All Means. During one symposium at the A.H.A. meeting, David Rothman, a professor of American history at Columbia, remarked that historians tend to have "a sure eye for the trees." He spoke of that characteristic as a failing—more or less the way a social scientist discussing the limitations of historians would mention it—but, under the circumstances, I naturally saw it as a virtue.

"Chicken with forty cloves of garlic! How does that sound?"

AFTER I had spent a day or so walking around the mezzanine of the Hilton, it occurred to me that the historians gathered for their annual meeting were remarkably respectable-looking—the men turned out in tweed sports coats and neckties, many of the women dressed in the sort of outfits seen in television commercials these days when an attempt is made to acknowledge the possibility that the executive in the house is female. What may have accounted for the sartorial level of the meeting, I finally decided, was that the graduate students who traditionally attend such events looking for jobs—a marginally scruffy lot even in their interview clothes—were not much in evidence, the word having finally got around that there are virtually no jobs to be had. Three years ago, when I spent some time with the English pro-

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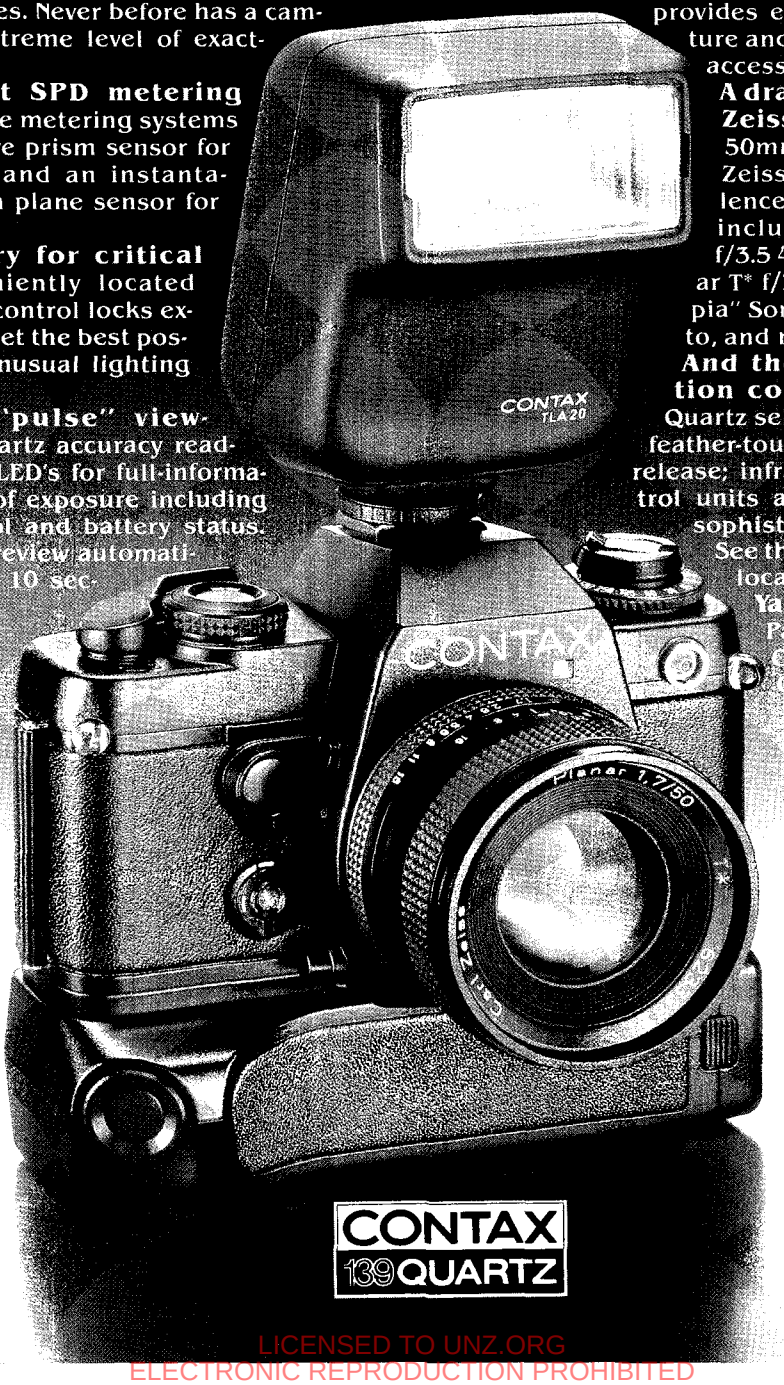

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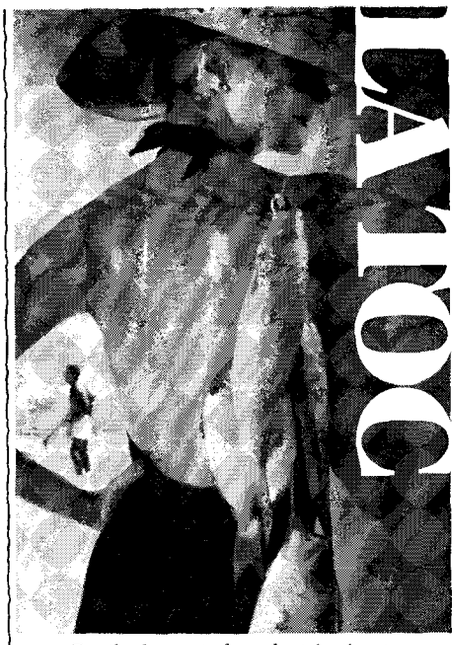
fessors gathered for the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association, the drastic shrinkage of academic employment opportunities was the cause of a good deal of anger in the halls and even in the meeting's seminars. Young Ph.D.s were angry that English Departments, which have always found graduate students useful for grading papers and justifying esoteric seminars, had encouraged people to pursue a doctorate without troubling to warn them that their usefulness would end at graduation. There were complaints that professional organizations like the M.L.A. had been unable or unwilling to turn their attention from scholarly questions to the question of whether the scholars would be employed—in academe or out of it. The job statistics are about the same now for historians as they were then for English professors—there is roughly one academic job available for every four new Ph.D.s; an assistant professor can pretty much count on having to move on when time for tenure consideration arrives—but the sense of anger and frustration I had found at the M.L.A. seemed missing among the historians. There was almost no recognition of the employment crisis in the official program, and there were no angry caucuses in the halls. A historian who had spent many years incommunicado while doing research in a remote land could have walked into this year's meeting and not realized for a while that there had ever been a job crisis. Eventually, he might have noticed that the room set aside for job interviews had relatively few job hunters milling around and that there were relatively few jobs being advertised and that some of them were not for assistant professors prepared to teach seventeenth- and eighteenth-century European history but for a curator at the American Numismatic Society or a director of cultural preservation for the South Dakota Historical Society. The calm at the Hilton gathering may reflect the fact that some of the people most active in efforts to confront the job situation—establishing alternatives to academic employment for historians, for instance—are now working outside the American Historical Association, having given up hope that the established leadership of the profession would ever genuinely recognize non-academics as people properly called historians. Three years may have brought some sense of resignation to the entire academic community. It may also be true, I suppose, that historians possess the calm granted to those who take the long view.

TEN years ago, history was thought of as a calling for men—particularly in the more distinguished departments, which tended to have either one female tenured professor or none at all. Over the past ten years, the percentage of women among people being awarded doctorates in history and people teaching college history has increased, although a particularly distinguished History Department is still likely to have one female tenured professor or none at all. Having met some resistance, the women who have come into the profession in the past decade have pressed some feminist issues—affirmative action, the boycott of states that have not passed the Equal Rights Amendment, the breakup of what they see as an old boys' network in the awarding of grants and tenure. Women have also been at the center of efforts to deal with the job crisis. The one panel at this year's meeting that dealt with basic information about academic employment—getting a job, getting a grant, getting published, getting tenure—came out of a survival manual prepared by the A.H.A.'s Committee on Women Historians. Women have been active in efforts to expand the employment of historians to include preparing grant applications or doing government research or writing corporate histories. The Institute for Research in History, which tries to provide a community of scholars and publishing opportunities for historians no matter what they do for a living—one is apparently putting her knowledge of early cycles in the grain trade to good use on the commodities market; another runs a drygoods store in Queens—grew out of the New York Metropolitan Chapter of the Coördinating Committee on Women in the Historical Profession. Women have played a dominant role in such efforts partly because their own jobs were among the most vulnerable and partly because they were already organized and partly, I suspect, because a woman who ventured into the field of history during the past decade is likely to be more activist by nature than



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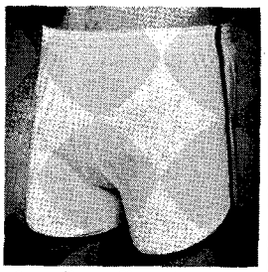

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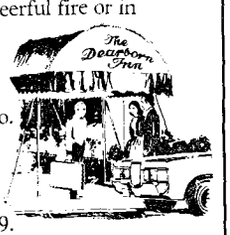

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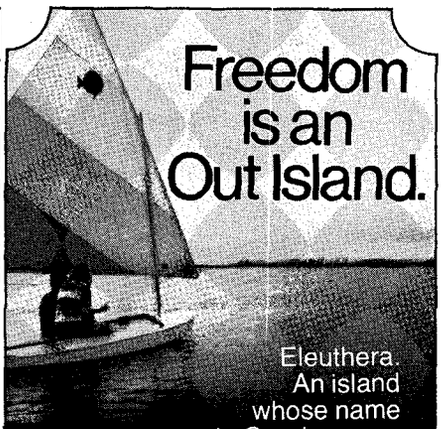
her male colleague. For one reason or another, if the calm of the American Historical Association is broken it is likely to be broken by a woman.

DURING the A.H.A. meeting, William E. Leuchtenburg, who is the De Witt Clinton Professor of American History at Columbia, told me that three of the doctoral dissertations he is now supervising have as their subjects the gay-liberation movement, the social history of venereal disease, and the effect of the Second World War on American Indians. His point was that historians these days concentrate less than they once did on the front-page news of the past. In the last decade, an increasing number of historians have specialized in what is known as the New Social History—what one historian at the meeting described as "the recovery of the story of those who have not left their marks, as Caesar has." They tend to study the family life of Western settlers rather than the territory's first governor, the seventeenth-century workingman rather than the king. They sometimes use methods traditionally associated with political science or anthropology—meaning, I suppose, that they are no longer accused of counting the trees but of trespassing in the forest.

It was natural enough for a lot of women to go into the New Social History. It happened to be the field that was opening up new areas of research as many of them came into the profession. Also, a lot of women wanted to write about women, and they were faced with an obvious paucity of women foreign ministers or women generals. Military history and even diplomatic history still tend to be male fields. A diplomatic historian I know told me during the meeting that historians have always tended to identify subconsciously with the people they write about, and the appropriate start for living vicariously as a nineteenth-century foreign minister is being male. The concentration by sex in history, in fact, is similar to that in history's sloppy cousin, journalism, where politics and government are still considered basically man's work and "feature-writing" is thought of as vaguely womanly. I don't know to what extent the traditional concentration of historians, traditionally male, on the great figures of the past had to do with a subconscious desire to live vicariously as a powerful foreign minister, but I have always thought that the concentration of the American press on prominent political figures is caused partly by the tendency of newspaper



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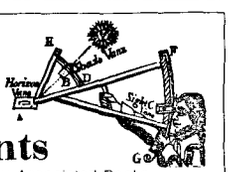

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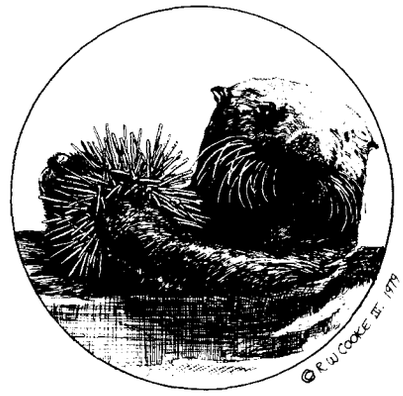
reporters to gauge their own importance by the importance of the people they interview.

THESE days, there are political historians who write about, say, the election of 1872 not by examining speeches but by subjecting the precinct-by-precinct returns to the same sort of computer analysis that CBS will soon apply to the election of 1980—their intention being, of course, more purely scholarly than the effort to declare winners twenty minutes sooner than NBC. Historians would consider the networks' Election Night approach an example of quantitative methods—methods used more widely in the New Social History. Some of its practitioners do what amounts to collective biography—known in the trade as prosopographical studies. They sometimes work with statistics so broad that a computer is required to give them any shape—immigration statistics or birth and death certificates or census information. Columbia's Ph.D. program in American History now accepts as a substitute for one foreign language a course in statistics. Yale has offered its graduate students in history a sort of short course in computers. Even those younger historians who do not intend to involve themselves intensely in quantitative methods may feel the need to have some knowledge of the field just as a matter of scholarly self-defense—a way of having some idea how a paper's author arrived at his conclusions. One result of the broad interest in computers and statistics is that a historian who cannot find work at a university may, as an alternative, get a job at I.B.M.

THERE are those who would interpret the calm at a large meeting of historians as a reflection not of the long view but of low-level malaise. Although the reduction of enrollment and financial resources in American universities has affected new Ph.D.s and untenured instructors most dramatically, it has also affected the middle-level and senior professors who are supposedly secure in their lifetime tenure. "There's a certain amount of guilt," a tenured history professor in his late forties told me. "You sometimes feel as if you're standing on the caboose on the last train out of the desert." Being a survivor, after all, may be the result not of superior scholarship or brilliant teaching but simply of the good fortune to have come up for tenure in 1968 rather than 1973. Also, the caboose is not as comfortable as it once was. The salaries of university professors have not



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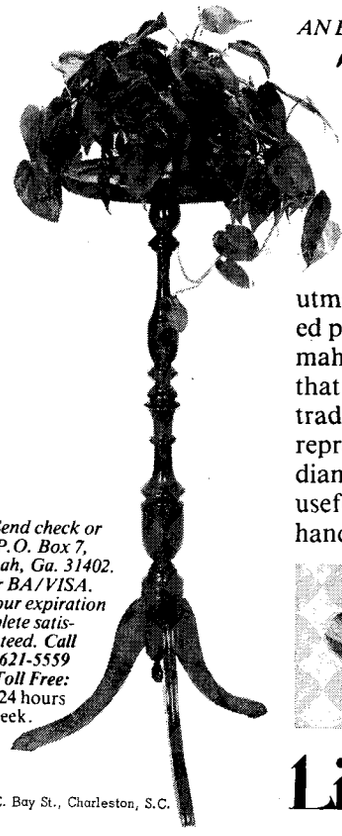

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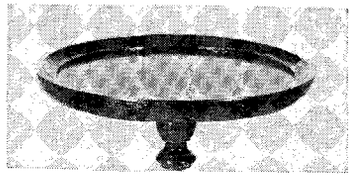

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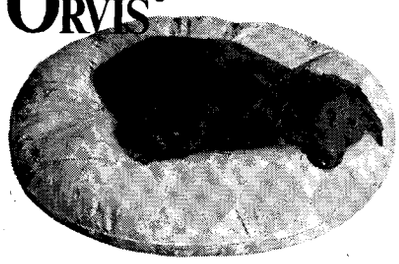

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nearly kept up with inflation, partly because universities, faced with inflation themselves at a time of declining enrollments, inevitably come to consideration of faculty raises only after it is reasonably certain that there will be enough money to heat the classrooms. Even tenured historians can get the feeling that their world is shrinking—in size and in the value others place on it. In a lot of distinguished History Departments, the death of a specialist on colonial Brazil would not mean a search for a specialist just as good but rather the end of offering courses on colonial Brazil. In all of the departments of Yale at the beginning of the decade, there were a hundred and twenty-one graduate students holding National Defense Education Act Fellowships—scholarships that were part of the post-Sputnik national effort to improve higher education. Today there are none. The mobility that senior academics once prized—a mobility that was one outlet for what is sometimes called "the restless-scholar syndrome"—is now available only to a small group of academic superstars. These days, a Byzantinist who dreads the harsh winters of the upper Midwest but happens to have tenure at the University of Wisconsin at Whitewater would have to face the fact that even if he breaks new ground with his study of Isidorus the Younger he is likely to be at the University of Wisconsin at Whitewater until he retires. Under the circumstances, a number of senior academics are leaving university faculties voluntarily. Clara Lovett—the chairman of the History Department of Baruch College, part of the City University of New York—has interviewed several dozen of them, and is convinced that they represent a growing trend. Their transition from the university to government or business, she finds, tends to be burdened with concerns expressed by their colleagues and even themselves about the implied faithlessness of falling away from the academic calling. "It's not like changing fields in other professions," Professor Lovett told me. "It's more like leaving a medieval monastic order."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Close and Effectual Don

JOSEPH LOSEY's film "Don Giovanni," like every thoughtful production of a Mozart opera, raises questions. Every "Giovanni" breeds deep feelings. Mr. Losey poses his first question during the overture, which he uses to accompany—or accompanies with—a muster of Don Giovanni and his entourage in the Teatro Olimpico, in Vicenza; shots of sea and sky; a landing at a glass factory on Murano; shots of the scene inside the factory, where the Don and his party watch workers around the furnace; and then closeups of (in the words of a shooting script that comes with a Columbia album corresponding in the main to the soundtrack of the film) "Donna Anna looking at Don Giovanni with desire" and "Don Giovanni aware." As the overture ends, "flames take over the screen," and we are with Leporello, on guard outside the palace within which Don Giovanni is assaulting Donna Anna.

That look of desire on Donna Anna's face revives E. T. A. Hoffmann's Romantic theories about her: that secretly she loves Don Giovanni; that just before the curtain rises he has had his way with her; that her account to Don Ottavio of what happened in her chamber when the muffled man approached her in the darkness is a lie. In some notes that introduce the script, Mr. Losey writes:

> If Donna Anna says that she is expecting someone at two o'clock in the morning and leaves her door open, that's more than a little strange for someone of that period. It must have been a previously arranged assignation. And then she says, "I was expecting you" to Don Ottavio. She couldn't have been expecting him because all through the opera she's been rejecting him.

Mr. Losey adds that "our actors influenced some changes." Kenneth Riegel, who plays Don Ottavio, is smaller than Ruggero Raimondi, who plays Don Giovanni. "They're absolutely totally different—cut of clothes, stature, height and width. So, she was expecting a lover, and that man certainly wasn't Don Ottavio." He continues:

> Then the question of "Was she raped, or did she invite?" What happened? My feeling is that she invited a lover, and the lover was Don Giovanni. So when Donna Anna tells what happened in Act I, I think she lied, at least to herself.

Before going any further, I should add that the shooting script is not always in perfect consonance with Mr. Losey's notes or with the film itself; for example, the notes say that in this first scene Giovanni "never makes any attempt to conceal his face" from Anna, while the script says "She does not see Don Giovanni's face"—an implied if not a specific contradiction. In the swift action of the film, I got the impression that she didn't recognize him. But if Anna was expecting Giovanni, if she knows all along who he is, the shocking moment later in the act when she claims she has suddenly identified the intruder loses its force, and Anna becomes even more of a hypocrite. There are other objections to Mr. Losey's arguments. For one, Anna says nothing about two o'clock, or leaving her door open, or expecting Ottavio. What she says is:

> The night was already somewhat advanced when into my rooms, where by mischance I found myself alone, I saw enter, wrapped in a mantle, a man whom for a moment I took to be you.

When action or motivation is in doubt, it is often helpful to look at the source from which an opera is taken. Sometimes—often in Mozart—changes, omissions, and alterations may indicate a clear dramatic decision on the part of the new creator. Sometimes—very often in Prokofiev, occasionally in Verdi—an important piece of information may have been inadvertently omitted. The immediate source of Mozart's and Da Ponte's "Don Giovanni" is Giovanni Bertati's libretto "Don Giovanni Tenorio, o sia Il Convitato di Pietra," set to music by Giuseppe Gazzaniga and performed in Venice eight months before "Don Giovanni." (A revival was billed in London last month.) Bertati's Donna Anna says:

> I was waiting for you in my apartment for our agreed discussion. My maid had gone out for a few moments; suddenly I saw enter my room, wrapped in his mantle, a man whom for a moment, O Duke, I believed to be you.

It sounds as innocent as could be, on Anna's part. And what if we go back to the source of all the Don Juan dramas, Tirso de Molina's "El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado de Piedra" (1630)? Here there are two incidents that the later writers combined. Just before curtain-rise, the Duchess Isabel *has* been seduced, and willingly, by a muffled man whom she took to be Ottavio. As Juan says (in Roy Campbell's translation),

> In this disguise I cheated Isabel
> (Who took me for another man) and, well,
> Enjoyed her . . .
> Pretending I was Duke Octavio.

In Act II, Doña Ana *is* waiting for her lover; Juan keeps the appointment instead, but Ana discovers his identity and cries out, and her father arrives, sword in hand, before any harm has been done her. Neither of these wronged ladies, then, is *entirely* innocent. But that's no good reason for supposing that Mozart's and Da Ponte's Donna Anna is not. This stern, noble woman is their creation—Bertati's Anna disappears after the first scene—and, as Hermann Abert puts it in his wonderful study of "Don Giovanni," she "owes her dramatic essence not to the poet but to the musician":

> Mozart, by his musical characterization, achieved what at all times has been attainable only by the greatest of dramatic musicians; he has by his music transformed a figure left by the poet in vague, half-finished contours, not only into a living and consistent character but also into one of the chief personalities in the whole drama.

Mozart the dramatist explored subtleties of human character more profoundly, more intimately, than any other composer. His aim was clarity. The mood may be an elusive dapple of smiles and sorrow. Often it is: the burlesque wooing of Donna Elvira is a "comic" scene heartrending in its poignancy. (In the December *Musical Times*, Daniel Heartz has sensible things to say about the term "*dramma giocoso*," by which "Don Giovanni" is defined.) But Mozart never leaves important dramatic points in doubt. What Abert says about the Romantics' Donna Anna "theories" applies to much else in Mozart over which thousands of words have been poured (who pairs with whom at the end of "Così," for example): "All those later interpretations show only the almost unlimited potentialities of the subject; they have nothing to do with Mozart's work." When points are in dispute, a plain, sharp reading of the text and the score can cut through the fanciful "maybe"s and "what she's *really* thinking"s of the commentators.

MR. LOSEY raises another fancy point in his staging of the final scene, Don Giovanni's supper. In the script we find "Don Giovanni snatches a rose from a beautiful young boy" and

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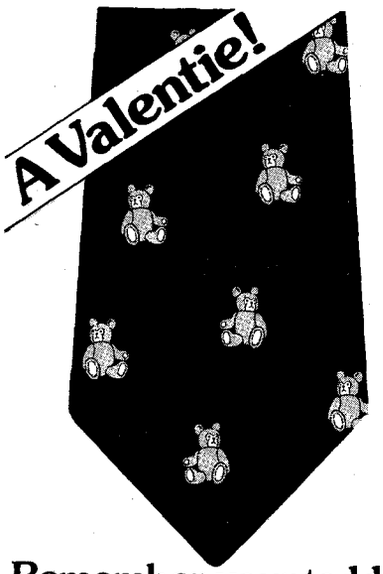

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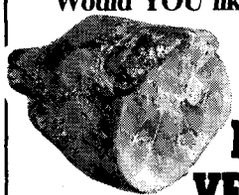

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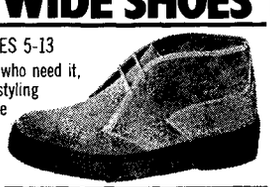

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"Donna Elvira . . . descends stairs, entering through a group of effeminates." Late at night, when he's at home, not on show, the Don relaxes among an all-male bevy of beauties. Do we have to go through that again? Let me be fair: scholars have suggested that the original of the original Don Juan, Tirso's, was Don Juan de Tassis, Count of Villamediana, reputed to be the lover of Philip IV's queen and discovered after his death (in 1622) to have been the leader of a band of homosexuals. But has that anything to do with Mozart's Don Giovanni? Brigid Brophy, the author of "Mozart the Dramatist," might answer yes. In a chapter that begins, "In consigning Don Giovanni to hell, Mozart was punishing his infantile and unconscious self for parricidal wishes against Leopold Mozart, and his enlightened self for parricidal wishes against the established order," and continues with an examination of Leopold's and Wolfgang's attitudes toward excrement, she declares, "It is not unexpected, therefore, that Don Giovanni, alone of Mozart's heroes, should be—like Hamlet—an unconscious homosexual." Elsewhere, Miss Brophy has an excursion on Don Giovanni's serenade. A balcony, Freud told us, is in dreams a projection of the bosom. And so the penultimate line of the serenade, "Let yourself at least be seen," should be understood as representing "the dreadful exclusion whereby the child, once weaned, may no longer even look at his mother's breasts." When poor Mr. Mybug looked at the hills and dales around Cold Comfort Farm through Freudian eyes, at least he didn't do any harm to the landscape. The Mozart commentators are less easily ignored when their sillier notions color the performances that are needed to bring his operas to life. We need a Herodias Society for the clear-sighted, accurate representation of operas. That woman, you remember, cut through her husband's blather (in Strauss's opera) with the sensible remark "The moon is like the moon, that is all."

"I read a lot of books on Mozart and found them largely useless," Mr. Losey says. "After a while I threw them away." I think he would have found Abert's study of "Don Giovanni" useful. It was published in English translation in 1976. It combines profound scholarship and knowledge with musical and dramatic perceptiveness, common sense and sound theatrical sense with imaginative analysis.

To Don Giovanni's buffo alter ego, Leporello, Mr. Losey has added a kind of diabolical alter ego in the form of a pretty youth with painted eyes and an enigmatic expression. Like his master, he has a beauty spot on the left temple. He's called the Valet in Black. He accompanies the Don on his amorous adventures, plays the mandolin for his serenade, warms his chair before supper, and on the last chords of the opera quietly closes the doors of the villa from the inside. That final shot looks like an indication to the audience to expect a "Son of Don Giovanni" next year. For the rest—I can't see any sense in it. Giovanni's impelling daemon lives within him; he needs no devil prompter. That—among other things—distinguishes him as a "*symbole merveilleux de l'homme sur la terre*" (Musset's phrase) from Faust, another type-figure of questing man. In his notes, Mr. Losey says that the Valet in Black "proved useful as a kind of *deus ex machina* in solving some theatrical devices and tricks that otherwise might have been heavy-handed" and credits the invention of the figure to his collaborator on the film, Frantz Salieri. Must Mozart in every age meet a Salieri?

THE film can be regarded as the latest contribution to three and a half centuries of Don Juan interpretation. At the last count I know, made more than a quarter century ago (Armand Edwards Singer's "A Bibliography of the Don Juan Theme, Versions and Criticism," in the *West Virginia University Bulletin* for April, 1954), there were forty-three hundred and three items; to them might be added a few thousand performances of Mozart's opera. At times, Don Juan seems to be almost a self-illustrating theme, its protagonist's unsatisfied quest a parallel to our own long hunt of the protagonist. It is fascinating, and not irrelevant to an understanding of Mozart's opera, to plunge into this sea of Don Juans. A 1669 opera begins:

> Gran tormento che mi par
> Lavorar
> La notte e'l dì.

Which is not far from Leporello's "Notte e giorno faticar," at the start of Mozart's piece. In another opera of the time, we hear the accents and almost the very words of Mozart's Elvira:

> Ma che farò, misera Rosalba, priva d'onore, abbandonata dal mio sposo? Ecco, ecco lo spirito mio, che pur ti segue, barbaro traditore.

But behind Mozart's Elvira stands Molière's Elvire (1665), more poignant and beautiful than her counterparts in other versions. Ten years be-

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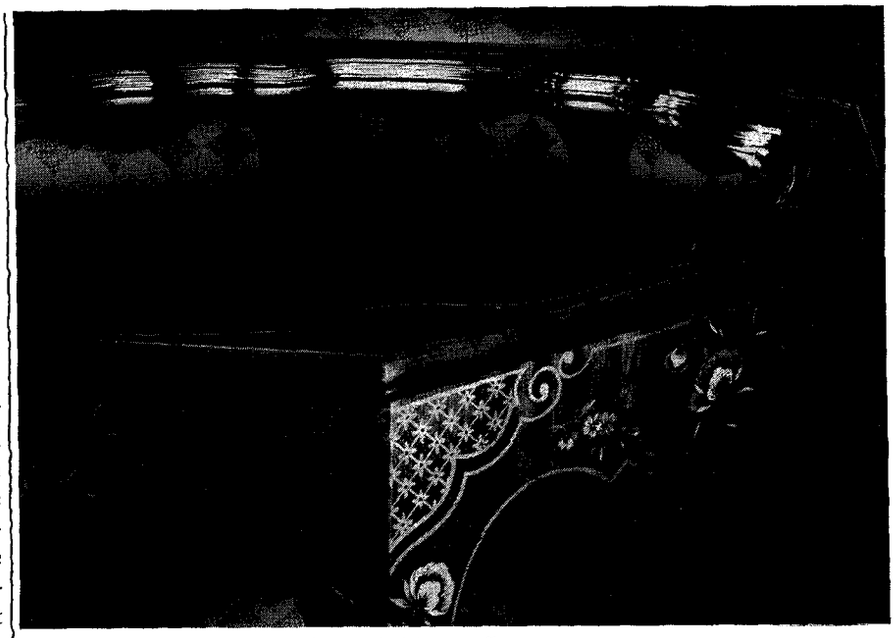
fore "Don Giovanni," Mozart's future father-in-law had presented him with a copy of Molière.

The more one reads other "Don Juan"s, other "Stone Guest"s and "Libertine Punished"s, the more one admires "Don Giovanni." The essentials of the drama were there from the start; the characters and their actions can all be derived from Tirso's play. There is the same meeting and massing of Juan's foes—the two ladies wronged, the outraged fiancé, the duped, dazzled peasant girl and her stalwart husband—before supernatural intervention anticipates the retribution they plan. Over the centuries, the drama develops. Sometimes it is deepened, sometimes trivialized. Nowhere is it more vivid than in Mozart's opera—not just because of his great music but because music and dramaturgy conspire in textures and forms of such potency. The encounters are carefully managed. Nowhere else is the massing and unmasking of foes as electric as in Mozart's first-act finale; one's hair prickles at the poised menace of their "Tutto, tutto già si sà" entries. Nowhere else is the sequence of divine retribution and a second, now unnecessary gathering of the foes—accompanied by ministers of justice, according to the stage direction, though we seldom see them—handled with such command of tension and release. (It's fair comment, not fancy, to note that Mozart's hero is both times beyond mere human retribution.)

Of course, practical considerations went into the making of the opera. Anna must owe something to the art and temperament of the Prague prima donna Teresa Saporiti. (A pity no one sought her views; she lived until 1869—and was helpful to young Verdi, I'm told, over "Nabucco.") Mozart followed Gazzaniga in assigning the roles of Masetto and the Commendatore to the same singer, and he retained the doubling in his Vienna production. (Was he simply economizing on basses or is there something here for modern directors to explore?) Nevertheless, after a gripping performance of "Don Giovanni" one is tempted to echo Goethe's exclamations about it to Eckermann:

How can one say, Mozart has *composed* "Don Giovanni"! Composition! As if it were a piece of cake or biscuit, stirred together out of eggs, flour, and sugar! It is a spiritual creation, in which the details as well as the whole are pervaded by *one* spirit and by the breath of *one* life. The creator did not make experiments, and patch together, and follow his own fancy, but was altogether in the power of the daemonic spirit of



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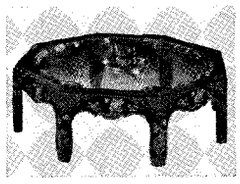

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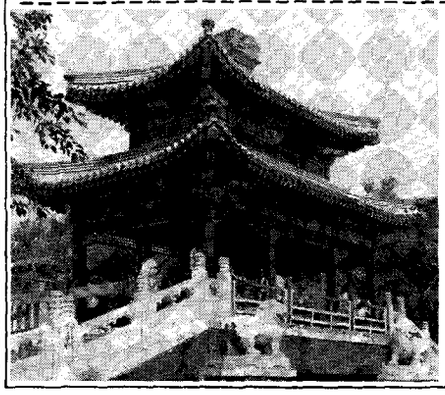

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Co-professionals throughout the world as well as co-workers in France know Claude Tarrière as one of the handful of men who spend their work days trying to make driving today safer than it was yesterday. In countless scholarly papers delivered at professional symposia throughout the world, in the development of new research and testing techniques that have become industry standards, Tarrière demonstrates that putting human needs first is an appealing old Gallic idea whose time has come—again. "After all," says Tarrière, "we humans were here first: cars were meant to serve us, not to take over."

Recalling his long-ago summertime job, he continues, "I suppose it was rare, thirty years ago, for a baccalaureate candidate in France to spend a summer gainfully employed rather than anxiously cramming for exams. But as a working class boy, I had to work, for I had made my mind up to become a doctor." After getting his medical degree, Tarrière went on to the Sorbonne where he completed a research thesis on Nervous Fatigue. "Having made all these scholarly efforts, I was thought odd by many when I went to work for a car factory. In some general, unspecific way I hoped to be part of the human side I had glimpsed that summer in my teens... maybe somehow to 'help' workers in the factory. Very soon I found my niche. And it wasn't so much in the human side of the industry. But, to my surprise, in the human side of the product."

Today, Dr. Tarrière heads up Renault's "Safety and Comfort" Research. "Safety and comfort" might at first seem like a paradoxical coupling—what have leg-room and dashboard configurations to do with safer driving? But when Tarrière discusses the inter-relationship of comfort and safety he seems to be offering yet another Gallic insight that (like many Gallic insights) sounds like universal truth. "Comfort and safety really do fit together. After all, when all the parameters of comfort for the driver are successfully met, the driver's alertness, his responsiveness and, if you will, his safety-quotient are all at their peak."

Another Tarrière nugget: "The human body is also a suspension system. Before we can refine a car's suspension system, we must know, analyze and understand this human suspension system. Only then can we effectively relate one to the other... only then can we make the second work best for the first."

Tarrière's initial interest in automobiles may in part stem from his father who in the early '20's worked as an artisan-craftsman building wooden coach bodies (*un charron*

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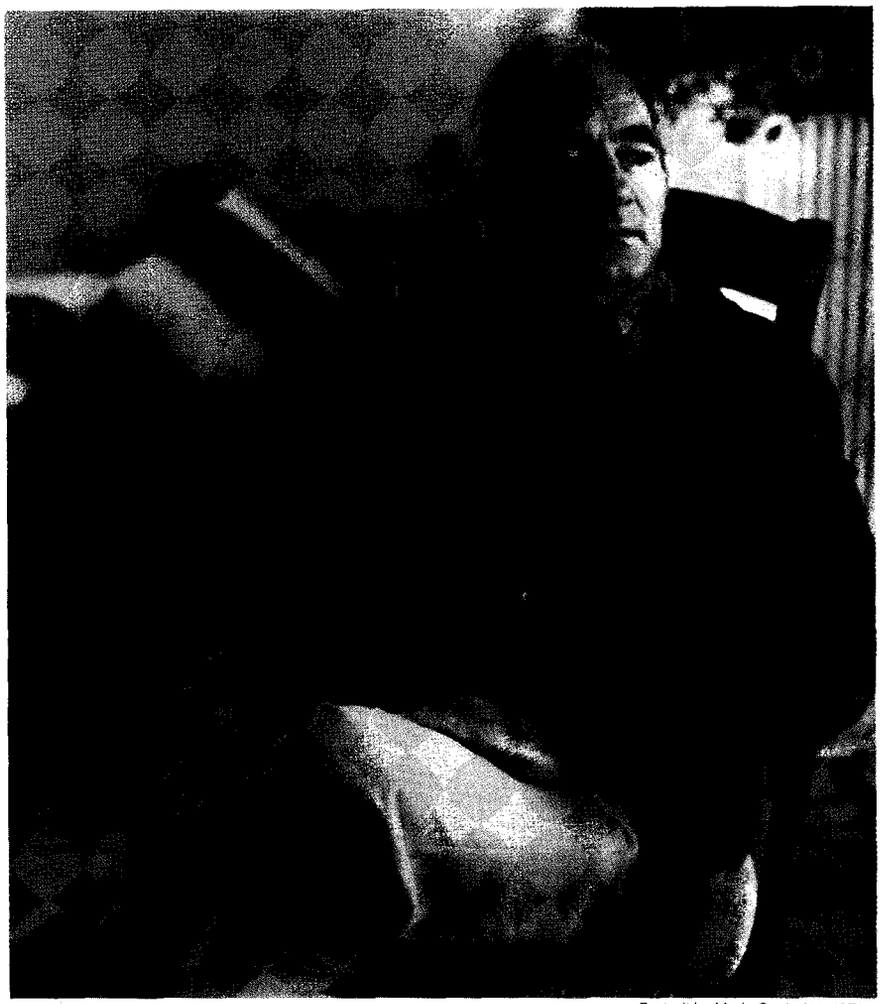

Portrait by Marie Cosindas, 1979.

forgeron) for the infant automobile industry. When the depression found Tarrière senior jobless, he returned to his natal village of Montsûrs (in the Mayenne between Le Mans and Brest) and to his original craft of making horsedrawn wagon bodies and handmade wood-and-metal wheels. Tarrière remembers half-playing, half-working at his father's side and fondly recalls his father often singing at his work.

Though there are no verified reports of Dr. Tarrière singing at *his* work, all indications are that he is absolutely the right man in the right place. When he delivers one of his scholarly papers (in San Francisco, say, where his paper on "Pedestrian Protection" was termed best of the conference); or when he expands on his field of "Ergonomics" (the multi-discipline adaptation of the machine to fit man's capability and physiology); or when he discusses "Protection Criteria," you might think he *was* singing so rapt is his audience, so free and outgoing his performance.

Next to work, what Tarrière likes best is testing himself with an old fishing boat at a hide-away he rents on an island off the wild Côte du Nord in Bretagne. He fishes for mackerel, is adapting his old fishing dinghy to sails and, like fishermen all over the world, contends with Madame Tarrière's "lack of enthusiasm for my fighting with the elements—although she does like the fish I bring home." The Tarrières have four daughters and two sons, ranging in age from 11 to 21. Madame Tarrière has recently returned to work; she is involved in the celebrated *"Re-travailler"* project that guides mature women seeking to re-enter the work force. The younger Tarrières' interests range from the law and modern dance to agriculture. They exhibit much of the parental creativity and openness. One son having just back-packed up and down Africa for a year after *his* baccalaureate is now ready to cease "being a spectator, anxious to become a participant." This description by Tarrière of his son could be said to echo Tarrière's own attitude towards life: don't watch; participate.

In June of 1979, in ceremonies in Paris, Tarrière was honored with an award from the U.S. Department of Transportation's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration for his contributions to automotive safety research. His methods for laboratory analyses have been adapted for use by manufacturers throughout the world. "When you develop insights about how to make driving a car safer, it's not the sort of thing you keep to yourself. . . it's the sort of thing you want everybody to know right away."

"The outside world tends to think of the French in terms of chic, luxury and elegance; we French like to think of ourselves as guided by good old-fashioned bourgeois virtues—logic, caution, common sense. Yet, it seems to me, an important part of the French national character has to do with our all-too-human and repeated strivings to explore new areas, to extend knowledge, to test ourselves even as we test old ways. Although the elegance is appealing; although the common sense is seductive; what really makes the heart and mind leap is a bounding forth into some uncharted territory."

We welcome your comments, questions or thoughts about any of the above. Write to: Renault, USA, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.

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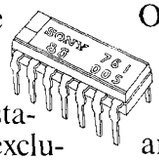

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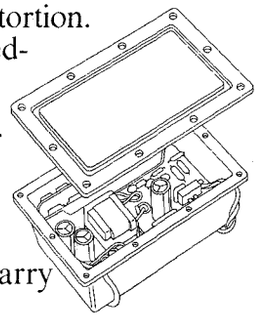

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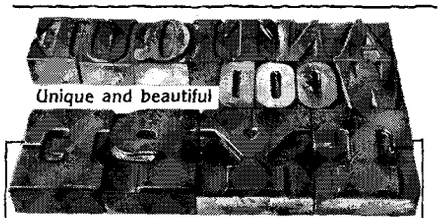

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his genius and acted according to its orders.

In fact, Mozart did make some experiments. The sketches for Anna's "Or sai chi l'onore" reveal a melody less striking than what it became.

ONE can object to details of Mr. Losey's production, but as a whole it has the right kind of proud, virile, irresistible surge to it. It's never boring. Nothing Mr. Losey does is. His starting point for getting to know Mozart's opera well was the 1936 Glyndebourne recording, conducted by Fritz Busch—still available, on the Turnabout label—and there could not be a better one. His materials for making the film were a recording of the opera taped in Paris with the Opera orchestra, conducted by Lorin Maazel (who shuttled between Paris and the new production of "Luisa Miller" at Covent Garden), and an international cast; the members of that cast reassembled to mime their roles on location; and the Palladian buildings of Vicenza, Venice, and the Veneto. The musical performance is not particularly distinguished, but it was only when I listened to the records, without the images, that I realized quite how poor much of it is. There is a better performance of the opera on film—better sung, better acted, better played, and far better conducted: Paul Czinner's filmed record of the fifties Salzburg production, with Elisabeth Grümmer, Lisa della Casa, and Erna Berger, Cesare Siepi, Anton Dermota, and Otto Edelmann, director Herbert Graf, conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler. But that is quite straightforwardly a visual and aural record of an admirable theatre performance, captured as today a good television director might capture it. Mr. Losey's film is something different—what he calls "a real film, told in filmic terms." It is fascinating to watch how he met the challenge of laying out "a real film" along a soundtrack whose timings, tensions, and dynamics had already been twice determined: by Mozart and then by Mr. Maazel. The only freedom of speed he had was in the secco recitatives, which were re-recorded live, on location.

In these recitatives, it is noticeable that the pace grows freer (and generally slower; the dialogue before "Là ci darem la mano" moves at a snail's pace) and that the singing actors come to life. That raises the old question of filmed opera: record in action, or mime to a soundtrack? The answer was predicated in this case: one could hardly afford to cart Mr. Maazel and the Paris Opera Orchestra all over the Veneto to accompany the sequences, or expect to achieve matching sound in different locations; the settings used in the first two numbers alone leap between Vicenza, Venice, and Caldogno. But the locative freedom was obtained at a cost. Operatic acting is a strange, special, and very physical art. The communicative power of a long, loud note is diminished when it is evident that the actor has neither taken the breath nor made the effort that the sound itself implies. The film—quite apart from its out-of-sync moments—does not have the directness that singing actors, whether filmed or live, can impart, and it misses the subtle variations of sound (as Mr. Czinner's filmed "Don Giovanni" does not) when movement on the screen is mirrored in the soundtrack.

The Prague and the Vienna versions are conflated; Elvira's recitative after the catalogue aria and everything between "Il mio tesoro" and "Mi tradì" are cut. The sound at a Tully Hall showing was intolerably loud; people put their fingers in their ears. At a showing in the Plaza Theatre, the volume was acceptable but the sound quality remained crude, with clumsy splices and unsubtle attempts to match the "sonic ambience" to the images. The harpsichord is an amplified, wiry jangle. The two British members of the cast, Kiri Te Kanawa as Elvira and Malcolm King as Masetto, know about Mozartian appoggiaturas. The German Anna, Edda Moser, doesn't, and she also sticks to Teutonic Italian: "Or sai chi l'onor*uh* rapire a me vol*suh*."

ON the other hand, we have the settings; and settings matter in a Losey film. (I can hardly remember now what his "Secret Ceremony" was about, and recall only the use he made of that Halsey Ricardo and William de Morgan house on Campden Hill, and how Elizabeth Taylor and Mia Farrow looked in it.) Palladio and Mozart are a good match; Caspar Neher's Palladian settings for "Don Giovanni" served Vienna well for many a year. Mr. Losey's Don Giovanni lives in the Villa Rotonda, though its kitchens and other offices are those of the Villa Poiana. Elvira has taken the Villa Valmarana, nearby, but she goes to the Villa Emo to sing "Mi tradì." The Commendatore and Anna live in the Villa Caldogno, which has acquired the loggia of the Basilica in Vicenza. The Commendatore's tomb is in a churchyard behind the Redentore. We go scooting about the Veneto in the space of bars, and that is distracting to one who recognizes the settings. What

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must be disturbing to anyone is sudden shifts that make the narrative hard to follow. When Elvira sees Giovanni with Anna, she sings, "Ah, ti ritrovo ancor, perfido mostro! Non ti fidar, o misera, di quel ribaldo cor!," addressing the first clause to Giovanni and the second to Anna. In the film, she cries the first phrase at a departing carriage, and with the second she addresses its occupants at the end of their journey—a long one, from the Villa Valmarana to the Villa Caldogno. She must have run for miles and miles in a matter of seconds, and she's not even panting. But it's not the precise localities and not the lack of realism that matter; it's the violent, unmusical visual break between a recitative cadence and the note that follows, between a dominant-seventh harmony and its full tonic resolution.

Someone making a film of an opera is likely to shift the scenes more often than the composer did. (But even stage directors can do it now: I saw a "Don Giovanni" in the theatre of its first performance where Josef Svoboda provided about six changes during "Vedrai, carino" and destroyed the shape of the aria completely.) Verdi once remarked that the reason he hadn't set Shakespeare more often was the need for continual scene shifting. "When I used to go to the theatre, that was something that distressed me, that gave me the impression of being at a magic-lantern show." He lauded the French fashion of one set per act: "That way, the action flows freely, unhindered, with nothing to distract the public." He liked to compose in long spans. So did Mozart. Mr. Losey tends to break the spans and spoil the musico-dramatic forms. But I enjoyed and was moved by his beautifully composed, carefully framed, carefully lit pictures and his affective use not just of the Palladian architecture but of incidental details—frescoes, trees, shadows. I admired his bold alternations of realism and operatic artifice. The passionate outbursts of the quartet are set in a salon filled with well-conducted persons who pay absolutely no attention. The sextet is played on the stage of the Teatro Olimpico—theatrical decor "tested" against the "realism" of the rest—before an audience in eighteenth-century dress. And I was fascinated by his use of the singers. He did not choose them. Rolf Liebermann, the director of the Paris Opera, and billed as having conceived the film, had already assembled them. By naturalistic cinema standards, only one—Teresa Berganza, the Zerlina—can act (and she gives a warm, impetuous, lovable performance). Miss

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Te Kanawa pulls extraordinary faces. Mr. King "registers," clumsily but powerfully. Miss Moser, a beautiful woman, maintains a beautiful, tense mask. Kenneth Riegel, the Ottavio, looks like a plump, puffy clergyman. José Van Dam is a visually subdued Leporello, though he sings better than anyone else. Ruggero Raimondi, the Giovanni, moves through the film looking stern and inscrutable—and has been photographed by Mr. Losey in a way that makes him thrice as impressive as I have ever seen him before. The director seems to have looked at all his cast as he looked at the architecture, the frescoes, the trees—as objects to make striking "Don Giovanni" pictures from.

This "Don Giovanni" was in interesting contrast to the "live" televised "Faust," from Chicago, that Channel 13 put out this month. The "Faust" may have been impressive enough in the theatre. On the screen, it looked ridiculous: a middle-aged unromantic hero in a bright-blue doublet, eyes slewing round to the conductor or the prompter while he tenderly addressed his beloved; a Marguérite coiffed and painted as a modern housemaid, albeit a very pretty one; a prancing principal boy of a Siebel; a burly Méphistophélès uncertain what to do with his hands or his glances. (But a Valentin, Richard Stilwell, convincing and intense, and one who exemplified my point about physical communicativeness in the very act of singing.) Mr. Losey's "Don Giovanni" isn't like that—not at all. (Neither, for that matter, was the film of the Salzburg production.) It's not as Mozartian or as musical a film of the opera as I hoped for. But its images won't leave me.

—Andrew Porter

•

Winnipeg (CP)—Otto Lang, transport minister in the former Liberal government, said yesterday he definitely will not run in the Feb. 18 general election.

"No," said Mr. Lang, who also was minister responsible for the Canadian Wheat Board and is now an executive with Pioneer Grain Co. Ltd.—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

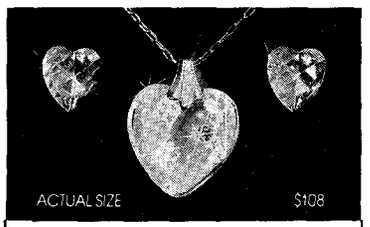
He's not cut out to be a politician anyway.

•

Correction

The Christmas plum pudding in Party Cooking Tuesday, Dec. 25, should call for 2 cups currants, not 2 pounds ground meat. The amount of bread crumbs should be 2⅓ cups, not 1⅓, and 1 teaspoon salt should be added to the ingredients.—*Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press.*

The dog liked it just the way it was.



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BOOKS

Wise as Serpents and Harmless as Doves

PHILIP HALLIE, the author of "Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed" (Harper & Row; $12.95), is an American professor of philosophy whose specialty is ethics. For a number of years, he had been studying instances of extreme cruelty when, by chance, he came across a reference to exceptional goodness—a brief account of Le Chambon-sur-Lignon, a village in southern France which between the armistice of 1940 and the liberation of 1944 devoted itself to rescuing refugees from the Nazis, at the risk of the villagers' lives and the village's existence. Hallie was both moved and excited. He went to Le Chambon to interview survivors of the war years and learn everything he could about what had happened there. Some details are lost, for wartime secrecy was stringent (Albert Camus, who was a member of the Resistance, worked on "The Plague" just outside Le Chambon during the war but seems never to have glimpsed what the villagers were up to) and the postwar period was so busy with readjustments that nobody sought to unveil or explain the secrets. The Chambonnais today recall that every refugee needed a new identity card and a new ration card, and that brand-new official blank cards turned up in the houses of Le Chambon when new refugees arrived, but no one could tell Hallie how this coincidence was arranged.

The more Hallie talked with the matter-of-fact people of Le Chambon, the more mysterious their heroism became. Nothing really explains it: no one of Le Chambon's peculiarities seems to have been decisive in making the village the unique haven it was. Le Chambon is largely Protestant. It is physically suited to being a refuge: it sits on a rocky plateau where the weather is brutal in winter but so refreshing in summer that the town's main business was its *pensions*, in which refugees might mingle with other visitors; the outlying farms were separated by rough country—rocky forests—in which refugees could hide. However, a neighboring village, Le Mazet—which was served by the same railroad station, was also largely Protestant, and was similarly situated—neither mounted a similar effort nor participated in Le Chambon's.

Le Chambon's pastor at the time, André Trocmé, who died in 1971, was an inspiring leader—a passionate man who believed that in helping human beings he was obeying Jesus Christ. He was a hero, but he was not the only hero or the only leader in Le Chambon. He worked closely with two men: his assistant minister, Édouard Theis, and Roger Darcissac, the head of the boys' public school, who was also the secretary of the Protestant church. Nothing was done without the approval of the church's lay council; the leaders of a Bible-study group managed practical details, while the group's young members served as couriers. Trocmé's wife, Magda, who deeply loved her husband without sharing his religious convictions, was another leader—a practical woman given

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both to service and to understatement. She told Hallie, "Saving refugees was a *hobby* for the people of Le Chambon." In other words, they did what they did because they wanted to.

Perhaps the most remarkable element of the village's collective virtue was its collective wisdom. Intelligence is essential to morality—Kingsley's "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever" is an absurdity, because good principles are useless without good brains to figure out how to apply them. The Chambonnais quickly decided that Vichy was ersatz government; they began their resistance in the autumn of 1940, when many Frenchmen were still besotted with Marshal Pétain and his so-called National Revolution. The Chambonnais do not appear to have been political-minded, yet their moral sense made them shrewd. Nonreligious and irreligious people participated in the good work, but my guess is that the genuine religious belief of the majority made them especially sensitive to the *tartuferie* of a regime that proposed to atone for the sins of the Third Republic by collaborating with the Third Reich.

Trocmé and Theis insisted upon perfect candor and absolute nonviolence but did not convince all the Chambonnais: some members of their congregation joined the armed resistance. A couple named Eyraud illustrate ways in which the village was divided. Mme. Eyraud, who was a nonpracticing Catholic, followed the pastor and, Hallie says, sheltered "hundreds" of refugee boys in her boarding house. (Some refugees spent the whole war in Le Chambon, but most were passed along to the Cimade, an underground railroad founded and led by women, which smuggled them into Switzerland.) M. Eyraud, who was no more religious than his wife, operated a clandestine radio in touch with London for the Gaullist military resistance. The leader of the Gaullists in the area, Hallie tells us, was a Jew. He and Trocmé were very close—after all, Trocmé was saving Jews—but neither man changed the other's mode of resistance.

The village was small—about three thousand natives, an uncounted number of refugees (Trocmé estimated twenty-five hundred Jews for the whole period, and Jews were by no means the only category of refugee), a few Vichy administrators, and, after November, 1942, many German soldiers and Gestapo agents. Hallie brings to life individuals whose behavior in those difficult times embodied a variety

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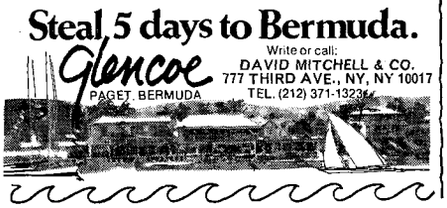

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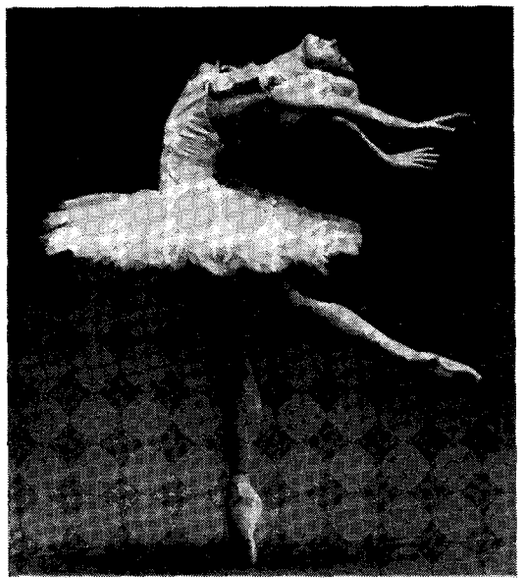
of ethical positions. There were occasional good-natured Germans, and their French counterparts, such as Major Silvani, of the Vichy police, who arrested Trocmé, Theis, and Darcissac. (All three were imprisoned in a French concentration camp for a month early in 1943; soon after their release, Trocmé and Theis were forced to flee Le Chambon, because they had been warned that the Gestapo intended to kill them.) Silvani carried out his job as kindly as he could, and Hallie attributes the fact that he survived the postwar purges of collaborators—by 1943, after the Germans had occupied all of France, Silvani was working under Gestapo supervision—to Trocmé's intervention on his behalf. He adds that when Trocmé met Silvani again, in 1955, he was a colonel in Algeria. Silvani, I suppose, illustrates the ethical inadequacy of unconditional obedience. The point recurs: resistance takes courage, but first of all it takes intelligence to decide when or whom to resist. Very different indeed was the action of a boy named Pepito, a Spanish Loyalist refugee. No one can remember the boy's last name, but the village recalls that he was a superb athlete who saved a German soldier from drowning in the Lignon. Few resisters in wartime Europe, I think, would have believed that Pepito was right, for the German, a soldier under orders, menaced not only Pepito's life but the lives of all the French men and women who were protecting him. Pepito took literally what Trocmé and Theis taught: every human life is valuable and every sinner is potentially redeemable. Hallie tells us that when a Vichy spy, who had been shot by the Resistance, was dying, Trocmé was appalled that the man refused to repent.

Hallie has written an affecting book, a philosophical adventure story. He conveys the terrifying atmosphere of sham normality—the village mice and the occupying cats alike pretending innocence. There are bits of humor—for instance, the account of a visitation by Vichy's Minister for Youth, Georges Lamirand, whose recipe for keeping people in their place was sophisticated, if fraudulent, charm, and who was baffled by the Chambonnais's simple, earnest, and sincere reception. Yet Hallie, despite his literary achievement, apologizes that nonviolence and pacific resistance lack "glamour." Pacifism and nonviolence are such recent phenomena in human history that they may not have struck deep roots in our imagination; in our routinized societies, the contemplation of violence may seem a

Natalia Makarova
A DANCE AUTOBIOGRAPHY



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diversion. (Baudelaire, of course, personified Ennui "dreaming of scaffolds.") But whether or not the reader accepts absolute nonviolence, Hallie's book is an absorbing contribution to the study of being good—a subject that is fascinating because it is difficult. It is difficult to observe all, or even part, of the traditional ethics of the Western world—the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. Though evil has traditionally been regarded as rebellion against God, it is also defiance of community—of what appear to be, in the history of Western thought, the rules that are necessary for human groups to live together. Our ancient ethical commands may elicit revolt simply because they are commands, and human beings, a perverse lot, resent "must"s. Or because they are ancient. Modern times have stressed innovation, and we sometimes forget that if good is old, so is evil. For example, the Germans forbade on pain of death any burial ceremony for a slain Maquisard. Thus the Nazis' New Order got no closer to modernity than Creon in Sophocles' "Antigone." If, as has often been alleged, our old ethics do not work well, the alternatives work worse. But what is stunning about the people of Le Chambon is that the old ethics worked perfectly for them. Therefore, I disagree with Hallie. I think the story of Le Chambon *is* glamorous. Its citizens attained in virtue the perfection that in artistic creation or performance we recognize as glamorous—magical, mystifying, romantic, alluring. The Chambonnais, like great artists, set new standards of excellence.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FREE FALL, by J. D. Reed (Delacorte; $8.95). Mr. Reed, a poet, has taken that skyjacker who parachuted into the wilderness of the Cascade Range with a large bundle of money a few years ago and given him a new name (J. R. Meade) and a motive (he's sick of "the system" and wants to buy a sloop and sail the wide Pacific). He has also given him a clever mind full of survival tricks learned as a Green Beret in Vietnam, as well as a mind-reading nemesis, in the form of his old Special Forces sergeant now turned Federal Aviation Agency operative. He further undertakes to enlarge his simple cat-and-mouse story into a social statement. Meade becomes an instant media celebrity and a Robin

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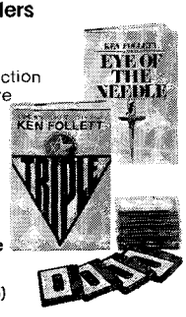

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Hood hero to the disaffected youth of the nation: there are hit rock songs about him, and his photograph appears on T-shirts. Mr. Reed even attempts to find in Meade a representative of our contemporary dislocations: in spite of his dream of sailing away to peace and quiet, Meade is happy only on the move, in action, in danger: "The only time I have the feeling of living is when I'm getting away from them. . . . I can't stop being restless, Hannah. I've tried, and then I want to go out and play with the big boys." As for Mr. Reed's writing, it is relentlessly boyish: "His face showed emotions and thoughts that Meade had not known existed in the man."

GENERAL

THE ABYSSINIAN DIFFICULTY, by Darrell Bates (Oxford; $27.50). The thin-lipped title of this sardonically smiling historical footnote derives from a euphemism used by Disraeli to describe the mixture of muddle and arrogance that led to one of Victorian Britain's less glorious imperial wars: the powerful military invasion in 1867-68 of the medieval nation of Ethiopia in order to free some sixty European missionaries, artisans, and consular folk who had been imprisoned in a remote mountain redoubt by the Emperor Theodorus, "the son of Solomon, the Slave of Christ, the King of all the Kings of Ethiopia," and (in some undefined manner) to "punish" their captor. The cause of this contretemps was regal rudeness—a disinclination by Victoria to acknowledge a friendly letter from Theodorus—and the dénouement was irritation and embarrassment: the prisoners, upon their release, were found by their hungry, sweaty, exhausted saviors to be finely clothed and fashionably monocled and to have been living in reasonable comfort, attended by two or three servants each. As for the Emperor, baffled and despairing, he accepted the British victory by blowing out his brains with a pistol belatedly inscribed to him by Victoria. Sir Darrell deserves our respect, our congratulations, and our gratitude for this apposite and instructively entertaining period reconstruction. Contemporary illustrations and several maps.

THE GNOSTIC GOSPELS, by Elaine Pagels (Random House; $10). An intellectually elegant, concise study of heretical texts dating from the

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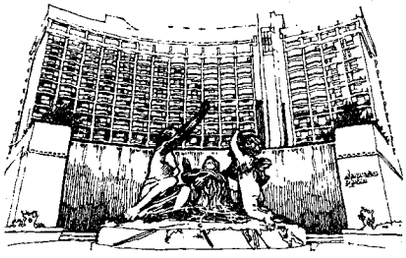

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early days of Christianity which were discovered only after the Second World War. The author, who heads Barnard's Department of Religion, concentrates on the political implications of the split between what became orthodox Christianity and Gnostic heresy, and shows that the early Christian leaders' drive to make theirs a universal church—a previously unknown institution—impelled them to break with Christians whose beliefs tended, as did the Gnostics', to loosen doctrine or challenge Church government. The author outlines several Gnostic heresies that stress self-awareness and self-fulfillment, arcane knowledge, and the unimportance of ritual. She mentions the affinity of Gnosticism and many later heresies, and also suggests an early Asian influence. She very plainly tells us that she is not arguing for or against and does not think that her emphasis is the only valid approach to these documents. The economy with which she evokes the world of early Christianity—an era of persecution and definition, of suffering and philosophy—is a marvel.

THE DECLINE OF BISMARCK'S EUROPEAN ORDER: FRANCO-RUSSIAN RELATIONS, 1875-90, by George F. Kennan (Princeton; $25). In this masterly contribution to diplomatic history, George Kennan examines the step-by-step breakup of the German-Austrian-Russian understanding during the early eighteen-eighties, which resulted in a Franco-Russian rapprochement. These contacts and economic-diplomatic realignments are analyzed by Mr. Kennan on the minute scale of "micro-history." The illusions and ambitions of individuals on both sides, the mandarin niceties of the diplomatic game in the era of imperial and high-bourgeois ideology are set against the general background of economic and social forces. The stakes proved to be enormous, for there can be no doubt but that the Franco-Russian pact of 1894 was a decisive step toward world war. As in his previous works, Mr. Kennan brings to the technical craft of the archivist and diplomatic historian the larger insights of a tragic ironist.

PORTRAIT OF A CAVALIER, by Geoffrey Trease (Taplinger; $12.95). A delightful biography of William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, whose life was a telling argument for aristocracy. Newcastle, born in 1593, was one of the richest noble-

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men in England. He was a Privy Councillor and was entrusted with the education of the Prince of Wales (later Charles II); during the Puritan Revolution he raised and led a Royalist army in Northumberland; after the Battle of Marston Moor, where his forces and those of Prince Rupert were defeated by the Roundheads, he fled to the Continent; and upon the accession of Charles II he returned to England with a new young wife. Newcastle was an intellectual as well as "a very fine gentleman," as he was often described. He wrote a classic book on horsemanship; he was a playwright (his collaborator on one occasion was John Dryden); he was a lifelong versifier; and he was a patron of Ben Jonson, who was often a guest at his famous house, Welbeck Abbey. Mr. Trease, an English historian with a deft and polished style, has put the Duke nicely into his seventeenth-century setting, and has given us a most satisfactory life and times.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG SCIENTIST, by P. B. Medawar (Harper & Row; $8.95). The tone is patrician, elegant, immensely learned, and very British. But Medawar, who won a Nobel Prize in 1960 for his work on immunology, has written an exemplary account of what it is to be a scientist—both a good scientist and a bad scientist. Some of his advice—given the sophistication, or what passes for sophistication, of the young—may appear superfluous (for example, how to choose among prepositions when writing a scientific paper), but his anecdotes about himself and his colleagues are both enlightening and wise.

NOTE: "The Games Players: Tales of Men and Money," by John Brooks, has been published by Times Books ($15). All but one of the pieces in the collection originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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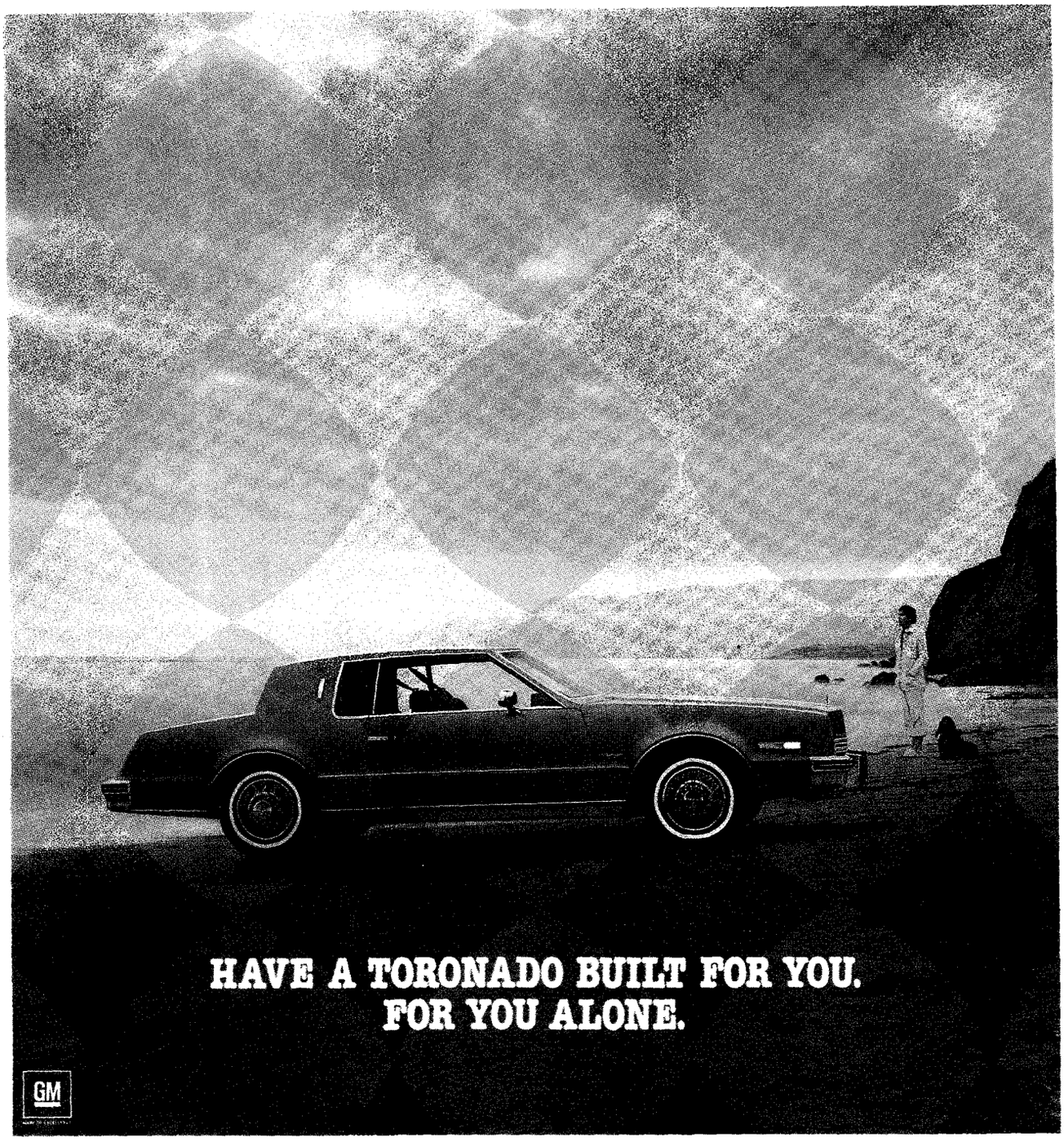

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